ITALY

BY

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When the emperor Tiberius had taken from the Roman people their right of public meetings, and the privilege of electing and deposing their magistrates,—when his barbarous successors broke up that brilliant corps of universal denization which had long associated the talents and secured the co-operation of the known world, Rome, becoming the seat of sanguinary tyranny, ceased to be an object of ambition to her states and depen-

dencies. Each city, as it separated from the empire, formed within itself a civic government, and imitated in its internal administration the institutes of Rome in its republican days; until, finally, in the middle of the fifth century, the very name of an empire faded away, and that city to which the epithet of "eternal" was so often given, was yielded up to ruin and desolation, during the successive conquests of the Alarics, the Attilas, and the Odoacres. In the middle of the sixth century, to the classic language and political institutions of antiquity, succeeded the law and dialect of Lombardy. Then first started into palpable existence the ecclesiastical government of Rome, the power of metropolitan bishops, and the influence and domination of a Church Hierarchy. The Cimmerian darkness of those times, called the lower ages, favoured every species of illusion. No recoveries had yet been made of the lost intellect of antiquity; and the anarchy, moral and political, which then prevailed, has no parallel in any other period of human history.* The sacerdotal power of the

* All that is left on record of the feudal days of Italy which preceded her Republics, presents the most terrific aspect of a disorganized society. The people were slaves, brutal in intellect and habits; the upper ranks lived in continual warfare with each other; and princes and popes, regulars and seculars, are found stabbing, strangling, blinding, and torturing each other in the short pauses of open warfare. The horrible murders committed

Roman augurs was subject to the civil authority, their persons were amenable to the law; and the Christian priests who on the conversion of Constantine succeeded them, were equally dependant on the municipality. But the doctrine that the kingdom of Christ was not of this world, soon became lost in a mass of corruption: an increase of power founded on the ignorance in

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in the family of the emperor Maurice by the emperor Phocas were alluded to with approbation by Gregory the Seventh, who (say impartial historians) talked of "*i felicissimi tempi del regno di Foca.*" Numbers of the early popes, like the Sultans, succeeded by assassinating their predecessors. Benedict the Sixth was strangled by his successor. The assassinations of Benedict the Ninth procured his abdication. The crimes committed in convents are frankly related by the Italian historians of past and present times—the Muratori and the Pignotti. A young abbot having the eyes of four of his monks trodden out for resisting his despotism, is one among a thousand anecdotes of monastic atrocities.* Meantime feudal princes in France and Italy were committing every species of violence: living by plunder, and reigning by murder, they sold their prisoners of war as slaves. There was no written law; the ordeal, called in Italy *Giudizio di Dio*, was the only test of innocence; and the accused princess who could not suffer boiling or burning with patience, was declared guilty, and condemned to death. The work of blood went on with such unceasing activity, that to prevent a total depopulation, the *Tregua di Dio* was instituted, which interdicted all combats from Thursday to Monday. This was the result of that ignorance, still protected by the modern representatives of the feudal princes of those good old times.

* Pignotti.

which society was plunged, was aided by the distance of the Roman see from the seat of government, by the jealousy with which the priesthood guarded the little learning then attainable*, and by the heresies which distracted the church and broke up the influence of true Christianity. Then all ages and sexes plunged into the polemical disquisitions on mysteries

* A layman who should pretend to read was stigmatized as a pedagogue, and regarded as unworthy even to look upon a sword. Kings made a sign of the cross to treaties drawn up by monks; because they could not write. In the ninth century, the Count Palatine, supreme judge of the empire, could not sign his name; and the orthography of the feudal nobles of France was a subject of public jest down to the time of the gallant Richelieu, whose love-letters kept the lawyers in a court of justice "in a roar." Even the inferior clergy were kept in profound ignorance; and Gregory the Second complains by his legates, that such was the ignorance of the Ecumenic Council, that not only letters, but the Scriptures, were unknown to its members. The dog Latin of pope Adrian the Second and his secretary has been the derision of the learned in all times. (See Mabillon.) So far back as the sixth century, open war was declared against enlightening the minds of the laity: and pope Zachariah, urged by the bishop of Magonza, stripped a friar, of the name of Virgilio, of his gown, for having insisted on the doctrine of the antipodes; which, though maintained by Cicero and Macrobius, was condemned by St. Augustine as blasphemous and heretical. The people were ordered, on the penalty of incarceration and fines, to disbelieve the doctrine of the antipodes; and they very religiously obeyed. Such are the times whose institutes are to be revived to complete the social order of the present day.

which escaped beyond the boundary of human reason*, and arms were taken in the cause of dogmas, heretical nations were converted at the point of the spear, and nonconformists baptized in blood. Then sanguinary wars were carried on against the sects of the Samaritans, the Jews, and the Christians; and the sword drawn in the cause of religious persecution, has never since been sheathed.† To these holy horrors of the

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* The histories of those times are full of curious anecdotes on this subject. Scholastic divinity was so much the fashion at the courts of the Greek emperors, that Justinian lived in perpetual dispute with his wife Theodora (whom he raised from the stage to the throne) on the validity of a council, the divinity of the word, and the two natures and two wills of Christ. Many generals undertook a siege, or sacked a city, to recover a relic or restore a shrine. On the taking of Constantinople the emperor John and the empress Anna were found debating in council their meditated attacks on the enemies of—the monks! and when Mahomet the Second with his victorious army was at the gates of the city, the people were all fighting in—a council!

† It has been calculated by Voltaire that in the wars called "religious" nine millions seven hundred and eighteen thousand eight hundred persons have perished. The persecutions of the Church were as dreadful in their inflictions as in their spirit. Fanaticism, always wresting the Scriptures to its own purpose passed over the evangelic mildness of the New Testament, and sought sanction in the examples of the warrior Israelites. The crusaders quoted and preached the fate of Rabbah, and the manner in which King David carried on his wars against idolaters, putting them "under saws and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron," &c. &c. &c. The ignorant people did not see

Lower Empire succeeded the crusades, the dragooning in France against Protestants, the penal laws in Ireland against Catholics, and the persecution of the Jews in Germany.

Belisarius and Narses were the last of the military governors of the Greek Empire, who exercised any authority in Rome; and habit, rather than power, still imposed the shadow of a foreign dominion, when, in the beginning of the eighth century, the famous dispute which gave to Leo Isauricus the epithet of Iconoclastes (the image-breaker), called into visible existence the true power and influence of a body, which had been long secretly and efficiently undermining the throne of the Cæsars. The Greek Emperor ordered the destruction of the images in churches, as favouring idolatry. The priesthood and their slaves, the people, openly opposed the decree; and the Pontiff of Rome, aided by his fanatic flock, and by distance from the supreme power, banished the agent of this imperial interference in their Church, and shook off the yoke of a foreign master and a degraded Senate for ever. But the people, unable and unworthy to avail themselves of this chance of independence, did but change their masters; and instead of recovering their liberty, or resuming their ancient Republican form of government, threw their destiny into the power

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the absurdity of persecuting the very nation whose example was held out to them as their law.

of the priesthood, and chose for their chief the Bishop of Rome. Thus one of those chances which defy the calculation of probabilities, realized for Gregory the Third the visions and the views which so long dazzled the imagination and fostered the ambition of his predecessors. Temporal donations from temporal sovereigns contributed to raise the spiritual power of the Vicegerent of God on earth*; and when every crime

* To bestow a Realm on a Pope was a common act of Royal Sinners. Under King John, England was a fief of Rome; and Innocent the Fourth calls the King of England "our slave." See Matthew Paris. The Priesthood, who claimed Scriptural authority for the efficacy of Church offerings, and shewed that all the treasures taken by David from the Philistines, "vessels of gold, vessels of silver, and vessels of brass, were dedicated to the Lord," consented to remit sins, at all prices, from a kingdom to a goose; and offerings were not only made to St. Peter, but to every saint in the Calendar, who had all objects of special protection assigned to them—towns, cities, dogs, pigs, &c. &c.—St. Anthony was the protector of cattle, and a cow offered at his shrine frequently saved a whole drove. St. Vitus was successfully propitiated against a dog-bite, and grew rich as "the dog-star raged." The "*Madonna Incoronata*" of Foggia became wealthy by her paid protection of sheep, pigs, and turkeys; and was our Lady of the Larder. What were at first voluntary offerings to propitiate heaven, became in time a tribute. Such were the Peter-pence of England, which Gregory the Seventh sent to claim from William the Conqueror. The pence were paid by the people for the benefit of St. Peter; but the king refused the oath demanded with it by Peter's representative. If the people of England are not now voluntarily paying pence to Peter, it is not the fault of those in whose system the ignorance of the people is a leading dogma.

had its purchaser, from the venial sin bought off by a silver-headed saint, to the mortal iniquity absolved at the price of a church or a kingdom*, sources of wealth and power were opened to the head of the Church, which only slowly began to close after the expiration of ages.

The power of the Bishops, and their influence over the people, had long preceded that of the Popes; and long after its establishment, contributed to thwart and to oppose it. The Archbishops of Milan frequently disposed of the crown of Lombardy. Other Bishops took arms against their liege Emperor; and almost all the ministers, legates, and ambassadors of the various courts, were Bishops, holding equal influence over the barbarous monarch in whose rude cabinet they ruled, as over the subjects, by whom they were considered as "the law and the prophets." Prelates, statesmen, and warriors, as the exigency demanded, they alternately celebrated a mystery, dictated a law, or girded on their battle-sword, exchanging the mitre for the helmet, and quitting the altar for the field. While at home, they encouraged the art of military architecture, raised citadels, fortified their episcopal towns, and, adopting the feudal systems of their barbarous invaders, turned their Dioceses into tem-

* Many of the old ecclesiastical territories were held in Italy by deeds of gift, still extant, and all beginning "As a price for my sins and redemption of my soul, I give and bequeath," &c. &c.

poral Seigneuries, and reigned by Baronial jurisdiction, with all its consequences of vassalage!

The threefold power thus acquired by the members of the Church, was derived from the exclusive possession of what little knowledge then existed!—Knowledge, when confined to a few, produces tyranny and oppression, with all their train of crimes and suffering; diffused among the many, it gives birth to social and political independence, with all their blessed consequences, of liberty, letters, and commerce. At one period, almost all the feudality of Naples was in the power of her Bishops, Monks, and Abbots; Modena, Reggio, and Parma, did not dispute the temporal power of their Bishops; and even long after the Papal star held the ascendant, the Bishops were still so powerful, that Kings and Emperors, at war with the Popes, purchased the aid of these ecclesiastical Barons, and by large donations made in recompense of the aid they afforded, contributed to increase their influence, by multiplying their wealth. After ages of undisputed power over dark and barbarous nations, these potent Priests were destined, in the eleventh century, to feel their influence shaken to its centre; and with the imperial representative of the Cæsars, to bow at the feet of the son of a Tuscan carpenter, who, from realizing clumsy conceits in his father's workshop, became the deposer of Kings, the creator of Emperors, and the true

founder of the Papal greatness. This was the imperious despot, the able statesman, and ambitious monk of Cluny, Pope Gregory the Seventh —the fomenter of rebellion in nearly every state in Europe, and the first Pontiff who conceived the idea of universal monarchy. The Popes, who had long asserted that they governed by the Holy Ghost, and were supreme head of the Church, had always opinion on their side; and from the time of Gregory the Seventh to the sixteenth century, they had the politics of all Europe in their favour.

Pope Nicholas the Second was the first to disturb the domestic happiness of the clergy, who, until the middle of the eleventh century, were married men; but it was reserved for the lover of the Countess Matilda, for Pope Gregory the Seventh, whose illicit passion for this fair and powerful despot had caused much scandal, to give the last blow to the natural liberty of the ecclesiastics, by interdicting matrimony: and the extent of his power, and the decline of that of the bishops, cannot be better proved, than by his being able, in his council at Rome, in the year 1075, to deprive all prelates who were married, or living in concubinage (" *les concubinaires*," as Moreri calls them), or who were installed by secular sovereigns.* It was on this occasion he

* From this despotic act of Gregory the Seventh flowed those sources of demoralization which still render Catholic countries

deposed the bishops of Bremen, Saltzbourg, Bamberg, Strasbourg, and many other prelates, whose temporal power and spiritual influence had never been questioned. Hitherto the pontiffs of Rome had only exerted their craft in crowning and anointing kings, and in conferring that "right divine," to which the short-sighted policy of barbarous princes willingly lent itself*; but it was

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the centre of libertinism. The clergy, when denied the power of marrying, adopted a custom preserved by the new code of Lombardy from the Roman laws, called "*Semi-matrimonio,*" permitting the union of a free man and a free woman regulated by civil laws. The councils thundered against this half-matrimony, as they had done against the whole; and the priests, deprived even of their demi-wives, avenged themselves by bringing disorder and misery into the families of their flocks. The ecclesiastical tribunals teemed with processes, law-suits, and accusations against the ministers of the church; and then, perhaps, first arose those disorders among the religious orders, which afterwards called down the satires of Boccacio, and of all who dared to expose them. The canons of the primitive Church provided for the wives of its ministers.

* This right was, of course, drawn from the authority of the Old Testament. The prophets of the Jewish hierarchy, acting under the immediate inspiration of Heaven, named kings as the elected favourites of "the God of armies." The pontiffs, as representing the Apostles, the successors of the prophets, took upon themselves, with the first opportunity, the power of royal investiture. Constantine, the first Christian emperor, was desirous to have this right divine to reign over conquered nations; but as he was a sovereign prince before he was a Christian, there was an obstacle to vanquish; and he declared that the Deity

reserved for Gregory the Seventh, not only to bestow crowns, but to take them away; not only to confer a right divine to reign, but to annul it. Then came the great moment when Church and State, divided by respective* interests, fought their great fight for supremacy; and ere the contest was decided between the Emperors and the

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himself had signalized his election, by hanging a cross out of the heavens. As he declared this at the head of a victorious army, there were none to dispute it—not even the pontiffs. Other princes, as desirous of divine right as Constantine, but who could not again hang out the cross, sought the consecration of the bishops or Popes, to confirm them in their conquered kingdoms; and as the people were persuaded that the pontiffs were the depositaries of the Divine will, they learned to venerate a sovereign hallowed by the holy unction. This was the great source of power to the Popes, converting kingdoms into fiefs of the pontifical chair. At one period all the kings of Europe, together with the king of Jerusalem, were reduced to this slavish condition: and the Popes, treating them accordingly, imitated the *faste* of the Roman senate, and created monarchs or dispossessed them, at the sole suggestion of interest or of caprice.

* Gregory the Seventh having deprived the Emperor Henry the Second of his throne, sent the crown to Radolph Duke of Suabia. Frederick the First of Germany, seeing the danger of this divine right in the hands of the Pope, sent the crown on his own authority, to many princes of the empire. Then the Church set up her councils and discussions; and then arose the celebrated question among the doctors, on the authority of the popes or the emperors to create kings: the decision was, of course, that kings came of God now, as in the times of the Davids and the Solomons, both parties forgetting that the sole right, by which kings reign, is either that of brute force, called conquest,

Popes, the dogma and the sword, millions bled, and suffered, and fell; and humanity and civilization were retarded for ages. The struggle continued from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, when the pontiffs, impoverished by their wanton expeditions and private extravagances, became alternately the panders to the ambition of France and Germany; until Charles the Fifth held the

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or the free will of the people. These, at least, seem to be the powers acknowledged by the Divine Founder of Christianity, in opposition to the tenet of Judaism; for he has said, "Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's." Cæsar had no divine right —his authority was in every sense usurped. It is curious to read the ceremony of the coronation and anointing of Charles the Second, performed by Protestant bishops*. It is strictly Judaical and Roman Catholic, and might as well have been performed in the Church of Jerusalem, or St. Peter's at Rome, as at Westminster Abbey in London. It may be said, that Charles the Second was a Papist, and at that time received two hundred thousand per annum from the French King, for assisting to exterminate Protestantism:—so he had; but the poor credulous people of England did not know that; he was to them a Protestant King!! (For the duplicity of both the royal brothers on this subject, see a new publication, "Memoires of James the Second," by himself. The Whigs of England ought to raise statues to the editors, Father Innes and Dr. Clarke the Royal Librarian; for this work justifies all that ever was said or done against the Stuarts.)

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* And indeed of all the coronations of his successors. Such a pageant, borrowed from the worst times of Papal power, is beneath the sovereign of a free people—a title more glorious than all the Popes, Catholic or Protestant, the Gregorys or the Canterburys ever conferred.

sceptre of Saint Peter tributary to his sway. Then the printing-press existed, the Reformation was begun, the shock was given, the film was falling, and Italy was as ready as the North to admit convictions, which the progress of illumination was forcing upon the human mind:—but kings coalesced to check the progress.

The Inquisition became powerful in Spain under Philip the Second, and books and their authors were burnt together, throughout the dominions of the Pope and Italian Princes—but still the light thus obscured was never extinguished. It was the madness of the Roman Church to adhere, with a stupid and mistaken policy, to observances which belonged to other ages. The Clergy, like their upholders, the feudal Kings of Europe, would admit of no reformation in the old systems, suited only to the dark times in which they rose; and they sought to perpetuate with their own privileges, the forms and ceremonies, with which they believed them to be inseparably connected. These had long become the scorn of the enlightened, and the idle amusement of the ignorant and superstitious. At the period of the French Revolution, Catholic Europe exhibited the singular spectacle of two classes—one steeped in bigotry, the other verging to the opposite extreme of scepticism and infidelity. Not to laugh at the Church, its influence, and its creeds, was *mauvais-ton,* in the philosophical and fashionable circles of France:

while in Italy, the Church and the Opera were on a par; and both were resorted to, by the higher classes, as a resource against the tedium of lives devoted by political institutions to the most disgraceful idleness.

The crimes of the Papal nephews, and above all their extortions, had long assisted in awakening the people through their interests. A revolution in religious opinion preceded, even in Italy, the march of political changes. The suppression of the Jesuits had revealed many of the corruptions of the Church, and the real supremacy of the Popes over all the thrones of Catholic Christendom. The Jansenists, protected by the Emperor Joseph the Second*, openly preached against the temporal power of all ecclesiastics, and denied that the successor of St. Peter had any right to rule as a temporal sovereign. The most Catholic Court in Italy, shaking off its dependance upon the Holy See, refused its tribute of vassalage; and the white hackney of the Papal fief of Naples

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* What a subject for Raphael, or for Titian, would the *tête-à-tête* interview between Pope Pius the Sixth and the Emperor Joseph, at Vienna, have afforded! The Pope meekly urging the examples of the Barbarossas, the Fredericks, and Henrys, who stooped their necks to receive the Papal foot, and held the stirrup of the Papal palfrey—the Emperor scoffing at the degradation of his predecessors, and declaring that the Church could only regain her influence, when Churchmen returned to the simplicity of the Apostles.

no longer trotted over the Pontine marshes, to take its place in the consecrated mangers of the Vatican.

So far back as the year 1768, the Neapolitans, always impatient of the Pope's influence, carried on an open warfare with the Church of Rome. The professors' chairs in their university were filled by young and ardent orators, who preached the most heterodox opinions against the Church, and openly condemned the Bull which Clement the Thirteenth had fulminated against the Duke of Parma. It became a fashion among the students of Naples to study ecclesiastical law, for the purpose of opposing the corruptions of the Church; and in the eighteenth century, pamphlets were written against the Pope and his Conclave, which, in the sixteenth, would have destined the authors to an *auto-da-fé*. The tracts, thus boldly written, were eagerly devoured by the public; and the heretical writings of the Marchese Spiriti and Andrea Serrao though prohibited, were to be found in almost every Italian house.

The Revolution, which overwhelmed the State, dragged down with its victim the State's old ally —the Church. The famous Concordat, by which Francis the First and Leo the Tenth had reciprocally bestowed what was not their's to give, (the Pope usurping the rights of the Church, the King those of the Nation,) was torn to atoms by the revolutionary contemners of all contracts between

Popes and Kings; and Catholicism, formally abolished in France, trembled for her throne even in Rome.*

In the progress of events the Pontiff, stripped of his temporal power, dispossessed of his spiritual influence, was a prisoner in a foreign land; and the tent of a military prefect was pitched where the throne of the Vatican had once overshadowed all the thrones of the world. But the scene of this great drama was destined to shift many times ere the catastrophe was to be completed. Bonaparte resolved to raise the old and fallen church, to support his own new dynasty. The restoration of Catholicism was proclaimed in 1801, at the Cathedral of Paris, and a code of faith made out and imposed by an act of the legislature.† A new concordat was signed be-

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* In the year 1797, Pope Pius the Sixth sent the Marchese Massimi from Rome to the Directory at Paris, with an ostensible mission for negotiating civil affairs with that body. He began his letter to these heretic republicans, "*Carissimis in Christo filiis nostris, Civibus Directorii executivi Reipublicæ Franciæ*," &c.—and he even sent them his benediction into the bargain! Meantime the Bishop of Imola (the present Pope) was preaching his republican sermon, of which the Author of this work has already given an extract in another publication.

† The new Bishops accepted, with acclamation, an imperial catechism reported to have been dictated by Bonaparte himself, and (says the Ex-Bishop de Blois, in his work on the Gallican church,) "*Redigée exprès en faveur d'un individu et de sa famille, Catechisme à l'usage de toutes les Eglises de l'empire de France.*"

tween the military chief and his dependant, the Pontiff. Benefices were to be given; sees raised; wealth was again to circulate among a long-impoverished clergy; and no epithet was deemed too adulatory, no eulogium too flattering, for this new Constantine! who, having upset the thrones of Europe, set up the throne of St. Peter's. Even those of the dignified emigrant clergy of France who had held synods in London* to stamp the Emperor with epithets of repro

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But have we not heard in the present day, a Bishop of London declare his King could do no wrong? "*Cesar rougit! N'a-t-il pas vu Pharsale?*"

* This council of emigrant clergy was held in the house of Monsieur Dillon, Ex-bishop of Narbonne; and from this "close divan" issued many bulls against Bonaparte. Even the Pope was threatened with excommunication by an Ex-bishop, who declared in a letter addressed to his Holiness, that he "had disposed of the church of France, without consulting those whom the Holy Ghost had established to govern it." In time, however, the most furious of these bull-fulminators against the usurper became softened, and consented to return to France, and accept of benefices and bishopricks under the new regime. Foremost of these placable priests was the Abbé Boisgelin, who, preaching at his chapel in King-street, Portman-square, exclaimed with enthusiasm to a congregation of old emigrant gentry, "*Plutôt mourir, que de violer le pact de la Religion et de la Monarchie.*" Permitted, however, to return to France, he forgot "*le pact*" under a cardinal's hat, which he obtained through the usurper's favour, who, on his return, made him Archbishop of Tours. Another of these faithful Doctors, who had exclaimed in his "*Défense de l'ordre social,*" "*qu'on place sur le trône de*

bation, and to fulminate bulls against his usurpation, now came forward to assist at his coronation, to confer his apotheosis, and to lavish on him the epithets of "*celui qui ouvert les Temples, et relève les Autels!*—"*L'envoye du très Haut!—l'homme de sa droit—le Cyrus—le Constantin—le Theodore—le Charlemagne du tems actuel.*" Such were the technical formulas bestowed on the "Despot" in all the episcopal *mandemens*, and in the concordat itself, by those "Bishops, Priests, and Deacons," who sang Te Deums in Notre-Dame and St. Denis for the victories of the "Usurper," even over the divine-righted Kings, who hold the crown and sceptre, through the Church, from God!

The late Pope Pius VI. had been frequently heard to say, "I fear the Church will have no Pope when I am gone." The battle of Waterloo

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France celui que la loi appelle, lui seul n'a pas besoin d'élection pour regner, il est élû depuis neuf cent ans." Thus preached the Abbé Du Voisin till he was allowed to return to France, when, forgetting the election of nine hundred years standing of his legitimate King, he accepted a mitre from the hands of the Usurper, and was made Bishop of Nantz. No sooner, however, had "*L'envoye du Très-haut*" felt the touch of adversity, than the Boisgelin, the Du Voisin of the new times, laid aside the catechism of Cyrus, and changed their sobriquets of "*Le Nouveau Charlemagne*," for "*le Despot du jour*," while they set forth to recover the "*Ampoule Sacrée* with which St. Remis consecrated Clovis, and to anoint him who had been "elected nine hundred years back."

prevented the accomplishment of his prophecy; and the *preux* of the nineteenth century assisted to right "the boat of the fisherman," *(il navicello del pescatore)*—to re-mount the Pontiff on the Throne of the Cæsars. The days of the Innocents, and the Urbans, the Gregories, and the Clements, seemed once more to dawn upon the benighted Church—her chief again paraded the streets of her capital, amidst a prostrate multitude, who, at his approach, fell on the earth, and bowed their foreheads to the dust, under the influence of their devotion to sanctity, or the fear of the swords of his guards.* The population of Rome seemed,

* A short time before our arrival in Rome, a young Roman nobleman was liberated from the fortress of St. Angelo, to marry a lady of high rank, whose family had the interest to procure his emancipation. His crime was, that he had refused to alight from his horse, and prostrate himself in the mud, in the outlets of Rome, when the Pope passed. His halting and taking off his hat went for nothing! While we were at Rome, the Pope's guards insisted on the same ceremony from an English gentleman and lady, who were driving in a barouche. As the lady was near her confinement, and her husband would not permit her to move, one of the Roman janizaries struck him with his sword. A formal complaint was made to the Pope; but when we left Rome no notice had been taken. Neither would such an event have caused any sensation among the Ultra English then at Rome. For *Kotou* at Rome belongs to the Social System of the Holy Alliance, and is quite another thing from *Kotou* in China; and many an English Tory Lord, who would hasten back to vote against the Irish Catholics in their Council at home

by a stroke of magic, to go back to the sixteenth century. The civil and military costume of the last twenty years disappeared; and nothing was to be seen in its streets, but

———" Eremites and friars."

Councils were held, convents re-opened, ceremonies revived, education again thrown into the hands of the priesthood, and swaddling clothes immediately succeeded by the monkish habit*.

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will accuse the author of these pages of Jacobinical principles, for exposing the systems of Catholic cabinets abroad.

* It is a melancholy sight to see troops of little children, pale and attenuated, habited as monks, and led on by the superiors of the convent to which they are consigned, to attend some ceremony—not a trace of the bloom and spirit of childhood in their looks or movement. The Jesuits' schools were again opened: on the restoration of their order all the nobility of Rome hastened to send their children to their seminaries; for the Jesuits are looked on, both by the highest and the lowest of the Roman people, as the Pretorians of the Church; each family expects to give a Cardinal to the Conclave, or a Pope to the throne, by placing its sons in these convents. The Prince of ——, who died lately at Rome, always took off his hat when these bands of little priestlings passed him. Being asked why he did so, he replied, "There lies the stuff of future infallibility. Some of these urchins may one day be the sovereigns of my children—I see already life and death in their dirty little hands; and I propitiate their favour for those who are to succeed me."

The most fashionable church at Rome is the superb Jesuit Temple, *La Chiesa del Gesu*, where the shrine of St. Ignatius, with columns of lapis lazuli, now blazes with lights and precious

The youth were destined to serve, not the country, but the Church; and the public press was modelled upon that state of things in the past century, when a Gazette, not exclusively dedicated to the announcing of Church ceremonies, was circulated secretly in manuscript, and when an idle pleasantry of Pasquin's brought the unhappy contributor to the scaffold, under the mild Pontificate of Pope Lambertini. If all the good results of the Revolutionary police were not stifled as promptly as the faint light of philosophy*, if the streets of Rome were

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offerings. The Convents of the Gesu and St. Andrea are crowded; and we were told that this order were struggling hard to get into their hands the *Collegio Romano*, a civil establishment, where the whole of the youth of the middle classes are educated. Since the Restoration, the Lancastrian system, so well received in Lombardy and Tuscany, is resisted at Rome.

* One of the first good acts of the French in Rome was the formation of an institute. It consisted of twenty-four professors; among whom were Berthollet and Monge! On the arrival of Pius the Seventh at Rome, after his election at Venice, every effort was used to suppress this society by the ultra-party; and two Italian gentlemen found themselves compelled to wait on the Pope, and claim his personal protection from persecutions instigated against them, for having been among its members. "A crime to belong to a literary society!" said the Pope. "If the Grand Turk had elected me member of a literary society at Constantinople, I should deem it no crime to belong to it." It is a fact that the Pope, who was once a violent democrat upon Scribtural authority, as he advanced in his sermons, was also deeply read in the old school of philosophy, and a smatterer in literature.

not again buried in midnight darkness*, if the torture was not restored, and the *stiletto* given back to the hands of the impetuous people, it was due in part to the moderation of the Minister Gonsalvi, (whose character seems to vibrate between the habit he wears and the age he lives in,) and to the wisdom acquired by the Pope in his travels and adversities: for the ultra-party at Rome—the party supported by the Holy Alliance, and of which M. Blacas, the Minister from the Court of France at Rome, is the head—are for the total restoration of the social edifice, as it existed before that terrible revolution, which banished the wheel and the stiletto, and forbad French ambassadors to give asylum to profes-

* Previous to the Revolution, the streets of Rome were not permitted either by the government, or the people, to be lighted at night. Even the lanterns carried by laquais were deemed a public nuisance in streets where the business of intrigue or assassination was nightly carried on; and the constant cry, when such intruders appeared, was "*Volti la lanterna*†"—"Turn away the lantern." On the restoration of the Pope, it was expected by the *ultra éteignoirs*, that he would extinguish the revolutionary lamps; but he only reformed the abuse. The streets of Rome are just sufficiently dark at present for the free exercise of the stiletto, should it be restored. Their principal light comes from the shrines of the Madonna, which every where abound. The clocks likewise are all restored to their ancient order; and not to reckon by canonical hours is to count time "*alla Francese*," as they term it, and to savour of Jacobinism.

† See Lalande, vol. 6.

sional murderers*. But though legitimate kings, Protestant and Catholic, uphold the ancient Papal system as inseparably connected with their own divine right, and have equally assisted to give it all the forms and splendour by which it was distinguished when

> "Les souverains encor cités au capitol,
> Martyrs de leur sottise, un chaplet à la main,
> Attendaient pour regner l'ordre d'un Jacobin;"

still the effort is vain. The Papal power is over. The spiritual influence of the bishops of Rome has fled, with the faith in their infallibility upon which it was founded. As illumination spread

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* To give asylum to murderers was the privilege of foreign ambassadors at the Court of Rome, up to the French revolution. In 1687, this privilege had caused such terrible consequences, that Pope Innocent XI. endeavoured by a bull to abrogate the custom, and induced the Kings of Spain, Portugal, and England, to forego their privilege. Louis XIV. absolutely refused to yield his power of protecting murder, and sent the Marquis Lavardin to Rome, who entered it in spite of the orders of the Pope, escorted by four hundred marines (gardes marines), 400 volunteers, and 200 men in livery; when he took possession of the palace and church of the French Embassy, opened his house of refuge to persecuted cut-throats, and laughed at the Pope's threatened excommunication. The King meantime seized on Avignon, to shew his resentment of the Papal interference; and on the death of the Pope in 1689, the Royal Asylums for the Heroes of the Stiletto were re-established†. These were "*les bons vieux tems*" of the Blacas's and the Lavardins!

† See Lalande, vol. 6.

and history was studied, the lives of the Gregories and the Innocents, of the Borgias and the Barberini, betrayed the secret of that throne, which so long was the scourge of Europe; each of whose successive occupiers, whatever may have been his individual character, in turn

"Bénissant, massacrant, pillant au nom de Pierre,
Maitre, idole, scandale, et fleau de la terre,"

found himself compelled by the spirit of a system, to uphold the vices, to which he owed his exalted position.

A reverence for the Pope is almost universally extinct in Italy, where the Papal throne is considered as the primary instrument of th political degradation of the land. Almost all the Catholic Churches of Europe (even those of Spain and Portugal*) have made efforts, as chance has favoured them, to throw off the yoke, and to assert their national independence of Papal authority. At the present day the Irish Catholics are perhaps single in their attachment to the See of Rome, to which they are bound by the noblest feelings, by a point of honour, and a hatred of oppression: so that if there still lingers in Europe a religious sentiment, such as kings, jealous of the majesty of their sceptre, might view with suspicion, the circumstance arises in the bigotry

* See Les Libertés de l'Eglise Gallican. Par Gregoire.

and short-sighted cunning of Protestant intolerance, which dares not leave opinions to the education of reason: but perpetuates the creed it fears, by the very measures taken for its suppression. It is in vain, therefore, that convents teem with the idle and the worthless; that nuns are professed*, and that all the "pomp and circumstance" of religious ceremony is revived by the aid and contributions of legitimate sovereigns of all churches;—the true foundation of such allusions (the ignorance of the people, and the wealth of the clergy) are for ever undermined. The Church of Rome is in a state of pauperism, compared to the wealth of the Protestant hierarchy of England. The Pope has less disposable property than an Archbishop of Canterbury†; and the income of a

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* We were talking one day to a Cardinal on the subject of the multitudes of monks and friars with which Rome swarmed: he replied, "They do appear numerous, but you do not consider that we must have ten thousand effective men for the Mission of the *Propaganda Fide* alone!" To this no reply could be made by British Protestants, whose *Propaganda* sends out its members under the banners of Societies for converting the Jews, (a society now busy in Dublin, where there is one resident Jew!) Bible Societies, &c. &c.; but the more one considers the Churches of Rome and England, the more their resemblance is apparent.

† When Henry VIII. dissolved abbeys and monasteries, and divided the spoil between the Crown and the Aristocracy, the wealth of the regulars of the Catholic Church descended without diminution to the Protestant Hierarchy. The great Sees of

Cardinal would be deemed an indifferent living by many incumbents of English benefices.*

The present government of Rome has not dared to annul the confiscations of the late regime†; and the monasteries and convents, when the first flush of re-action subsides, must inevitably decline, for want of the means of supporting their useless societies.—Rome, like the rest of the continent, is now in a false position! and her government and institutes, upheld by factitious means, must share that fate, which the progress of knowledge is preparing for the whole of the known world.

While the reign of the Church, under the influence of its powerful chiefs, remained for ages

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England and Ireland are perhaps the wealthiest in the Christian world.

* The Cardinals, at the time of the Revolution, independent of other benefices, had rarely more than four thousand piastres per annum, and at present their income does not exceed 2000 (between four and five hundred pounds sterling,) a sum that would scarcely do more than pay the cook and the coachman of an English prelate. Their principal expense is their fine gilt coach, their dirty laquais, and old coach-horses. They give no dinners, and take as many as they can get. Many of them, however, have good private properties. The Cardinal Gonsalvi is said to be rich. He has the ample estates of the Abbey of "*Grotta Ferrata*," and is *Segretario de' Brevi*, which is said to be a very lucrative appointment.

† The national debt was cleared by the French, by the sale of the Church property for forty millions. When the Pope returned, he found he did not owe a Paolo.

undisputed throughout nearly the whole of Europe, the people of Rome, though occasionally crushed by its weight into temporary subjection, were the most prompt to rebel against its usurpation, and the last perhaps to acknowledge its sway. More facticus and more free under the tyrants that excommunicated kings*, than they ever had been under the Emperors of ancient Rome, the Romans of the middle ages, alternately opposing the foreign sway of the German Potentates, and the home despotism of the Pontiffs, put down Popes, and raised Anti-Popes—created schisms in the church—and chained, starved, or maddened, in the dungeons of St. Angelo†, those

* All the Kings of France, from Philip the First to Louis the Eighth, and all the Emperors, from Henry the Fourth to Louis of Bavaria, were occasionally excommunicated. The crime for which Robert of France was thus punished, was marrying his cousin. For this he was abandoned by all; and even his servants presented him his food at the end of a long stick. At the council of St. John de Lateran, Frederick the Second was interdicted the use of fire and water.

† Boniface the Sixth was elected by the people (895). John the Thirteenth was hunted out of Rome by the people and their prefect (965). John the Fourteenth died of famine, or poison, in a dungeon of the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was incarcerated by the Roman citizens for his tyranny (984). John the Fifteenth, notorious for his vices, (even according to Platina,) and supposed to have been at last made away with by the people, was persecuted and dethroned by the Patrician Crescentius, who seized on the castle of St. Angelo, and, at the head of the Roman people, resisted the Emperor Otho, as he had de-

vicegerents of heaven, who were fulminating through all Christendom the bulls of their own supremacy.*

posed the Pontiff. Gregory the Fifth was accused and prosecuted by the people, and was forced to fly for protection to his kinsman, the Emperor Otho. Benedict was deposed by the citizens, who set up an anti-pope (1032), and deposed him also in his turn. The History of these dark times teems with instances of the resistance of the people and patricians of Rome to the See, when the rest of Christendom lay subdued at the feet of the Papal throne.

* Boniface the Eighth (having stirred up the Germans against their Emperor, excited Charles de Valois to take up arms against his brother Philippe le Bel, and given the kingdom of France to Albert for going to war with that King) published a bull to prove that God had established the Popes over Kings and their Kingdoms!! To deny this, was the Jacobinism of that day; and the Pope having published his arguments to defend this doctrine, none dared contradict them—" *La plus part des docteurs, les Princes mêmes, et ceux qui les défendaient contre les papes, ne refutaient pas les argumens.*"—Boniface fulminated a bull of excommunication against France and its King, who, not daring openly to oppose the Pope, sent a kidnapping party, with Nogaret at their head, to run away with him; and the union of the Roman Patrician Sciarra Colonna, a captain of a band of Corsairs, with the French minister, ensured the success of the Royal plot. The Pope was seized in his patrimonial villa at Agnano, slapped on the face by Colonna with his glove for resisting his kidnappers, surrounded by French guards, and ordered to march to Lyons. The fierce old man, who had been fond of quoting Christ's order to Peter, to "put his sword in the scabbard," as intimating that the sword was his, assumed his most splendid vestments, seized his keys in one hand, his crucifix in the other, and exclaimed, "*Morirò Papa,*" (I will die a Pope).—Ere they could carry him

In the fourteenth century, under Pontiff John Twenty-second, (whose *Ego sum Papa* stunned the anarchical conclave into his election)* the Church, both in her temporal and spiritual power, was shaken to its centre by the Roman people and the philosophical order of friars-minorites.†

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to France, he died in his prison at Rome—some say of rage. This was the Pope, however, who canonized St. Louis of France. When Napoleon was execrated by French Ultras for profaning the Holy See, and lodging Pius the Seventh at the Palace of Fontainbleau, they forgot the anecdote of the legitimate kidnapper Philippe le Bel, the Corsair Colonna, and Boniface the Eighth. This was the age of Dante, the thirteenth century.

* Villani, Platina.

† "The Minorites (says Pignotti, p. 35, vol. 3,) with more candour than prudence had preached the perilous doctrine of evangelical poverty, sustaining that Christ and his apostles had no possessions. The Dominicans, the Sybarites of the Church, favoured by the Court of Rome, opposed this doctrine, by asserting that Christ and his disciples had the use of all the goods of the earth; that Judas Iscariot was Christ's Camerlingo, or steward, and distributed the rents equally;" &c. &c. The Pope, from the midst of his Seraglio at Avignon, approved the defence; and the Minorites were cursed, "*comme de raison.*" Besides these schisms, there were disputes in the church on points deemed equally important. The Franciscans started the question of whether their porridge belonged to them while they were eating it—some denied, some affirmed that it did; a chapter general decided on the non-propriety of the porridge! Another dispute among the doctors arose, to ascertain whether robes, long or short, grey or black, of cloth or serge, were fittest for the monks; and chapters, councils, and congregations, met to fight these questions, decided at last by bulls and manifestoes, and

The Pope was accused of heresy by the latter, and deposed with the consent of the former, in favour of a Minorite brother (the Anti-pope, Nicholas the Fifth,) who preached the simplicity of the apostolic life, in opposition to the luxury and splendour of the Pontiffs. It was then that under one of the greatest captains and greatest geniuses of the age, Castruccio (a citizen of Lucca), the Romans (whom Arnoldo and Brancaleone had alike found ripe for reformation) set up an Anti-Pope and Anti-Emperor in opposition to the Ghibeline or German party, which was headed by the Colonna and the Pontiff in Rome, and was backed by all the despotic Princes of Europe. The Roman spirit, blowing forth from age to age like the American aloe, again sent forth, in the succeeding century, one of its most vigorous, though not most permanent, shoots under the last and boldest of the champions of her freedom—Nicola di Rienzi Gabrini*. This champion of

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refuted by satires and epigrams! Such were those times referred to as primitive and holy—the times of undisturbed legitimacy in church and state, of fathers, councils, and doctors, whose doctrines it is now deemed detrimental to the social order to dispute or laugh at.

* The original history of Nicola di Rienzi was written in the ancient Roman and Neapolitan dialect; and Pignotti observes, it is singular, that the name of the author should be *Tommaso Fiortifiocca*, who is mentioned in the history as having been punished by the Tribune for falsehood. Much of the folly attributed to his latter days should be taken with reserve. The life

the people sprang from the people—the Cola Rienzi of many a popular tale in after-times, when history was silenced on his deeds. This plebeian conqueror of the patrician Colonna, Orsini, and Frangipani, (whose private feuds had brutified the people)—this punisher of vices in the little, and crimes in the great *—this invocated of Petrarch and controller of Pontiffs, saw even then, in the rude dark times of the fourteenth century, the possibility, and originated the design, of liberating Italy for ever from the yoke of the German Emperors, and of uniting her states into a federative republic. For this one great design, the offspring of his splendid mind, ere glory had dazzled, or power deranged its faculties, be all his after-sins forgiven!

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of this Republican Tribune has been published under the Popes and Emperors, whose tyranny over Italy he rose to overthrow. That true French abbé—the Abbé de Sade, and other modern critics, have written much nonsense to prove that Rienzi was not the "*Spirto Gentile*" of Petrarch, to whom he addressed his Canzone "*Italia mia*," because it appears that the last line of the beautiful poem did not apply to Rienzi. Pignotti refutes all that has been said on the subject, and shews that De Sade's criticism is as false as ridiculous (vol. 5. p. 23). But he seems to think that Petrarch changed the last lines of the Canzone, when the conduct of the Tribune, in his last days, disappointed his patriot hopes. Petrarch knew him at Avignon; and it appears by the letters he addressed to him, incited him to the Revolution he so nearly effected.

* One of his first acts was to clear the city and country of Banditti, (as Brancaleone had thrown down a hundred and forty.

Oh! for some Cola Rienzi in the present hour of Italian exigency! to aid her struggles, and afford to her scattered spirits a point of concentration! who, like the last of her tribunes, might sound the trumpet of reform from the towers* of St. Angelo, and unfurling the banner of liberty on the heights of the capitol, once more behold the Roman people crowding round their ancient standard, and calling forth the echoes of the forum to such plaudits as Cicero extorted, and Rienzi received.†

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towers, the nests of predatory bands of nobles and plebeians.) He had a Colonna arrested for debt, and an Orsini tried and condemned for plundering a shipwreck. He found Rome in anarchy, and gave it laws. He recalled the Pope and Cardinals from Avignon to Rome, and cited the two contending and pretending Emperors to the Tribunal of the Campidoglio. The instantaneous changes he effected, says Pignotti, are incredible: he not only did not abuse his power, but watched night and day over the laws he promulgated for the security of the city."

Page 20. vol. 5.

* "Dal Balcone del Campidoglio arringò il pubblico colla solita eloquenza: tutti lo applaudirono e lo riguardarono come il Riformatore di Roma."—Ibid.

† One of the first objects we went to visit in Rome was the house of Cola Rienzi. It stands in a site consecrated to great recollections, and marked by ruinous desolation—the Tiber; the ruined arch of the palatine bridge (the Ponte Rotto), the work of Scipio Africanus; the masses of peperin raised by Tarquin to inclose that "beautiful shore," now so dreary and

Towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, there was a visible decline in that physical and moral energy of the Romans, which had during past ages sometimes lent itself to liberty, but more frequently, under a bigoted but lawless government, found a vent in violence, crime, and the most hopeless disorder. The factious nobles had degenerated into banditti; they laid waste

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offensive*; the remains of that great public work the Cloaca Maxima! the temple of Vesta, (a gem of antiquity!) the temple of Fortuna Virilis! Such is the imagery which surrounded the dwelling of Rienzi, and justifies his historians in supposing "that the sight of such majestic relics of ancient grandeur inspired him with sentiments elevated beyond the age he lived in, and awakened the gigantic project of raising the fallen liberty of his country on the ruins of her tyranny." The house of Rienzi is extremely curious as a specimen of the domestic architecture of Rome in the fourteenth century. Its massive walls, irregularly spotted with little Gothic casements, are incrusted with various fragments of ancient sculpture, well worth examining, but extremely difficult to approach: for the Casa Rienzi stands at the corner of one of those miserable little *vicoli* (alleys) in which Rome abounds, and is so environed with filth and putridity, that the air is infected, and all approach impeded. Over the door which opens into this lane is an inscription, intimating that this fabrick was raised by the son of Crescenzio and Theodora, and inhabited in the fourteenth century by Nicola di Rienzi, Tribune of the Roman people.

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* The beauties of the *pulchrum littus* of the Tiber, like the roses said to bloom in the desert plains of Pæstum, exist only in the pages of old books of travels. The shores of the Tiber are generally inaccessible from filth and masses of ruin, relieved at intervals by cardinals' gardens and orangeries.

their native city, and carried desolation and ruin into the bosom of domestic life. The people, alternately insurgents and slaves, were the most demoralized of Italy; and though the dark and cruel despotism of the clever tyrant Sixtus the Fifth* (whose love of blood induced him to envy Elizabeth the cutting off of Mary's head) stemmed for a time the torrent of iniquities, and broke for ever the spirit of the Roman barons, yet at his death the people were but the more debased by the loss of their ferocity; and the domestic demoralization of the nobles—the pomp, luxury, and extortion of the papal court and the conclave—suffered no diminution. During succeeding centuries (on the testimony of travellers of all nations and sects) the civil and religious state of Rome was an anomaly in human society.† The

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* The severity of Sixtus the Fifth, dreadful as it was, was justified by the state of society then existing in Rome. His efforts at reformation, more than his cruelty, rendered him an object of detestation to the Roman people; who, in spite of all he had done to improve their city, and save them from the power of the privileged nobles, broke his statues at his death.

† Alexander the Seventh (Chigi), though he affected to live on chesnuts before his elevation, became an Apicius. Of the reign of the Chigi family, a French traveller has observed, "*Je pourrois faire une longue histoire des fraudes, des vols, des extortions, des débauches, des tracasseries, des assassinats, et des guerres que les Romains endurèrent pendant douze ans que les Chigis gouvernèrent.*" —Voyage Historique d'Italie. See also Lalande's Account of Rome in his day.

court of the Quirinal, like that of France under Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, was directed by the intrigues of priests and courtiers. The cardinals governed by cabal, and all places were disposed of through their mistresses and their laquais, (a class only less powerful than the Cardinals themselves.) The princes or patricians (and they were of two* descriptions) rich, idle, ignorant, and avaricious, were surrounded by dependants and parasites, the indigent followers of rank and opulence†, a numerous order in all ill-governed countries. The people, without domestic habits, lived like the commoners of nature, satisfied if bread and church ceremonies sustained life and amused it. Dependance was encouraged by pride, poverty preached as a virtue, and followed as a profession. The parasite came after

* There were and are three or four families in Rome—such as the Colonna, Orsini, Conti, and Savelli—who boast of being of the ancient Patrician line. The Santa Croce say, they are descendants of Valerius Publicola. The other Princes owe their rank to having had a Pontiff in their family. The sister of Quintus Sixtus was a washerwoman—he made her Princess; Pasquin alluded to her elevation in an epigram. The Pope promised the Author his life and a purse of gold, if he would reveal himself: he did so and received the purse; but had his hands cut off from the wrist, and his tongue pierced.—See the Life of that Pontiff.

† De Retz describes the cardinals going to court, each followed by one or two hundred of these gentlemen.

the prince, and the beggar after the saint. The women of all ranks divided into vestals and concubines, were either shut up in a convent, or let loose upon society free from the duties of maternity and the ties of marriage, the mistresses of authorized paramours, and the wives of other women's lovers. The passions of all classes were unsubdued by education, unrestrained by law; and all crimes were redeemable by power. Murder had its price*, from a basket of figs to a purse of gold; and the murderer his asylum, from the high altar of the church to the cabinet of the palace. Assassination was a deed of nightly occurrence; and the careless hand that stabbed

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* Very many of the letters of Cardinal John de' Medici, addressed to cardinals or to the Duke his father, are in favour of murderers. A poor man, he says, who was exiled for murdering his wife, had backed his suit to him by a basket of fine figs. As to the murder of "*la sua Moglie*," he observes, "*che trova aver avuto giustissima causa per i suoi dishonesti portamenti*,"—that he had a just right to murder her on account of her bad conduct. Lettere del Cardinale G. de' Medici.—So recently as the pontificate of Clement the Ninth, Cardinal Francesco Barberini gave asylum to the famous bandit Scarpalega in his territory of Palestrina for a certain sum of money. The Pope in vain sent his sbirri in search of the most notorious murderer in his dominions. The Cardinal gave his protegé due notice of his Holiness's intentions; and for that time he escaped. "These Barberini alone," said Pasquino, "are enough to make us turn atheists!"

for pay, not unfrequently mistook its aim, and stopped to excuse its error by assuring the victim "it was a mistake."*

There was no society but such as vice congregated—the interests of the gaming-table, or the intrigues of illicit love; to the former all were devoted—and to forward the latter, husbands frequently assisted their wives to get rid of troublesome cecisbei, whose interests interfered with a passion more profitable to the *ménage*, than that of the professed ancient *cavaliere servente.*†

The rites of hospitality were rarely celebrated, but on the occasion of a marriage, or a Cardinal's diplomatic dinner; and the house of Cardinal York was for a long period the only one in Rome where a stranger had a chance of finding a cover, even on the strongest recommendation. The great passion was for an ostentatious display of a suite of servants gaudily dressed, a showy equipage‡ and a vast palace. The colleges and con-

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* *Scuse, padrone mio, è un sbaglio!* was a cool and common excuse on such occasions. If the man died, "*La justice fait enlever le corps, et tout est dit.*" "*J'ai oui dire à un prelat de la consulte qu'il y avoit souvent dans le cours d'une année* 2000 *assassinats dans l'étendue de l'état ecclesiastique.*"—Lalande, tom. 6. p. 151.

† "On parle encore souvent en France de la jalousie Italienne; mais c'est sans doute par une ancienne tradition!!"—Ibid.

‡ The carriage of a cardinal is more particularly designated

vents contained some few pedants, learned in theological and classical literature; all else were condemned to the profoundest ignorance, and the Inquisition placed its sbirri upon the intellect of the whole population. The capital punishments were barbarous, but rarely inflicted; and if the people sometimes suffered the torture, or submitted to the estrapado, they, in their turn, occasionally hung* up a Cardinal, or derided the vices of the Conclave and the Pontiff, through the medium of Pasquino.

As there was no internal police, the public depended on the works of the Tarquins and the Cæsars for the few accommodations they enjoyed. Splendid fountains, flinging their waters into the air from the bosoms of nymphs, and the conchs of Tritons, were indeed raised by Popes to commemorate their own magnificence; but the conduits for water, miraculously constructed during the darkest ignorance on the subject of hydraulics, were at the end of twenty centuries, and are still, the principal means of purification afforded

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by an umbrella, laid on the roof, ready to shade his Eminence when he descends; which is constantly on duty as a mark of distinction.

* In 1786, Cardinal Tortona so exasperated the people by his cruelties in his office of Grand Inquisitor, that they dragged him from his carriage, and hung him on a gibbet in the street. This is the summary justice of a people for whom no justice exists.

for cleansing a city, which seems to have benefited but little by the advantages lent it by antiquity.* The Cloaca Maxima obtrude their neglected openings in vain; and streets lined with palaces, and palaces walled with marbles, have even now few sewers to carry off the accumulated filth of ages.

How long such a state of social disorganization might have existed, it were now useless to calculate; but it seems to have reached its acme when the French Revolution broke out; and ere Italy was conquered, Rome entered into the speculations of revolutionary projects.

Hugo de Basseville, a man of letters and talent†, was chosen by the National Convention to sound the disposition of those who were no

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* The brightest spot in the history of the ancient Romans, was their respect to the wants and accommodations of the public. Their roads, sewers, and aqueducts, are well worth their Pantheons and Coliseums.

† He had been the friend of Mirabeau and of Brissot, and was the author of "Elements of Mythology," and several other literary productions. Raised from an humble rank for his talents, he was chosen by General Dumourier as Secretary of Legation to the Court of Naples, and from thence was sent to Rome. But reformation was then as hateful to the ears of the populace of Rome, as to those of their master; and the agent of the French Republic was killed.

The death of Basseville was the subject of one of the most celebrated poems of Monti; but one would fain forget that the author of Aristodemus was the author likewise of Bassevilliana.

longer the population worked on by the eloquence of the Monk Arnoldo, or the Tribune Rienzi. Pius the Sixth, who had refused to acknowledge the French Republic, watched with jealous vigilance the motions of this emissary of Republicanism; and De Basseville affected to be occupied with the interests of the French academy of painting at Rome, at that time filled with young men who dreamed more of Brutus than of Raphael.

Against all changes in the existing order, or disorder of Rome, there stood opposed two powerful classes—the highest and the lowest—the aristocracy (including the church), and the people, led on by the bold, bigoted, influential *Trasteverini*.* The worship of the Madonna was the

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* The *Trasteverini* are a large proportion of the population of Rome, born and living on the further side of the Tiber, or as the Romans call it, "*di là del Tevere*." The *Trastevere* was united to Rome, and fortified by Ancus Martius, and was colonized from Latium. In the time of Augustus some corps of the naval armament stationed at Ravenna resided there; and at this moment the *Trastevere*, both in its *locale* and population, gives the best impression that time has left of ancient Rome, and its original inhabitants. Its churches are ancient temples—its bridges stand where Roman Consuls raised them. Here Horatius Cocles defended his rude pass over the Tiber, and its vestiges are still visible! Hence Mutius Scævola stole into Porsenna's camp. Here too stands that venerated "*Chiesa di Santa Maria Trastevere*," the Parthenon of the Trasteverins. This temple of the Madonna is said to cover the site of the Taberna Meritoria, (the hospital maintained at the expense of the Roman senate for in-

religion of the latter—the Papal government was the sanction and security of the vices and privileges of the former; and the French Revolution,

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valided soldiers,) and the stranger who has not visited it on a high festival, has not seen one of the most singular spectacles which the Roman city affords—an assembly of the unmixed descendants of the ancient Romans, preserving in their noble figures and marked features the proofs of their illustrious descent. Whoever would realize the form of Agrippina, as sculpture has preserved her in her imperial chair, or Portia, as fancy presents her, giving assurance of her faith to Brutus, must not seek such splendid images in the palaces of the Roman princesses; they are more likely to be found among the women of *Trastevere!* something indeed blemished by the coarseness of low life and laborious habits; but still preserving the original rudiments of a superior race. The men of this ancient district resemble extremely the Charboniers of Paris. The dress of the Trasteverins, as much as their physiognomy, distinguishes them from the rest of the Romans. The men wear a silken net on their heads, *à l'Espagnuole*, a jacket of black velvet thrown on their shoulders, a broad crimson sash, and enormous silver shoe-buckles! The women braid their hair in silken nets, and ornament it with silver bodkins; and in their gala habit appear in velvet bodices laced with gold, silken petticoats white and coloured, (which discover feet shining with large showy silver buckles,) and with scarlet aprons. They speak a dialect of their own, are devoted to the papal government, bigoted in their worship of the Madonna, and extremely gasconading in their manners. They were once formidable as a body; but since the French occupation, their ferocity is much diminished, partly from being deprived of their stilettoes, and partly from the asylum for murderers at Ostia, &c. &c. being done away. Shortly after the arrival of the French, the Trasteverins committed some horrible atrocities; twenty-two found

which both were taught to consider as a common enemy, rendered the French agent an object of suspicion and hatred to all, save a small portion of the youth and the middle classes. An imprudence on the part of De Basseville called forth public opinion by unequivocal symptoms. After a dinner given by him to the young men of the French academy, where more wine was drank than was conducive to the views of a secret mission, De Basseville drove with his wife and son to the Corso, permitting his footmen to mount the tri-coloured cockade. This was the signal of tumult. The street was accidentally or designedly filled with the common people and Trasteverini! A dreadful riot arose: De Basseville in vain sought to save himself by taking shelter in the palace of his banker; he was pursued by the mob, and murdered with circumstances of aggravated atrocity: the first stab was given by a soldier of the pontifical guard. The French academy was next attacked, and pillaged: the students saved themselves by flight. The houses of foreigners were plundered; and, during the tumult, the Virgin, whose name was the *mot d'ordre*, was seen in several of the churches to open her eyes (lest the people should open theirs), and to give

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with stilettoes were shot in the midst of their own clan: this was the first check ever given to their crimes, and its effects were said to be decisive.

testimony of the part she took in a crusade undertaken in her honour. Cardinal Ruffo (the leader of the horrible re-action of Naples) every where instigated the people to defend their Church; and the Pope instituted a new mass in honour of the Virgin, which was chaunted at every altar in Rome, with the title of *De apertione oris et oculorum Beatæ M. Virginis.*

But if, in 1793, an emissary of the National Convention of France was assassinated in Rome, —in 1797, the Gauls of the eighteenth century had passed the Rubicon, conquered Romagna, the Duchy of Urbino, and the Marsh of Ancona. The murder of the gallant general Duphot at Rome, under the eyes of the accredited Ambassador of France, urged on the fate of the "Niobe of Nations." The military occupation of Rome followed*, and the once proud capital of the

* When Joseph Bonaparte was ambassador at Rome, a great movement had already discovered itself among the youth towards Republicanism; and on the occasion of a public dinner given by the ambassador at the Palace Corsini, where he lodged, a large band of young men appeared before the window of the French Embassy, and shouted *Viva la Republica!!* The Pope's troops were instantly put under arms, and joined by the party then curiously enough stigmatised with the name of "Papists," and the Court of the Corsini Palace was filled with an armed multitude. General Duphot came to the open balcony to demand the reason of this outrage—a violation on the sacredness of the embassy:—a well-aimed shot killed him while he was speaking.

world became a French province, by the name of the Department of the Tiber!!! Prefects presided where Pontiffs had reigned; and the "*Leoni in Vaticano*" beheld "*La Tremenda Vanità di Francia,*" urging its reforms even to the very gates of St. Peter's—hunting the murderer from the asylum of the altar*, wresting the knife from the grasp of the assassin, lighting up the dark coverts of tongueless iniquities, regulating time by European calculation, loosening the ties of bigoted fraternity, forcing indolence into the ranks of industry, and cleansing the state of "that perilous stuff," which had long weighed upon its prosperity, and corrupted the life-sources of its morals.†

The military occupation of Rome avenged his death. Joseph Bonaparte only saved his life by means of the republican party, who carried him over the garden-walls to a place of safety.

* The privilege of asylum to assassins possessed for centuries in Rome by the Cardinals, the Inquisition, and Ambassadors, under the name of "*Jurisdictions,*" was instantly abolished. The common people were deprived of stilettoes. A regular police was established. The *sbirri* were replaced by *gens-d'armerie,* and assassination became, in the course of five years, as rare as in other countries. On the return of the Pope, the common people in their quarrels resorted to their ancient habit of stabbing; but, immediate application of the *cavalletto* or bastinado, established since the restoration, succeeded in again repressing such quarrels, and such summary vengeance. Every quarter of the city has now a Commissary of Police. The Governor of Rome is supreme over all.

† At the treaty of Tolentino, the Pope ceded, of his own

The genuine society of Rome is almost inaccessible to strangers; but to those for whom favourable circumstances may have procured an insight into its interior, it appears obviously to have undergone fewer changes by the Revolution, than any other city in Italy. It never felt the master-touch of him who, though pleased with the titles of Charlemagne and Cæsar, came not to the Capitol to be crowned, nor to St. Peter's to be consecrated. Bonaparte, who twice conquered Italy, never saw Rome!—a fact that belongs to the series of incongruities which made up his character and fortunes. Whatever colour of reform, or feature of change, may be found in the circles of Roman society, belongs almost exclusively to the Cittadini of the best descrip-

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accord, nearly all the statues that went to Paris. He did more: —in order to reconcile the Romans to their loss, he not only employed the eloquent and celebrated preacher Monsignore Tenai, of the Congregation of the Mission, to preach them into resignation, and erected stations in the streets for the purpose; but while the Apollo was packing up, occupied their attention by preaching himself, declaring that St. Paul commanded the breaking of statues, and Constantine had ordered their public sale, as a mark of his contempt; that it was the Cross and the Virgin, not Gods and Goddesses, that should engross the attention of true Christians; and that it was not the shrines of their Saints, but the statues of the Capitol, which brought heretics to their holy city, and their bad example among the elect of St. Peter. The Pope preached—the people listened; and the statues were permitted to depart, with as little sensation as they were seen to return.

tion, including persons of liberal profession, artists, some of the *employés*, and the *mercanti di campagna*, or gentlemen farmers or agriculturists, whose landed property has grown out of the sale of the Church estates during the Revolution; and who, though chiefly resident at Rome, live by the produce of their farms, in various parts of the Roman states. If something of cleanliness and order is visible in a Roman *ménage*, if stairs are found lighted* at night, and rooms look not dirty by day, the innovation on ancient manners is only to be found in the dwellings of this respectable class.† It is in this class also that what little social intercourse is kept up at Rome is most frequent; and I take it on the word of persons who had better opportunities of judging from observation than myself, that among this class, almost exclusively, may be found the liberal principles and enlightened views, so diffused in the other capital cities of Italy among all orders. It was

* With the exceptions of the diplomatic palaces, and those occupied by the English and the Bonapartes, I do not ever remember to have seen the court or stairs of a Roman palace lighted: even the laquais of the Cardinals carry a little lantern, with which they light up their Eminences, and the custom is universal. Those who visit without servants, carry their own lantern, which they extinguish and leave in the anti-room, while they pay their *prima-sera* visit.

† The private houses of Rome, which are small and ill-built, are called Sixtus Quintus's houses, and were principally built by him.

this class that chiefly participated in the benefits of the recent changes; and they look back to the past with a regret in which personal interests and self-love may have no inconsiderable influence. I remember a cockney dame of Rome, on whom we chanced to light, who loved to speak of her intimacy with the great during the days of republican equality, always calling the Prince B*** "*Camillo*," and the Duchess de L*** "*La Margarita*," usually adding, "for thus we called each other in the time of our Republic!"

While the Roman shopkeeper, (who lolls and lounges in his *bulk** all day, and asks a price *a capriccio* for his French and British wares,) seeks his recreation at the Palicorda or the Comic Opera—while the inferior dealer knows no enjoyment beyond stuffing, with twenty others, into a hired calesh, on Sunday noons, and driving through the hot and dirty streets, "*per fare il pizzacarolo*"—the Cittadini have more refined sources of recreation: they hold a musical accademia in each other's houses, or assemble to assist at a "*Tragedia alla Tavola*," (the reading round a table some favourite tragedy of Alfieri or Monti); or if of the higher order, they attend the

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* The genuine Roman shop is a sort of open stall, without glass windows; precisely resembling those which still exist at Pompeii. The shops in the Corso, the Bond-street of Rome, are modernized, and since the French occupation, filled with all sorts of French merchandize, which indeed supplies all Italy.

conversazione of some *Mezza Dama*, or half lady; a class of provincial nobility, who come from the cities of La Marca, or the Legations, to pass the winter at Rome, and who, if permitted by courtesy to visit a *Signora Principessa*, are never presumed to be of her circle, nor admitted to the house of such ambassadors as rightly understand the true Roman "*dignità!*" Two of the loveliest and most highly-gifted women in Italy were not invited to M. Blacas's weekly assemblies, because they were only by birth *Mezza-nobile*, or what in England is called gentry.

Apart from the great mass of the population, separated by the distinctions of ages, foul and fatuous as an Indian fakeer, and sunk in the dusky niche of its splendid sty, vegetates the Roman patrician, or prince of the empire! The morning is lounged away by the heir of the Gregories and the Clements in a dusty great coat, (the modern Roman toga,) rarely changed at any season of the day for a better garb. An early, but not a princely, dinner follows; succeeded by the siesta and the Corso, a funereal drive in a long narrow street, relieved in summer by a splashy course in the Piazza Navona*. The *prima sera*

* Before the Roman nobility are expelled by the *mal-aria* from Rome, for a short time, to their villas, one of the favourite recreations is driving in the Piazza Navona (which is laid under water for the occasion), and eating figs and Bologna puddings filled with garlic: curious "sport for ladies."

is passed in some noble palace, where, at the end of a long suite of unlighted rooms, sits the *Signora Principessa*, twinkling her eyes before a solitary lamp, or pair of candles, whose glimmer is scarce visible in the gloomy space, which a fire never cheers; while the *caldanini*, whose embers have expired in the atmosphere of her petticoat, is presented to the most distinguished of her visitors; and such a conversation ensues as minds without activity or resource may be supposed to supply:—a sermon of the popular preacher, Padre Pacifico, if it be Lent; a *Cecisbeo* faithless or betrayed, if at the Carnival, fill up the time till the opera commences, or until the only two genuine Roman houses open to society in Rome, light up their *rouge et noir* tables—the sole object for which company is received or for which com pany go*.

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* The circle of Signore Torlonia, the banker, (Duke of Bracciano,) is so truly European, and so made up of persons from all quarters of the globe, that it would be a libel to call it a Roman house. His hospitality is without bounds, and his attention to British subjects deserves their warmest gratitude. The Duchess di Bracciano holds weekly assemblies, which resemble an English rout. Signore Torlonia is the only Roman gentleman who purchases the works of modern artists. In his superb palace in the *Piazza di Venezia*, the walls and ceilings are covered with the exquisite designs of Palaggi of Milan, and Camucci; and the grand saloon contains that powerful effort of Canova's genius, which refutes the insidious praise that he should work only for the Graces—his Hercules and Lichas. Signore Torlonia is the founder of his own fortunes; his title is a purchase.

The Palace of the Princess Pauline Borghese, though she is a Roman princess by marriage, can scarcely be called a Roman house: it is, however, the most hospitable house in Rome*: her dinner-parties are frequent and sumptuous, her concerts and assemblies weekly. In her circles a great proportion of the conclave may always be found; for since the days of Pope Joan, no lady was ever so attended to by Cardinals, as the beautiful Pauline. Lucien and Louis Bonaparte, though they have fine palaces, live exclusively in the bosom of their family. But by far the most distinguished and interesting of that family is the venerable mother of Napoleon. Retaining great remains of the most brilliant beauty, dignified in adversity as she was moderate in prosperity, her thoughts and feelings have now but one sole object—the prisoner of St. Helena; whose pride she reproved in the days of his glory†, whose fall

* The Duchess of Devonshire, though a permanent resident in Rome, cannot be reckoned as belonging to that city. Her house is the centre of the best society, foreign or Italian; and it possesses all the *agrémens* which wealth, rank, taste, and high cultivation can bestow.

† Shortly after Bonaparte's elevation to the Imperial throne, meeting his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, half playfully, half seriously, he held his hand to her to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and presenting her own in the presence of his suite, said, "*C'est à vous à baiser la main de celle qui vous a donné la vie.*" We observed the pictures of all her handsome children in the room she occupied, (and where we generally found her

she laments, more as the child of her affections than the sovereign of a mighty empire. We saw much of this venerable lady (though in general she receives no company), and fancied we could trace in her energy and force of character the source from whence her extraordinary son derived his talents.

In the genuine patrician palace all is the most rigid economy, united to a slovenliness which is rarely the sin of thrift: there the clerk of the kitchen is frequently a sort of domestic *traiteur*, who finds the family of his lord in very coarse fare, at so much a-head*; while the laundress's weekly bill exhibits no extravagant items; and no "partial ablutions, performed with oriental scrupulosity," shame the general tinge of drapery, fine and faded as the worn-out consequence it decorated. The slovenly *douliette* and cap of the morning†, may be changed in the evening for the

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spinning, with her prayer-book beside her;) there were four of them kings when they sat for her, with the Emperor, their brother, at their head; viz. the Kings of Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Naples, (her son-in-law Murat.) "You see," she said one day as I was looking on Napoleon's picture, "when my son Bonaparte sat for me, I made him lay aside his crown." Which was the case.

* We were assured that many of the nobles supped nightly at the restaurateur's, to avoid the expense of a table at home.

† The French toilette, as introduced with the French occupation, is the model of the Roman. The latter, however, is less

velvet robe and diamond tiara; but nothing else is changed with it; and the *chemise de parade* of the ancient *cavaliere servente*, with its point ruffles, though laid by from week to week, is not, alas! laid by in lavender. In this circle, if not of pure, at least of unmixed, aristocracy, the Cardinals take the most distinguished place. With small incomes, large establishments*, and few resources, their great object is to seek the means of saving

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fastidious than its original. When Lalande visited Rome, in the middle of the last century, he observed there were but *four beauties* to be found among the high circle of Rome: there is precisely the same number now. The female aristocracy are low and fat, and have what the French call *un air empesé*, the result of their indolent lives; they are generally extremely pale. One of the four beauties alluded to, is the most perfect blondine I ever saw. The stranger's preconceived ideas of Roman beauty are only to be found occasionally realized among the common people.

* I was obliged to decline the honour of the visits of one or two of their Eminences, merely because my little anti-room was not large enough to hold their suite. It is but just to say, that among the members of the Conclave are some very agreeable men. They are, generally speaking, ultra in politics, but not more ultra than the Protestant hierarchy of England. While the bench of English Bishops, to the disgrace of Christianity, (if Christianity were answerable for the conduct of those who affect to profess it,) are voting against the rights of their fellow Christians the Irish Catholics in the British Senate,—the Roman Cardinals, with the Pope at their head, are breaking through the old prejudices of their church, to favour the Protestant worship. In the capital of Catholicism, a procession of Hugonots, with the respectable Mr. Necker of Geneva at their head, were permitted, in 1820, to go publicly to their communion.

money, and spending time. They are still the *beaux garçons* of Roman society, and are seen every where in all the innocent levity of sprightly caducity, sporting their red stockings and powdered toupees, waiting in the saloons of princesses and duchesses, till the Holy Spirit shall have elected them for the object of its special grace, to fill the chair of St. Peter, to punish or absolve the sins in others, which they have themselves abjured with *conversazioni* and the card-table.

But after all that can be said of the *Gaillards* of the Conclave; after all that ever has been said of kids, kittens, and widows; there is nothing like the flippant friskiness of the Roman *Monsignori* or *Prelati*—a sort of laico-ecclesiastics, denoting their holy calling by purple stockings and band; and intimating their mundane propensities by a sort of ubiquity; which exhibits the class, like the Irishman's bird, in two places at once, and multiplies their existence, till the reiteration of their presence wears out the welcome their bustling vivacity commands, in a city where all but themselves seems to

> "Drag at every step a lengthen'd chain."

I have at this moment one of these Monsignori before my eyes, who, as I sat at work in my Roman lodgings, amused himself and me by taking off the cold, formal, unbending English address.

I had begun the conversation by speaking of the Irish Catholics, and lamenting their long and hard endurance. To such observations he gave a cool brief "*Povera gente!*"* and then went on with his imitations, "*Ecco gli Inglesi; vanno così, dritto, dritto!*"†—and he stalked up and down the room like an ossified body thrown into movement by a galvanic operation.

After the Princes, Cardinals, and Monsignori, once came their Laquais, a powerful order half a century back, but now only remarkable as exhibiting the most grotesque appearance which the union of filth and finery ever presented. The Roman footman, in great families, is a medium between a Giles Joulter and a Jessemy, a Scrub and a Scapin;—his superb livery-coat (superb even when faded) hangs or stretches on his shoulders, as his dimensions vary from that of

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* "Poor people!" It is a fact, that a word from Lord Castlereagh, or even from Lady Castlereagh, would have more influence at Rome than the whole five millions of Irish Catholics, with their Primate and Bishops at their head. During the Passion Week, while the Queen of England was refused a guard of honour by the Papal Government, and was thus shut out from all the gaudy ceremonies of that season, an English Ministerial Lady had a sort of a guard of honour assigned her, to conduct her to all the ceremonies. Since the times of "the Queen of the Goths and Vandals," Christine, no such pontifical honours were ever assigned to any dame as to this!

† "Look at the English: this is their walk, upright and starch."

his predecessor in the last age; and sits like a straight-waistcoat, or falls like a caftan, as he is short or tall, meagre or bulky—concealing or revealing the old topped-boots purchased of some English groom; while a large laced cocked-hat is gallantly enough thrown back from the dirty face, which harmonises, in tints and texture, with the coarse, black, and yellow calico handkerchief, in which his rarely-shaven chin retires from public view. With little to do but to smoke themselves over the brazier in the anti-room, and stand behind the carriage of their lord or lady, such is "*La Livrea di Roma,*" once the most insolent, and now the most craving class, next to the professional beggar.

Shortly after our arrival in Rome, when our letters and cards had been left, and our visits returned, I happened to go into the anti-room, and found it crowded with strange servants. Our own followed me back to the drawing-room, and said, these were the *capi di famiglia* of several of the persons whom we had visited; and that they had come to wish me a good morning, and make their compliments. I sent them my thanks, and wished them a good morning in return, supposing this to be a Roman civility. Our valet smiled, and said that was not sufficient—that they had come for their *Mancia**; and he presented me the

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* A Foreign Minister at Florence told us, that he dreaded a

amount of what I ought to distribute among them (at least more than a month's wages, as servants are paid in Rome.) Even the Cardinal Minister's servants call, the day after his levée, on all who are presented, to demand their vales; and the nobility of Rome, so far from seeing the meanness in such exactions, would resent the offence of a refusal to demands, which they seem to consider as a mark of respect (and it may be something more) to themselves. If, however, Rome preserves this habit, once equally prevalent in England*, it is simply the result of that interdiction placed by its despotic Government on all changes and reformations: and if, in this very slight sketch of Roman manners, traits degrading to humanity have been exhibited in the truth of historic relation, be it remembered, that Rome was the country of the Catos and the Scipios! of Brutus and of Cicero! of Cornelia and of Portia!—and that,

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visit to Rome, from the expense incidental to the visits of ceremony his situation obliged him very literally to pay. I should be afraid to repeat the number of pounds sterling he distributed, at a scudo a time, to these craving domestics, who repeat their five-shilling visit a second time, on the eve of (the stranger's) departure from Rome.

* It is a curious observation of a traveller, who had visited both Rome and England, that, notwithstanding the extortions of the Roman servants, he found them less exacting than the London servants—"*Avec tout cela, il en coute bien moins qu'en Angleterre!*" Lalande.—Poor Goldsmith and Doctor Johnson complained that they could not afford to dine at noblemen's houses.

if it is now the last in the scale of nations, it is still the same Rome which produced a race, for whose energy and prowess the world had no parallel. That it has fallen, is the work of despotism and corruption; and that, like the rest of Italy, it may never rise again from its fearful debasement, is the hope and effort of Allied Sovereigns, their Cabinets, and their dependants. Should one gleam of its antique valour shine forth upon its settled darkness, "thousands of swords would leap from their scabbards" to punish the daring innovation:—even now, while the scaffold is raised in Turin, and the tribunal is opened at Naples, while nations, goaded to madness by suffering and oppression, are called on to the judgment-seats of runaway kings, (restored by foreign bayonets to their thrones,) to answer for the crime of self-defence—England, safe in her insular retreat from continental commotions, hears the organ of her government, her constitutional government, applaud the avenging tyrants of Italy, calling on them "to beware of unwise mercy," and reminding them, (lest the hatchet should fall tardily, or the rope slacken, or the dungeon close,) that "indemnity for the past—security for the future, demands blood."

Aye—"Shed blood enough, old Renault."*

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* Copied from "The Courier," as this sheet was going to press.

To the "Old Renaults" of Naples and Piedmont such advice is needless!—but, oh! land of the Russells and the Hampdens, it is hard it should come from you!!

In a state where there is no public press, the circle of intellect must be necessarily circumscribed, and the sphere of genius narrowed to a span. Rome, however, has learned men, and even her learned women. Classical erudition has but little to fear from Pontifical censors, or the fulminations of the Index. Even such branches of science as do not bear upon the social order, are permitted to be explored, though the ingenious and learned Abate Settele had not, when we left Rome, been permitted to publish his little book, which taught Roman children that the earth moved round the sun*; and the poor Abate di Rossi (an Ex-Jesuit), whose publications during the last thirty years had procured him great celebrity, was withering in neglect and poverty, at an advanced age.

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* The reasons assigned for the Censors' delay in licensing Settele's work were cogent; namely, that as Joshua had stopped the sun in his course, the sun must originally have moved; and that as no advice had since arrived of any change having taken place in the upper regions, to talk of the earth's moving round the sun would look very like heresy. Upon further consideration, however, they have lately granted the desired permission; probably on a conviction that Joshua's command was the epoch of a new social order in the heavens.

Marini, however, writes uncensured on military fortifications. The able physician and chemist, Dr. Morichini, the only physician in Rome known to Europe, is permitted to discuss, unreproved, the magnetic properties of purple lights; and Amati and Lanci* may possess as much Greek and Oriental lore as would turn any heads but their own. On such works the Roman pontifical censors†, "the *Douaniers de l'esprit*," lean lightly,

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* To these learned names may be added those of the Abate Colandralli; Conti of the Observatory of the Roman College; Scarpellini, perpetual Secretary of l'Academie des Lycées; the learned mathematician Reichback, and the antiquarian Cancelliari. The Cavaliere Gherardo di Rossi is advantageously known as the author of some works on antiquities, poetry, dramas, &c. &c. &c.

† The names of these worthies are worth recording:—The chief sbirro in the literary department is the *Reverendissimo ed Illustrissimo Padre Filippo Anfossi*, a Dominican Monk: the second in command, called the *Revisore*, is a certain *Signore Petrosettini*, the government bookseller. The hatred of the Dominican to all books, and the desire of the Revisore to sell some, induces a perpetual warfare between these compeers, and "then," said a commissioner, who had the sending off our books from Rome, "*cosa è d'ammattirsi*."—("It is enough to drive one mad.") Having purchased and sent off books in most of the Italian cities we visited, we thought there was no difficulty in doing so in Rome; but on their being sent to a commissioner's to be dispatched to *Civita Vecchia*, we were informed that no books could leave Rome without being examined by the *Reverendissimo* and the *Revisore*; and that if one exceptionable book was found, such as Boccacio, Guicciardini, &c. &c. it would be seized and confiscated. We consulted with our banker, who drew up for

if they are ordered not to lean heavily; for when left to themselves, their blunders are so numerous and humorous, that even the Cardinal Minister

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us a memorial to present to the Dominican, to intreat his permission to carry away our own property. He returned it with contempt. The books he would see, and if there was a Locke or a Beccaria, they were confiscated to the State! Her Grace the Duchess of D— undertook to plead our cause with the Minister, who assured us that it was a mere matter of form. The Dominican replied it was no matter of form; and that, if there was a bad book in the number it was the Church's by right, and the Church should have her right! The result was, that we did not attempt to send away all our books, as we had originally intended, by sea: we gave some away, and others we smuggled in our own carriage; for the Doganieri on the great routes are open to the influence of a few pauls. While we were in Rome these drolls seized on Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Works, and permitted Dupuis Origines des Cultes, Hume's Essays, and Gibbon's Rome to pass. Against Locke they are as declared enemies as the late Provost of the Dublin University, who has erased his work on government from the College course. Priest for priest, the Dominican Monk is the most consistent of the two. There is but one newspaper, *Il Diario di Roma*, which is *impayable*. It is devoted to the registry of church ceremonies, with now and then a translation from the English Courier on politics. The pleasantest part is the attempt of the translator to do into Italian the contemptuous expressions of the Courier for the people. They translated a term of Lord Castlereagh's the "base people," —*popolaccio*, the great nasty people. The affray which occurred at the door of the Spanish Ambassador, was translated *La bestemmia e la sedizione d'Inghilterra*. The Courier calls the people of England "promiscuous crew"—"countless rabble"—"tatterdemalions"—"wretches"—"mob"—"scum;" and these the translator has wholly thrown out: the whole Della-Cruscan

is occasionally heard to exclaim on complaints coming before him of the "*trenta e tre disgrazie*" of these *Menechinos* of the Holy Office, "*O! che bestie! O! che sciocchi!*—(Oh! what beasts, what blockheads!)

With learned ladies the unlearned author of these pages never has been popular. Belonging to a country where stockings of any colour are frequently dispensed with, she never was able to mount even a pair of blue *tracheens* (a substitute in Ireland with those who cannot afford even socks), and she has lived on through her little worthless life of authorship, distant from that hallowed circle, "where none dare tread but they" whose "deep cerulean azure" receives no tint less pure. The boast, therefore, is natural, which she hastens to make, of having known and been most kindly received by the few native learned ladies resident at Rome when she was there; a term which, without the slightest tinge of irony, is applicable to the excellent and ingenious Signora Dionigi, the author of a very erudite work

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affording no epithets of opprobrium adequate to express the loyal Billingsgate of the organ of the British Cabinet against the nation, —*pour trancher le mot*, he has recourse to his *popolaccio*; so that in Italy the English will be soon known by no other term than that of "the great nasty people"—or *I radicali del secolo*. For the amusement of the reader, a leaf taken from the Diario di Roma, at random, is subjoined in the Appendix, together with an extract from the Pope's Index, or list of prohibited books.

on the Roman antiquities, illustrated by her own beautiful views (for, distinguished as a writer, Signora Dionigi is still more distinguished as an artist). Her conversazioni are frequented by strangers, and they owe much of their attraction to the talents of her daughter, an accomplished *improvisatrice*.

The Marchese Sacrati is said to be a person of much erudition; her learning, however, does not appear through her easy and pleasant conversation. She has produced some novels, written in the style of English novels fifty years back; but as the Roman press is not now open to such productions, she has, I believe, resigned her vocation of contributing to the harmless stock of innocent amusement.

But there is one whom I almost fear to mention, and yet would fain enumerate on a list where she has every right to take the lead. Will the young and beautiful Countess Perticari pardon the hand that "writes her down" learned? With so many better-founded claims to admiration than authorship can bestow, will she forgive me, if I instance her "canzone to the rose" as being worthy of her father's pen; while I confess at the same time, were I to choose, I would rather have her eyes, than all the learning of the handsome head they are set in. She, who is herself so feminine, will probably understand the womanish vanity of the ignorant preference.

It is pleasant to take leave of Rome, with one of its greatest though most unobtrusive ornaments, and to take with us the pleasant recollections of hours and evenings enjoyed in the society of such beneficent and such enlightened minds as the Count and Countess Perticari's.*

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* The Countess Constantia Perticari is the only child of the poet Monti, and inherits much of her father's talents. She is the only Roman lady I ever saw who at all realised my ideas of the Roman beauty of antiquity. The Count Perticari is a nobleman of Pesaro, whose learned and philological pursuits induce him to spend his winters in Rome. His works have been alluded to already in the course of these pages.

CHAP. XXI.

ROME.—CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH.

Preliminary Remarks.—Christmas.—The Pipers from the Mountains.—Church Decorations.—Shops.—Procession of the Culla.—Festa di Cattedra.—Benediction of the Candles.—Benediction of the Beasts.—The Carnival.—Passion Week.—Sudden Influx of Foreigners.—Palm Sunday.—The Miserere in the Sistine Chapel.—Music.—Holy Thursday.—Service in the Sistine.—Illumination of the Paoline Chapel.—The washing and feeding of Pilgrims.—Benediction.—Good Friday.—Dinner in St. Peter's.—Adoration of the Pope and Cardinals.—Illuminated Cross.—Easter Sunday.—Service in St. Peter's.—Benediction.—Fireworks at St. Angelo's, and Illumination of the Vatican.—Departure from Rome.

All religions have abounded in ceremony, from the moment they have made part of a state system; and the Temples of Brahmah in Cashmir, of the Dalai Lama in Thibet, of Isis in Egypt, of Jupiter in Greece, and of St. Peter's in Rome, have witnessed the celebration of mysteries, performed less in honour of the Deity than for imposition upon man. Of all other religious systems, that supported by the Jewish hierarchy seems to have been the most loaded with forms, the most encumbered with rites, the most lavish in details, and the most gorgeous in decoration. The policy

of its High Priests, however, became occasionally dangerous to their power; and the people, whom they led and influenced through the medium of the senses, became prone to idolatry, and curious to practise the rites of foreign superstitions. The Divine founder of Christianity came to reform this corruption, and to simplify the rites of the Church of Moses—to replace a load of idle and superstitious ceremonies, stained by many crimes, and weakened by many absurdities, with a religion, whose leading dogma was "Peace and good-will towards Men," whose leading rite* was borrowed from the social feelings, and represented by the simplest and most social of acts. He commanded no churches, and is rarely represented as entering them, except to reprobate the system, and to impeach the practices by which their temporal splendour and power were promoted. He authorized but one sacrifice, and was himself the victim. He raised no altars, and adorned no shrines; for he preached in the Desert, and admonished from the Mountain! He draped not his followers in "purple and fine linen;" but evinced his contempt of such trappings, when, pointing to the field-flower that sprang at his feet, he declared that "Solomon, in

* The Last Supper—the most beautiful, the most touching of all religious rites—the only one left by our Saviour, who never practised nor imposed the ceremony of baptism, though in his meekness he submitted to it.

all his glory, was not clothed like one of these." He left no models for episcopal mitres, or pontifical tiaras;—his own was a crown of thorns! He ordained no processional ceremonies, and ordered no public thanksgivings. He limited the reserved privacy of man's communication with his God, to "two or three;" but most he commended him who should shun all publicity in the solemn offerings of his heart to heaven, and who, in the deep seclusion of his closet, should raise that short and simple prayer, so conformable to the wants and weakness and dependance of the species—the only prayer he dictated, and the only prayer man need proffer. His system, founded on the laws of nature and the immutability of moral truth, and consecrated by the divinity of his mission, was fatal to all existing state churches.—Alike dangerous to the hierarchies of Moses and of Jupiter, the followers of both rose against him. Jews and Gentiles for once became united, under the sympathy of mutual interests; and he who was alike averse from the worship in the Temples of Solomon and of Ephesus, was persecuted, condemned, and crucified. A religion arose in the course of succeeding ages, which, taking the name, and affecting some of the doctrines, of Christianity, exhibited a ritual, splendid and ceremonious beyond all which Jerusalem or Athens had ever witnessed: it attacked every sense, it seized on every feeling, it intoxicated

the imagination, it set reason at defiance, and became at once the duty and recreation, the penalty and pleasure of its followers. New relations in society, connected with new interests, at length broke up its unity, and diminished its influence; but if in the branching off from the parent stem, a dogma was dropped, or a mystery denied, the principle remained the same, and even forms lost but little. St. Paul's, in London, differed but in degree from St. Peter's at Rome; and Canterbury in his palace, and Durham on his throne, were but modifications of the Pontiff of the Vatican, or the Patriarch at St. Petersburgh.

The CHURCH was still the same, whether Greek, or Roman, or English—gorgeous in its forms, exclusive in its principles, and arrogant in its pretensions;—first grasping at universal power, afterwards contented to share a domination it could not exclusively possess. In all its phases it was inimical to liberty, and most particularly to that liberty against which its ministers publicly petitioned in the most enlightened days of the most enlightened country—liberty of conscience.*

* See the petition against the ordinance for liberty of conscience, presented by the Seven Bishops to James the Second, while they declared "their holy mother church of England" was "unquestionably loyal," &c. &c. &c. The persecutions of the Church of Rome are perfectly consistent with its alleged infallibility; whereas the reformed churches, in restricting liberty of conscience, militate against the fundamental principle of their

The ceremonies of the Church of Rome, revived in the present period in all their original splendour, startle the English Protestant spectator, by their resemblance to the rites of his own more sober church. Beneath the domes of St. Peter, he is reminded of the service of the ailes of Westminster—amidst the regal elegance of the chapel of the Quirinal, the courtly chapel of St. James's is remembered; and the anniversary of the Epiphany*, celebrated in both with similar pomp, recalls in both the days of the Gregories and the Wolseys. Cromwell's soldiers called the service of the church of England, "the mass done into English."—This is a truth unde-

own system. The solution of this contradiction is easy. The doctrines of the two Churches differ, but the worldly interest of the hierarchy is the same in both.

* While we were at Rome, an English gentleman sent us the Courier to read, which had just arrived; and the first paragraph we glanced on, was so precisely similar to the news of the *Diario di Roma* (which we laid down to pounce on the English paper), that we were reduced to the alternative of the showman, who, asked by two schoolboys, which of his puppets was the Pope, and which the Emperor, replied, "Which you please, young gentlemen, which you please!" The paragraph alluded to ran as follows:—"Yesterday being the anniversary of the Epiphany, the same was observed in the usual manner, at the Chapel Royal of St. James's. The ceremony of presenting a box of gold, with frankincense and myrrh, in imitation of the offering of the wise men of the East, was performed, accompanied by two gentlemen ushers ("the wise men"), after which an appropriate Anthem was sung," &c. &c. &c.

niable by those who have read the three services of the church of Rome, which are united in the morning ritual of the Protestant church; for Elizabeth laughingly observed to *her* council of Trent—"the English love prayers; let us give them enough"—and enough they have got. If in the Roman temples, the music is finer, the decorations more splendid, the vestments more gorgeous, the forms more multiplied, than in England—if, instead of mahogany angels with wings glued behind their ears, and the nasal twang of parish clerks and parish children, the seraphs of Raphael and the music of Pergolese are every where seen and heard; be it remembered that Italy is the region of the arts, and that England never was. But still her hierarchy does what it can, to lure the soul through the medium of sense. Every country church paints the back of her high altar with a yellow sun, or a glaring eye; and every pulpit, hung with velvet and gold, mounts a cushion of down, to be thumped by the orthodox hand, whose striking arguments against the "pomps and vanity of this wicked world" are thus curiously illustrated.*

That there are fewer rites allowed, fewer cere-

* The Presbyterians in the time of Cromwell openly accused the church of England of idolatry. Their solemn observance of Christmas, they said, was pure papism, "contrary to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity. Their praying for the king (a papist),

monies performed, and fewer festivals appointed by the Protestant prayer-book to "be kept holy," is no merit in the church—it is the people of England that are to be thanked, whose industrious habits, œconomy of time, and good sense, were opposed to the wishes of the then ministers, and to the hierarchy of that day. Labouring to support their families, to defend their country at home or abroad, they left, and still leave, the strict observances of fasts and feasts, with offerings of "frankincense and myrrh in gold boxes," to the frequenters of royal chapels, to bishops of London and gentlemen ushers in the character of the wise men of the—west. In Rome, on the contrary, and in most Catholic countries on the

or for any other king, they said, was a human innovation, for which they had no Scripture warrant." All the private memoirs of that day, and most pleasantly of all, Evelyn's, illustrate how truly Romish and Catholic the orthodox Protestant of England then was, in forms and language. They are found perpetually quoting "their holy mother church," lamenting over the "persecuted church," &c. &c. Evelyn himself is in horrors because upon some occasion the *Benedicite* was not pronounced as it now is in all Catholic churches on the continent; and deems it a sacrilege that Cromwell should dine out with a Lord Mayor on Ash Wednesday. All his "Church of Englandism," however, is amusingly mixed up with his loyalty to the notoriously papistical Stuarts, and with joy at the return of his own party to place and power.—"I dined at court, and gave God thanks for his many signal mercies to myself, church, and nation. This night his Majesty promised to make my wife Lady of the Jewels to the future queen." This is *impayable*!!!

continent, the people, denied all interest in public affairs, and condemned to poverty and inactivity by their political institutes, seek resource, and find almost their only recreation, in the ceremonies of the church: the priesthood, by celebrating the forms prescribed by their ritual, conform to the wishes of the lowest classes; and they forward their own influence, while they perpetuate the errors on which it is founded. The *dictum* of the church, in both instances, is nearly the same —the relaxation of its forms depends upon the greater or lesser illumination of the people.

Our view of the high and splendid ceremonies of the Roman church began with the Christmas festivities of 1819. These were announced ten days before, by such symptoms as recall the same season of religious observance and sensual enjoyment in England. The first note of preparation appeared in the arrival of the Calabrian minstrels or *pifferari*, with their sylvan pipes *(zampogne)*. The costume and appearance of these men closely resemble some groups in the Villa Albani; and their instrument is doubtless of remote antiquity. It resembles the bagpipe of Ireland and Scotland; but is less harsh than the latter. The music also is wild and plaintive, and bears a resemblance of character to our national melodies, most probably derived from the limited capabilities of the instrument. We were particularly anxious to obtain the notation of these

airs, but found it impossible to procure a copy. It may afford matter for speculation to determine whether the bagpipe, thus indigenous in Italy, was imported into Britain by the Romans at the conquest, or whether the invention is common to the two countries, and derived from an application of a common ingenuity to the same ends.

These minstrels were to be seen in every street of Rome, where they arrive during the last days of Advent, to play before the shrines of the Madonna, and salute her with their wild music, under the traditional notion of charming her labour-pains on the approaching Christmas. We observed them also frequently stopping at the shop of a carpenter opposite our windows. In reply to our questions concerning this, the workmen who stood at the door said, that it was done "*per politezza al messer San Giuseppe*," (out of respect to Saint Joseph.)

Meantime, the noise, bustle, and occupation increase, as the holy time draws near. The decorators are busied in draping the churches, clothing altars, and festooning façades. Devout ladies and holy nuns are preparing dresses, crowns, necklaces, and cradles, for the Madonna and Child of their respective churches.

> Une découpe un Agnes en losange,
> Ou met du rouge à quelque bien heureux;
> L'autre décore une Vierge, aux yeux blues,
> Et passe au fer le toupet d'un ange.
>
> GRESSET.

The *cherici* (a sort of nondescripts in the service of the church, who, like the *carattere* of the Italian stage, and the *double* of the French theatre, are men of all work) are busy in making the toilette of the Virgin; and under their hands she blazes in diamonds, or shines in tin, according to the riches of the several parish treasuries. In the church of the Pantheon, she wore a tin crown, and was decked with gilt paper and glass beads; and on the same day, in Santa Maria Novella, we beheld her coal-black face set off with rubies and sapphires, which glittered on her dusky visage like "a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

While shrines and images thus dazzle with preparatory splendour within the churches, all without assumes an air of appropriate, but tantalizing festivity; for long before the termination of the black fast, the shops of the poulterers, butchers, and above all the *pizzicaroli* (the magazines of all that is savoury to the Roman palate, and comes best within the compass of the Roman purse), exhibit a most inviting aspect, and sharpen through the senses the too well prepared appetite, for those excesses which the Church permits to the devout in faith and zealous in stomach, in all Christian countries.

Of all the altars raised to gluttony, as by Church established, not excepting the twelfth-night-cake shops of London, the shops of these *pizzicaroli* take the lead. There the Bologna pudding of immortal

memory, rivals the dried salmon and savoury tunny fish of Corsica; while the fancy sports in Raphaelesque traceries and gay festoons of sausages, tastefully disposed in the glare of tallow-candles, round the Saint or the Madonna; which serves at once for the purposes of business and devotion, the sign and the adoration of the pious owner.

More pious and more tasteful still, the *Bazzolari*, or confectioners, offer a surer and a sweeter medium to salvation. From their glittering windows may be seen the whole army of martyrs miraculously rescued in sugar; the eleven thousand virgins preserved in brandy. There the rigid Thomas Aquinas melts in the mouth; the temptations of St. Anthony are easily digested; and St. Athanasius, with his creed to boot, might by the most sceptical controversialist that ever refused to believe with St. Augustin what was impossible, be swallowed in gilt gingerbread. Every trade in Rome is made to contribute to the festivity of Christmas week; and even the barber, so often obliged to shut up his shop in other seasons, now annually prepares his chair and basin in the certainty of a harvest, as rarely reaped as beards in Rome are rarely shaven.

At last the hour of attack approaches; announced, like other hours of attack, by the beating of drums and the firing of artillery. The cannons of St. Angelo, which warlike Popes have so often

directed against their rebellious flock, are heard at Christmas-eve to announce the festivity. The echoes of the Palatine and the Campidoglio repeat the awful sounds: shops are shut, saloons are deserted, and all retire to that repose which is to fortify them for the fatigues of the night. The midnight supper and the midnight lauds begin the holy revel; and the splendid pomp in which the august ceremonies are performed at the churches of the Quirinal, St. Louis, and the Ara Cœli, is succeeded by a banquet, of which even the poorest child of indigence contrives to partake.

With their sins forgiven, and their appetites satisfied, a clear conscience, and a full stomach, the devotees then bend their steps to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, to attend the procession of the *culla*, or cradle of Christ, which is removed from its shrine, and exposed during Christmas-day on the high altar, to the adoration of the faithful. We arrived at midnight, an hour earlier than fashion dictates; when a scene burst upon us, beggaring all description. Emerging from the gloomy darkness of the Roman streets into the illuminated space of one of the most magnificent of Christian temples, and doubtless surpassing the temple of Juno Lucina, on whose ruins it was raised, its three ample naves, separated by rows of Ionic columns* of white marble,

* These columns belonged to the Temple of Juno.

produced a splendid vista. Thousands of wax tapers marked their form, and contrasted their shadows; some blazed from golden candlesticks on the superb altars of the lateral chapels, upon sculptured Popes, who, in all the array of human grandeur, are seen through a medium that adds to their gigantic proportions. Draperies of gold and crimson decked the columns, and spread their shadows from the intercolumniations, over the marble pavement.

In the midst of this imposing display of Church magnificence, sauntered or reposed a population which displayed the most squalid misery. The haggard natives of the mountains, the labourers who had that night deserted their cabins of straw and furze on the Campagna, to avail themselves of the saturnalia and slumber upon precious marbles, were mixed with the whole mendicity of Rome, seeking one night's shelter beneath a roof, for heads accustomed to crouch beneath open porticoes and projecting doorways. Some of these terrific groups lay stretched in heaps on the ground, congregating for warmth; and as their dark eyes scowled from beneath the mantle which half hid a sheepskin dress, they had the air of banditti awaiting their prey; others with their wives and children knelt, half asleep, round the chapel of the *Santa Croce*, lost in stupid admiration of its splendour, abstracted in the repetitions of their breviary, or wondering before the relics

of Joseph's holy house enshrined in porphyry. Many slept profoundly on the earth, forgetful alike of the magnificence by which they were surrounded, and the misery of their more accustomed abodes. In the centre of the nave, multitudes of gay, gaudy, noisy persons, the petty shopkeepers, laquais, and *popolaccio* of the city, strolled and laughed, and talked loud. Mixing through these bands were the inhabitants of Albano, with their curious costume and Isis head-dresses, the *Trasteverini* in a still more singular habit, and crowds of English of rank and fashion sporting the appropriate or borrowed* uniform of captains and colonels, in eager expectation of novelty, but evidently annoyed by the almost licentious crowd, and by a stench in which garlic prevailed beyond all the combined odours of frankincense, and of lavender-water, to sweeten.

Expectation and impatience gradually increased as the night wore, and frequent enquiries were made of choristers and property-boys, who were bustling from chapel to chapel, from orchestra to organ-loft, some with branches, some with lad-

* A military habit being a passport to all the festivals, and "Captain a good travelling name" in the Vatican as well as the George Inn at Lichfield, every one who has served in a volunteer corps takes care to bring his regimentals to Rome; and some even of the church militant do not disdain to put on the whole armour of worldly warfare, in order to get a "good place to see the review."

ders, one with a bass-viol, another with a roll of music, and all replying to the incessantly repeated demand of "when will it begin?" with the usual *adesso, adesso,*, (" directly, immediately.") About three o'clock the *adesso* arrived. The choral swell, the blazing torches, the gigantic crucifix, and the crowded procession of priests of every rank and order, opened the service of the Nativity. This service performed in the choir was chiefly musical, and was accompanied by evolutions and changes of place, bows and genuflexions, which, though extremely imposing, were sufficiently wearisome from their inordinate length, and the drowsy hour of the night which they so tediously consumed. This service, which was scarcely seen or heard, except by the distinguished few (English, Poles, and Russians) who were admitted within the choir, lasted for two hours. Then began the procession of the cradle, consisting of the whole body of the clergy present, who proceeded to a sort of cell where the cradle lay enshrined in a blaze of tapers; and guarded by groups of devotees that had succeeded each other through the preceding day and evening. Thence it was borne with solemn chants to the chapel of the Santa Croce. In this interval all were in motion, scrambling and crowding from the body of the church, to secure a place in the chapel. The musicians hurrying to the orchestra prepared for them, for the second act of the even-

ing's performance, tumbled over the sprawling crowds which knelt in their path; and the multitude who had been indifferent to the service, were now in eager motion to get a sight of the cradle. Then followed a musical mass; and the culla being at last deposited on the altar,* the wearied and exhausted spectators issued forth just as the dome of St. Peter's caught the first light of the morning; and the cupolas and spires which crown the seven hills, rose on the eye above the dim mists of night, in which the city and its ruins were still involved. I thought I never saw the morning break so welcome, nor felt the air breathe so fresh, as on leaving the stench, din, glare, and heat which accompanied this vaunted ceremony. This was the moment for that religion of the heart

> Whose incense smells of heaven.

La Festa di Cattedra, or commemoration of the placing of the chair of St. Peter, on the 18th of January, the Benediction of the Candles, and the Blessing of the Beasts, are the most striking ceremonies which follow Christmas and pre-

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* The original shrine in which the real cradle was incased, was carried off by the French, who, though rogues, were on this occasion not profane, for they left the cradle itself (an old worm-eaten piece of wood) untouched and inviolate. It is now again inclosed in a cover of silver and crystal, lately presented to the Church by a Spanish Grandee.

cede the Holy Week. At the extremity of the great nave of St. Peter's, behind the altar, and mounted upon a tribune designed or ornamented by Michael Angelo, stands a sort of throne, composed of precious materials, and supported by four gigantic figures. A glory of seraphim, with groups of angels, sheds a brilliant light upon its splendours.* This throne enshrines the real, plain, worm-eaten wooden chair, on which St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles, is said to have pontificated; more precious than all the bronze, gold, and gems, with which it is hidden, not only from impious, but from holy eyes, and which once only, in the flight of ages, was profaned by mortal inspection.† The *Festa di Cattedra*

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* A very curious effect, produced by transparent crystal with golden rays, placed in an opening above the chair.

† The sacrilegious curiosity of the French broke through all obstacles to their seeing the chair of St. Peter. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. Upon its mouldering and dusty surface were traced carvings, which bore the appearance of letters. The chair was quickly brought into a better light, the dust and cobwebs removed, and the inscription, (for an inscription it was,) faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well-known confession of Mahometan faith,—"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." It is supposed that this chair had been, among the spoils of the Crusaders, offered to the Church at a time when a taste for antiquarian lore, and the decyphering of inscriptions, were not yet in fashion. This story has been since hushed up, the chair replaced, and none but the unhallowed remember the fact, and none but the audacious repeat it. Yet such there are, even at Rome!

is one of the very few functions, as they are called, (*funzioni,*) celebrated in St. Peter's. The splendid dresses of the troops that line its nave, the variety and richness of vestments which clothe the various church and lay dignitaries, abbots, priests, canons, prelates, cardinals, doctors, dragoons, senators, and grenadiers, who march in procession, complete, as they proceed up the vast space of this wondrous temple, a spectacle no where to be equalled within the pale of European civilization. In the midst of swords and crosiers, of halberds and crucifixes, surrounded by banners, and bending under the glittering tiara of three-fold power, appears the aged, feeble, and worn-out Pope, borne aloft on men's shoulders, in a chair of crimson and gold, and environed by slaves, (for such they look,) who waft, from plumes of ostrich feathers mounted on ivory-wands, a cooling gale, to refresh his exhausted frame, too frail for the weight of such honours. All fall prostrate, as he passes up the church to a small choir and throne, temporarily erected beneath the chair of St. Peter (or of Mahomet.) A solemn service is then performed, hosannas arise, and royal votarists* and diploma-

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* Among these were the Ex-Queen of Etruria (legitimate Duchess of Parma, but *de facto* Duchess of Lucca) and her son, the Prince of Saxe Gotha, the Prince of Mecklenburgh, the Prince and Princess Royal of Denmark, &c. &c. &c.

tic devotees* parade the church, with guards of honour and running footmen, while English gentlemen and ladies mob and scramble, and crowd and bribe, and fight their way to the best place they can obtain.

The Benediction of the Candles, (the Candlemas of England,) is performed in the beautiful Chapel of the Quirinal, where his Holiness himself pontificates, and blesses, and distributes with his own hands, a candle to every person in the body of the Church; each going individually and kneeling at the throne to receive it. The ceremony commences with the cardinals; then follow the bishops, *prelati*, canons, priors, abbots, priests, &c., down to the sacristans and meanest officers of the Church. When the last of these has gotten his candle, the poor *conservatori*, the representatives of the Roman senate and people, receive theirs. This ceremony over, the candles are lighted, the Pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chanting, round the anti-chapel; the throne is

* Monsieur Blacas was in the ceremonies of 1820, at Rome, what Monsieur Chateaubriand appeared at Paris, in 1816. On the day of the Festa di Cattedra, he walked processionally up the Church in full-dress, preceded by running-footmen, in scarlet jackets and silver-plated caps. I asked a French Lady, who sat near me, what these running-footmen meant; and she replied, "*ça réprésente la Majesté de France.*" This looks like an epigram, but it was spoken *tout de bon*.

stripped of its splendid hangings, the Pope and Cardinals take off their gold and crimson dresses, put on their ordinary robes, and the usual mass of the morning is sung. The Blessing of the Candles takes place in all the parish churches, for the benefit of the people, who are told that this ceremony is emblematical of the light of Revelation*, and commemorative of the offering of the Virgin Mother in the temple.

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* In Brand's Popular Antiquities, the form of prayer used on this occasion is preserved. Part of it is as follows: "Oh Lord Jesu, I beseech thee that thou bless this thy creature of wax, and grant it thy heavenly benediction, by the power of the holy cross; that as it was a gift to man, by which the darkness may be driven away, so now it may be endowed with such virtue by the sign of the holy cross, that wheresoever it is lighted and placed, the evil spirit may tremble, and, with his servants, be in such terror and confusion, as to fly away from that habitation, and no more vex and disturb thy servants." (Domine Jesu, benedicas, obsecro, hanc creaturam ceream, &c. &c.)

Becon in his "Reliques of Rome," ascribes this ceremony to a rite performed in Pagan Rome in honour of Februa, mother of Mars. "Somtyme," saith he, "when the Romains by great myght and royal power conquered all the world, they were so proude that they forgat God, and made them divers gods after their own lust. And so among all they had a god that they called Mars, that had been tofore a notable knight in battayle..... And for that they would speed the better of this knyght, the people prayed and did great worship to his mother, that was called Februa.....The Romaines this night went about the city of Rome with *torches and candles brenning*, in worship of this

THE BENEDICTION OF THE BEASTS, on Saint Anthony's Day, is a *mezza-festa*, or half-holiday, of that beast-loving Saint, who, it thus appears, is placed on *demi-soldè*. The ceremony is performed at his own ancient little Church, near to Santa Maria Maggiore. It lasts for some days; for not only every Roman, from the Pope to the peasant, who has a horse, a mule, or an ass, sends his cattle to be blessed at St. Anthony's shrine, but all the English go with their job-horses and favourite dogs; and for the small offering of a couple of *paoli*, get them sprinkled, sanctified, and placed under the protection of that worthy personage, who was so fond of hearing himself preach, that when he had tired out all his other auditors he preached to the fish.* Coach

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woman, &c. &c. Then there was a Pope, that was called Sergius, &c. &c.......he thought to undue this foule use and custom, and turn it to God's worship and our Lady's, and gave commandment that all Christian people should come to Church, and offer up a candle brennyng, in the worship that they did to this woman Februa, and do worship to our Lady, and to her Sonne our Lord Jesus Christ," &c.

It was a custom with the chandlers, not yet obsolete in Ireland, to make presents of candles to their customers on this day.

* St. Anthony preaching to the fishes is a subject handled by several of the great masters. There is a fine picture of this miracle in the Palazzo Borghese, where the salmon look at the preacher with an edified face, and a cod, with his upturned eyes, seems anxiously seeking for the new light. This memorable sermon is to be had in many of the shops at Rome. St. Anthony

after coach draws up, strings of mules mix with carts and barouches, horses kick, mules are restive, and dogs snarl, while the officiating priest comes forward from his little chapel, dips a brush into a vase of holy water, sprinkles and prays over the beasts, "pockets the simony," and retires: this ceremony is repeated as often as any candidate applies for participation in its benefits.

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addresses the fish, "*Cari ed amati pesci!*" ("Dearly beloved fish!") And the legend adds, that, at the conclusion of the discourse, the fish bowed to him "with profound humility and a grave and religious countenance;" ("*con gesti di profonda umiltà e con reverente sembiante di religione.*") The Saint then gave the fish his blessing, who scudded away to make new conversions—the missionaries of the main. This adventure is not, however singular: the fish paid a similar compliment to St. Francis, when he was rehearsing a sermon on the shores of Gaeta.—The Church of St. Anthony, at Rome, is painted in curious old frescoes, with the temptations of the Saint. In one picture he is drawn blessing the Devil, disguised in a cowl, probably at that time

"When the devil was sick, and the devil a monk would be."

The next picture shews, that

"When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he:"

for St. Anthony having laid down in his coffin to meditate the more securely "*de vanitate mundi et fuga seculi;* a parcel of malicious little imps are peeping, with all sorts of whimsical and terrific faces, over its edges, and parodying Hogarth's enraged musician. One abominable wretch blows a post-horn close to the Saint's ear, and seems as much delighted with his own music, as a boy with a jew's harp, or a solo-player with his first *ad libitum.*

THE CARNIVAL.—To the ceremonies and festivities of Christmas succeeds the Carnival*, that season of enjoyment over which conscience holds no jurisdiction, and care no sway. Then the Church caters for the frailties of her children, and gives a license for errors, destined to confirm her power, and to pay the peace-offerings of contrition into her treasury. It is not by saints that any church, made up of a powerful hierarchy, and founded in worldly interests, has risen, but by sinners; and myriads have erred and suffered, that priests might continue to absolve and to —rule.

With no moral law to check, with no religious feeling to restrain, loosened from the potency of opinion, and tempted to the last lure of seduction,— that the Italians throughout all Italy should pass their Carnival more in frailty than in crime, more in folly than in licentiousness, is one among many proofs of the inherent tendency towards good—the gentle, genial organization of that amiable and much-traduced people. Love is no sin in Italy. Neither the law, the religion, nor the customs of the land, restrain its impulses,

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* The Carnival commences on Twelfth-day; but its public festivities are reserved for the last week, or ten days. Formerly they commenced uniformly with an execution, a criminal being reserved for the purpose. But this custom Cardinal Gonsalvi has, to his great honour, abolished.

nor limit its range: and if love is not the sole business of the Carnival, it at least places a large capital in the venture. The rest is all idle amusement and puerile pleasures.

The Carnival, however, holds out some most favourable traits of the actual condition of the Italians; for if the young and profligate devote its days of indulgence to illicit gallantry, a large portion of the middle and inferior classes are exhibited to public observation in the touching and respectable aspect of domestic alliance and family enjoyment; which under all laws, all religions, and all governments, those classes best preserve. A group of three generations frequently presents itself, stuffed into an open carriage, ranged on hired chairs along the Corso, or towering emulously one above the other in galleries erected near the starting-post of the course; taking no other part in the brilliant tumult, than as the delighted spectators of a most singular and amusing scene.

For several days before the beginning of these festivities the "city of the dead" exhibits the agitation, bustle, and hurry of the living. The shops are converted into wardrobes; whole streets are lined with masks and dominos, the robes of sultans, and jackets of Pantaloons; canopies are suspended, balconies and windows festooned with hangings and tapestry, scaffolds are erected for the accommodation of those who have

not the interest to obtain admission to the houses and palaces, along the whole line of the Corso; while double rows of chairs are placed along the causeway, and hired by the week, by the still less opulent candidates for festivity.

This season is the vintage for virtuosi and dealers in antiquities and pictures, who know how to take advantage of the necessity for a carriage during the week. A handsome disguise, a splendid dress, a ticket for the masked balls at the Teatro Aliberti, thus frequently diminish the treasures of a gallery, and of that little stock of virtù, which every one in Rome prides himself on possessing. The bust of a Greek sage often goes to ornament the bosom of a pretty woman, and the head of a Roman Empress is pitted against the coiffure of a French milliner; while vases and *bagnuoli* are slipped out privately for sale, by night, to escape the curiosity of invidious neighbours, whose jealousy or admiration is to be excited on the following morning by the arrival of the *equipage d'obligation*, with its new liveries, or masquerading attire.

On the first day of the Corso, few of the regular forces are assembled; but all Rome is already a masquerade rehearsal. Old women are patching harlequins' jackets before their doors. Young ones assume the innocent waxen-faced mask, white trowsers, and shirt hanging loosely over every thing, with its sleeves tied with coloured ribbons

—the common disguise of all those who can afford no other. Already they try the point of their yet unexercised wit, and "*intriguent*" and "*danno guai*," (i. e. tease and torment) all who pass on foot or in carriages; but more especially the *forestieri*, who are usually taken for English. Children are every where busy making or tying on their paper masks, and girding their wooden swords. At the sound of the cannon, which, fired from the Piazza di Venezia, each day announce the commencement of the amusements, shops are closed, palaces deserted, and the Corso's long and narrow defile teems with nearly the whole of the Roman population. The scene then exhibited is truly singular; and for the first day or two infinitely amusing. The whole length of the street, from the Porta del Popolo to the foot of the Capitol, a distance of considerably more than a mile, is patrolled by troops of cavalry, the windows and balconies are crowded from the first to the sixth story by spectators and actors, who from time to time descend, and take their place and parts in the procession of carriages, or among the maskers on foot. Here and there the monk's crown and cardinal's red skull-cap are seen peeping among heads not more fantastic than their own. The chairs and scaffolding along the sides of the street are filled to crushing with maskers, and country-folk in their gala dresses (by far the most grotesque that the Carnival produces.) The centre

of the Corso is occupied by the carriages of princes, potentates, the ambassadors of all nations, and the municipality of Rome; and two lines of carriages, moving in opposite directions on each side, are filled by English peers, Irish commoners, Polish counts, Spanish grandees, German barons, Scotch lairds, and French marquises; but above all, by the hired jobs of the *badauds* and *pizzicaroli* of Rome.* These form not the least curious and interesting part of the procession, and best represent the Carnival, as it existed a century back. In an open carriage sits, bolt upright, *la signora padrona*, or mistress of the family, nearly the whole of her beautiful bust exposed, or only covered by rows of coral, pearl, or false gems: her white satin robe and gaudy head-dress left to "the pitiless pelting of the storm," showered indiscriminately from all the houses and by the pedestrians on the occupants of carriages, in the form of sugar-plums, but in substance of plaster of Paris or lime. Opposite to her, sits her *caro sposo*, the model of all those *cari sposi*, of whom Jerry Sneak is the abstract and type. He, good man, is dressed as a grand sultan or Muscovite czar: his hands meekly folded, his eyes blinded with lime, and his face

* To drive out to the Corso in a hired job, stuffed full of children, &c. is called to "*far il pizzicarolo*," i. e. go on a cockney party of pleasure. *Pizzicarolo* is literally a provision-seller; a vender of cheese, lard, sausages, pickled herring, &c. &c. &c.

unmasked, to shew that it is to him belongs the gay set-out, the handsome wife, the golden turban, and crimson caftan. The *cavalier pagante*, if there is one in the family, or the favourite Abate, if there is not, occupies the place next the lady, snugly hidden under the popular dress of Pierrot or Pagliaccio; while all the little signorini of the family, male and female, habited as harlequins, columbines, and kings and queens, are stuffed in without mercy. Even the coachman is supplied with a dress, and straddles over the box as an elderly lady, or an Arcadian shepherdess; and the footman (or the shop 'prentice, or the *scroccone*, who assumes his place behind the carriage) takes the guise of an English miss, or a French court lady; and figures in a spencer and short petticoat, with an occasional "god-dam;" or, accoutred with an hoop and a fan, salutes the passers-by with "*Buon giour, Messieurs.*"

The carriages of a few of the princes, of the Governor of Rome, and of Monsieur Blacas, the French Ambassador, were conspicuous for their gaudy splendour; while the morris-dancers of Europe, the most thinking people of England, always foremost in the career of amusement, made more noise, occasioned more bustle, and threw more lime, than all the rest of the population put together.*

* The English are much improved in their *abord* since it was the fashion to accuse them of bashfulness—since the time when

At the Ave Maria, or fall of day, the cannon again fire as a signal to clear the street for the horse-course. All noise then ceases; the carriages file off by the nearest avenue, their owners scramble to their windows, balconies, chairs, or scaffolds; while the pedestrians, that have no such resources, driven by the soldiery from the open street, are crowded on the footways to suffocation. But no terror, no discipline can restrain their ardour to see the first starting of the horses; and lives, constantly risked, are frequently lost in this childish eagerness for a childish amusement.

A temporary barrier, erected near the Porta del Popolo, is the point from which the race commences: another on the Piazza di Venezia is the termination of the course. The horses are small, and of little value. They have no rider, but are placed each in a stall behind a rope, which is dropped as soon as the moment for starting arrives; when the animals seldom require to be put in motion by force. A number of tin foil and paper flags are stuck over their haunches, small pointed bodies are placed to operate as a spur; and the noise and the pain of these decorations serve to put the horse on his full speed, to which it is further urged by the shouting of the populace. At

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a wit observed, that "an Englishman at a foreign court looked as if he was going to steal a tankard."

the sound of the trumpet, (the signal for starting,) even at the approach of the officer who gives the order, the animals exhibit their impatience to be off; and they continue their race, or rather their flight, amidst the screams, plaudits, and vivats of the people of all ranks.

This scene forms the last act of each day's spectacle; when every one is obliged to quit his Carnival habit; for it is only on one or two particular evenings that there is a masked ball at the Aliberti. On Shrove Tuesday the Carnival terminates by a most singular illumination immediately after the horse-race. Not only all the houses are illuminated, but all persons on foot or in their carriages hold lighted tapers; and sit or stand, in the cold and wet, with their fingers dripping with wax or tallow, according to the ability of the illuminator. After the lapse of an hour, on the progressive march of the troops down the Corso, light after light suddenly disappears, amidst peals of laughter and lamentations of regret; till the sounds of the horses' feet die away, the crowd disperses, and utter darkness and utter solitude succeed. Every step is now turned home, or to the trattoria, where a supper concludes the epoch of sin and enjoyment. Bile and dyspepsia follow,—the probationary stages to penitence and penance, and to all the gloom and privations of that long black Lent, in which the sinner expiates by fast-

ing and flagellation,* the pleasures snatched, and the faults committed, during the gay, thoughtless interval of the Carnival.†

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* See Mr. Hobhouse's Illustrations, p. 320. Upon the occasion of one of these whippings, the candles being as usual extinguished, a waggish fellow took advantage of the darkness to assume the name of another person; and, as if in the spirit of penitence, to accuse himself of the most villainous and ridiculous actions; performing at the same time a sonorous flagellation on a pillar, near which he stood. The proprietor of the assumed name, being present, was thunderstruck at this exhibition of malice and impiety; and was long unable to give utterance to his rage. At length, when words found vent, his loud and passionate appeals, his "*Cari fratelli, cari Signori, Cristiani miei, non è vero, c'è un birbante,*"‡ caused an immense uproar and confusion:—the flagellations were suspended; the lights were called for and brought; but the false brother had already vanished. This adventure, which has a good deal the air of a Joe Miller, is nevertheless of recent occurrence, as more than one individual at Rome assured us.

† A curious species of Carnival spectacle was prepared and executed by Pietro di Cosimo, a Florentine painter, who flourished shortly after Leonardo da Vinci. It consisted of processions of three or four hundred persons, dressed to represent particular stories with great splendour and whimsicality. On one occasion he got up with great secrecy, the Triumph of Death, which was performed by torch-light. A black car was drawn by black buffaloes, and painted with skulls and crosses; Death sat triumphant on his throne, surrounded by yawning sepulchres, from which at every halt the dead arose, and sang a dolorous music

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‡ Gentlemen, brethren, Christians,—It isn't true—the fellow's a rogue, &c. &c.

The Carnival is the wreck of one of those popular institutions which can flourish only in barbarous times, and in days of rude and profound ignorance. As knowledge spreads, such periodical excitements to relaxation and pleasure gradually lose their influence; and their last efforts are still exerted in Italy by the sole patronage and protection of the Church and Government. Under the French regime the Carnival nearly fell into disuse; and though in every community there will always be found a sufficient number of the dissipated and the idle to obey the call of pleasure, yet the marked difference between the Carnival, as we saw it in 1820, and in the various

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"*con trombe sorde e con suon roco e morto uscivano mezzo di quei sepolchri; e sedendovi sopra, cantavano in musica piena di malinconia quella oggi nobilissima canzone,* "*Dolce pianto e penitenza.*"* Several men on horseback, painted to represent skeletons, were the escort, with *staffieri* dressed as the mutes at funerals, bearing black torches. The black standard of Death, with skulls and cross-bones, was borne aloft, while a mourning band thundered forth the *miserere*. The terrified people at first fled in horror; but, struck by the novelty, soon returned; and Pietro, as Vasari tells, was loaded with praises ("*sommamente lodato.*") Andrea del Sarto, his pupil, helped in the execution of this triumph, which was supposed to allude to the return of the Medici, then banished from Florence. It was the bad taste of the day thus to mingle sacred and profane allusions; and in the midst of the Carnival festivities they sang the 50th Psalm.

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* Vasari.

accounts which remain of its festivities in preceding ages, down to the latter end of the eighteenth century, proves how far the people of Rome have got the start of their government, and how little comparative interest such institutions are now calculated to excite. To the period nearly of the French Revolution, the Carnival at Rome was characterized by great magnificence: complicated machinery was brought into play, and dramas were acted in the streets. All the heathen gods and goddesses were personified by persons of wealth and condition. The highest ranks were not excluded by fashion or taste from joining in the festivity; and princes and princesses performed the parts which are now intrusted to butchers and their wives, or to persons below the rank of gentry. To maintain a character would now be supreme *mauvais ton.* The nobles, in their closed carriages, drive for an hour up and down the Corso each day; the *mezze dame,* with their husbands or cavaliers, occasionally put on a domino and mask to join the crowd, for the purpose of quizzing or rallying some friend or relation; but the great support of the Carnival is the multitude of foreigners, who crowd to Rome to witness a spectacle to which they themselves principally contribute. The novelty of the scene has an attraction to them, wanting to the other Italians; and to them, both the Carnival and

other Church festivals owe their principal splendour.

After the first two days, however, even the spirits of foreigners flag; and after the first sensations subside, the barbarous character of the institution appears in its true symptoms of puerility,—forced mirth, and real dulness. Man is not made for stated seasons of hilarity, nor to put on and put off his cares by act of parliament. To judge by individual sensations, nothing in the range of pleasurable pursuit can be more wearing to the mind, more solemnly dull, than the last days of the Carnival, when the exhaustion of animal spirits damps the very little stock of wit which the occasion sets afloat; when amusement is reduced to flinging lime in the morning, and in the evening to hearing complaints of inflamed eyes, of spoiled dresses, *ennui*, disappointed expectation, and congratulations on the approaching termination of the week.

The fair and bright side of the Carnival is the gentleness, the urbanity, and good humour of the people: neither the security of disguise, nor the privilege of the mask, can urge these kindly-disposed Italians to wound the feelings of an enemy, or trifle with the frailties of a friend. The absence of all personal rancour, of all impropriety, upon occasions so fitted for their indulgence, evinces the natural superiority of a race,

whom the bad government of ages has not been wholly able to degrade.

Passion Week.—When the Church of England was obliged by the illumination of the people, and the force of public opinion, to abandon many forms of the Church of Rome, she seems to have relinquished every rite with a pang. The book of common prayer attentively perused proves how little has been changed. There the saint still has his day—the martyr his festival: confession is enjoined, absolution given, anathemas fulminated; and if penance is not commanded, if temporal punishments are not inflicted, nor indulgences sold, the people alone are to be thanked for the moderation.

The feelings of the clergy appear upon the surface. Under the head of "Commination," they tell their flocks that "in the primitive church there was a godly discipline at the beginning of Lent, that such persons as stood convicted of notorious sin were put to open penance, and punished in this world that their souls might be saved in the day of the Lord," &c. "Instead whereof, until the said discipline be restored, which is much to be wished, it is thought good at this season, in the presence of you all, should be read the general sentences of God's cursing," &c. The ministers of the reformed church having thus frankly expressed their regrets for the power they have lost, of con-

victing, exposing, and punishing in this world, under that godly discipline which preserved the despotism of the Jewish hierarchy, and having breathed their vows for its restoration, they proceed "to the general sentences of God's cursings," and at each malediction call upon their flock to say—Amen!*

Thus begins the Lent of the Church of England. Lent, on the contrary, in Rome, and throughout all Italy, begins and continues, not in anger but in sorrow. The theatres are closed, all amusements cease, and a public fast is enjoined, which falls heavy upon none; for those only observe it rigidly, who from necessity abstain from meat a great part of the year—the lower orders. As long as these have their polenta or maccaroni, their light wine, and abundant fruits, they can know few severe privations. Among the upper and enlightened classes of Italy, fasting is only observed as a form imposed by the Holy Alliance, by the Popes of Rome, England, and Austria.

* This rite, like many others, preserved in both churches, is purely Jewish. For in spite of the admonitions of the Founder of Christianity and his Apostles, the master-cast clung fondly to the code of that race, whose lawgiver "sprinkled both the book and the people with blood;" and who declared, that "without blood there is no remission." St. Paul perceiving this returning tendency towards Judaism, even in the primitive Christians, commands Titus to "rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in faith, not giving heed to Jewish fables."

To eat meat on Fridays is now deemed jacobinism in Italy, as in France. In Ireland, not to do so is Catholicism and disaffection. There a dish of roast beef on Ash Wednesday qualifies the feeder for any place under the government; while at Paris it is a turbot that evinces an attachment to Church and State which no revolutionary principles have contaminated. In Rome, the censure of the table is less severe; and those who most rigidly observe the fast are they whose cook can best dress an *omeletta di Certosa,* or can get up a *soup maigre* with *Robert,* whose name belongs to history, or with *Very,* whose life "*fu consacré aux arts utiles.*"* For thirty years the Continental Catholics have been much released from this observance; and those who still practised it, did so more out of the amiable desire of not shocking the principles and prejudices of their aged relations, than from any confidence in its merits.

The termination of Lent is, however, eagerly expected in Rome, where the people are devoted to amusements, and where the passion-week contributes equally to fill their purses and satiate their pleasurable propensities. There is nothing more unholy in the fasti of mundane gaieties than the manner in which the holy week is celebrated in the holiest capital of Christendom. The rites observed on this festival have always attracted

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* See his monument in the cemetery of Père La Chaise.

foreign visitors, and prodigiously augmented the power and wealth of the Church; in former times by the pilgrims of all ranks which they brought to Rome, and in more recent days, by the number of heretical foreigners whose curiosity they quicken and allure.

The restoration of the Pontiff to the chair of St. Peter has revived all the splendours of the "*settimana santa*" (the holy week); and if the zeal of the flock is not proportionate to the efforts made in external forms,—if they have refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, the English heretics at least have been true to the shepherd's call; and they lent, in 1820, no small animation and *éclat* to the ceremonies of the time.

Rome during Lent was literally *città morta*, and no contrast could be more striking than Rome on the Friday, and Rome on the Saturday preceding Palm Sunday. Naples and Florence yielded up their winter residents to its religious gaieties. The fugitives, who had emigrated with the last day of the Carnival, returned with the first day of passion-week. The Porta del Popolo, and the dreary region of St. John Lateran, alike teemed with an eager population. The roll of post carriages, the cracking of the courier's whip, the reading of passports, the overflowing of hotels, the cramming of lodging-houses, gave an entirely new aspect to the lately deserted streets. Whigs and Tories hunted in couples for places in the

Vatican; and leaders of opposition and chiefs of the treasury were for once seen on the same side of the house.

Meantime the real pilgrim band, all that faith could muster, or gain allure from the mountains of the Abruzzi, or the neighbouring villages, trudged sturdily in, supported by their *bordone* or pilgrim's staff, clad in their oiled-skin robe, "the scallop on their hat before," and the Virgin, painted on tin, suspended round their necks. These are the least profitable visitants that Rome receives. Long unused to such guests, she welcomes them with a coldness of which they alone take no notice. They are bidden to the feast by the Church herself, which provides for their lodging and maintenance: few send apologies; and all are ornamental, if not useful; for they are the supernumeraries of the establishment, and they fill up a procession, and bear chorus "as well as better men."

At this epoch all business is at a stand. Signore Vasi may shut up his "*Chalcographia*" (Anglicè, print-shop); the ingenious *Mosaici*, who set the Capitol in ear-rings, hang the Coliseum on the neck of beauty, and clasp the fairest arms with St. Peter in vinculis, may take down their expensive toys, and, to the relief of all husbands and fathers, close their windows: the curiosity-shops no longer tempt the curious; the polishing wheel of the *Scarpellino* is silent; the antiquarian Ci-

cerone pauses from his eternally repeated *giro;* Messrs. Fea and Nebbi find their "occupation gone;" and the dying gladiator may be a Persian king or a Cornish wrestler, or any thing else he pleases: for antiquarian polemics are at rest, and all the disputants inquire is, where the Pope pontificates? at what hour the *miserere* is sung? and on what day the benediction is given? The galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol are deserted as the Campagna; and the antichambers of Cardinals and Ministers are thronged with applicants for tickets of admission for the Quirinal and St. Peter's. It is thus the trembling candidates for the honours of Almack's attend the high decisions of its councils, in the purlieus of King-street —that Troppau of English fashion, that Congress of the great protectors of divine-righted and legitimate *bon ton!*

At length the important moment arrives: the ladies assume "a customary suit of solemn black" (but too often negligent of the stipulated veil *); and accompanied by their male friends, from whom they decently part at the church door †,

* An order is issued that no woman shall appear before the Pope unveiled. The English ladies always forget this, and the *Cherici* are busily employed pinning pocket-handkerchiefs before their faces, and leading them to their seat in the chapel, as if they were going to play blindman's buff.

† This custom is still observed in many of the Cathedrals of England.

they proceed on Palm Sunday to the Quirinal, where the ceremonies of the week begin. The Pope pontificates, and distributes the consecrated branches, with hands rarely used but for the purposes of benediction. The Cardinals appear *en grande toilette*, and with more than usual splendour recline in their stalls; their *caudatorj* (or train-bearers), those truly meek and apostolic sons of the church, are seated at their feet. When the *funzione* begins, their eminences rise; their violet robes suddenly fall off, and they appear in all the splendour of their golden vestments, like the hero of a melo-drame, at the Porte St. Martin, who strikes his enemies with confusion, by throwing off his peasant's weeds, and exclaiming, "*Reconnaissez-moi à ma veste brodée!*" *

In this irresistible costume they step out to receive the palm from the Pope's hands, which they make over to their train-bearers. The other dignitaries of the church follow, the caudatorj themselves get a sprig; till the whole building represents the miracle of "Birnham-wood moving to Dunsinane." After this follows the procession; a mass is sung; the Cardinals are nearly smothered with incense, administered by an officiating ecclesiastic; and the kiss of peace is sent round the chapel; being received from the Pope by a Cardinal, and by him transmitted to another Car-

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* Perichichipinchi, in *Le Tyran peu délicat*.

dinal, and thence from man to man, to the humblest individual of the holy hierarchy.

Ceremonies of less importance occupy Monday and Tuesday; but on Wednesday commence the truly magnificent and imposing rites, which leave all other church ceremonies of Christendom, even the offerings of the " wise men" in the royal chapel of St. James's, far behind.

After the immense sums that St. Peter's has cost Europe, very few of the Church fasti are celebrated in its vast structure; even some of the most striking of the spectacles of the holy week are exhibited in the Sistine and Paoline Chapels. Though the greater part of the multitude upon whom grace or curiosity may operate, rein in their spiritual or temporal impatience, and keep their forces, moral and physical, for Holy Thursday, still the Sistine Chapel is unequal to accommodate such numbers as applied for admittance on the Wednesday, to hear the first performance of the *Miserere.* The service of the day, called by the French, *Tenèbres,* has always been celebrated for the magnificence of its music, being of the most solemn and soothing cast, and sung by the whole of the Pope's choir, unaccompanied by instruments. On this occasion the utmost effect of vocal music has been supposed to be attained. There were parts in which the strains resembled the deep-toned mellowness of the diapason stop of the organ; and they fell upon the ear, and died

away, like the sighing of the winds on the Æolian lyre. As the music proceeds in solemnity and sadness, light after light is extinguished, and the service finishes in the deep twilight gloom, as the last candle goes out. In the combination of these circumstances, and of the awful mystery to which they allude, there is much to captivate the imagination, and mislead the judgment; but either the execution of the music is greatly fallen off, or the accounts given by authors of its effects are exaggerated. Though a considerable portion of it has all the sublimity of extreme simplicity, some of the pieces are excessively rude; and as the voice dwells upon the protracted breves and semibreves, unsustained by an instrumental accompaniment, it falls by a physical necessity, and few passages finish accurately in tune. Some of the voices also are of a coarse and disagreeable quality. There are few good tenors, and the boys scream most disagreeably in holding notes in the alto parts. The effect likewise is too artificial and theatric; and when the freshness and susceptibility of inexperience have passed off, the mind rejects, as an attempted imposition, such studied contrivances; still, however, if they do not edify, they attract; and the opportunities are so few of hearing the music of Jomelli, of Pergolese, and of the old masters in Italy, that the Sistine Chapel is visited with curiosity and perseverance on all the three nights of performance.

On Holy Thursday, the whole foreign population of Rome rolls on in endless succession to the Vatican. The portico, colonnades, vestibules both of the Church and Palace, assume the air of the court of a military despot. Every epoch in the military costume is there gaudily exhibited. Halberdiers in coats of mail, and slate-coloured pantaloons, which pass upon the faithful for polished steel armour; the Swiss in their antique dresses of buff and scarlet, and lamberkeens; the regular troops in their modern uniforms; the *guardia nobile*, the Pope's *voltigeurs*, all feathers and feebleness, gold and glitter; generals of the British army, colonels and subalterns of every possible yeomanry, with captains and admirals of the navy, and an host of nondescripts, laymen, and protestant clergymen, who "for the nonce" take shelter under any thing resembling an uniform that may serve as a *passe-partout*, where none are courteously received but such as wear the livery of church or state militant—all move towards the portals of the Sistine Chapel, which, with their double guards, resemble the mouth of a military pass, dangerous to approach, and difficult to storm. The ladies (and the English ladies ever foremost) press with an imprudent impetuosity upon the guards, who, with bayonets fixed and elbows squared, repress them with a resistance such as none but female assailants would dare to encounter a second time. Thou-

sands of tickets of admission are shewn aloft by upraised hands, and seconded by high-raised voices; while the officer of the guard, who can read and tear but one at a time, leaves the task of repulsion to the Swiss, who manfully second their "*allez fous en*" with a physical force that in one or two instances incapacitated the eager candidates for further application. A few English, favoured by the minister, and all the princes and diplomatists resident at Rome, pioneered by their guards of honour, and attended by crowds of servile, crouching, crawling creatures, (who in their long black robes, and short white rochets, look like the outcasts of either sex,) make their way without let or molestation. One side of the space, separated from the choir by a screen, is fitted up for them apart; the other is for the whole female congregation, who are crushed in like sheep in a fold. The men, if in uniforms, or full court-dresses, are admitted to a tribune within the choir; while the inferior crowd, left to shift for themselves, rush in with an impetuosity none can restrain: for though none are admitted at all to the Chapel without tickets, yet the number of applicants (almost exclusively foreign) is much too great for the limited capacity of the place. A scene of indescribable confusion ensues. The guards get mingled with the multitude. English peers are overturned by Roman canons. Irish friars batter the old armour of the mailed halber-

diers with fists more formidable than the iron they attack. Italian priests tumble over tight-laced dandies; and the "*Via Via*" of the Roman guard, and the "*Fous ne restez pas issi*" of the Swiss, mingle with screams, supplications, reproofs, and the English "*God-dam,*" long after the solemn service of the church has begun. The Vicegerent of God on earth in vain represents, the cross of peace in vain shines above the high altar: tranquillity is only restored when suffocation begins.

The rites, which all come to witness, but to which none attend, are at last finished. The procession of the sacrament to the Paoline Chapel succeeds; and then comes "the tug of war." Some rush forward to get in time to the adjoining chapel; others stay to witness the procession (*d'ailleurs*, the same as that already described at the Quirinal). The Swiss sweep all before them to clear the passages for the ceremony, without consulting the wishes of any. Then the long file of priests, carrying lighted torches, moves forward, followed by the cardinals, with their hands meekly folded on breasts dazzling with gold, while their wondering and inquiring eyes seem to say "Is it only to see us that you are all here?" The Pope supported by prelates, his meek head imperially canopied, his gorgeous train proudly borne, totters slowly after them, chanting from time to time some tremulous feeble notes, to

which the rest respond in deep-toned chorus, until the whole procession passes into that immense vestibule, which serves as an anti-room to both chapels. The gates of the Paoline are thrown open, and its dusky walls appear illuminated with thousands of tapers, twinkling in the rays of the noon-day sun, through an atmosphere of smoke. Few are able to enter the illuminated chapel, or to behold the deposition of the sacrament; and many who are informed of the program of the day, by endeavouring to catch at all the ceremonies, scarcely attain to any.

The desire of seeing the Pope wash the pilgrims' feet, with the Cardinals waiting on them at dinner, and of beholding the Pope give the benediction from the balcony, divide the attention and impede the efforts of the distracted sight-seer. A prelate *in pontificalibus* ascends a flight of stairs, guarded by soldiers: the whole tide of spectators flows after him. They are repulsed by the sentinels; and in proportion as they are beaten back, the crowd from below increases. Some one hints that an opposite door leads to the pilgrims foot-tubs, or to the scaffolding erected for seeing the Benediction. Instantly the torrent directs its course in that channel, and is met by another crowd returning disappointed from the same direction, where cross doors have been shut in their faces, and guards have driven them back likewise. Then the efforts to get up, and to get

down, to get in, and to get out, produce consequences the most unsuitable to the solemnity of the season, and of the place. Shoes are lost, veils are torn, ancles are strained, shoulders dislocated, and ribs bruised; and those who escape uninjured to the silent solitary nave of St. Peter's, and neither see the Pope wash feet, nor the Cardinals serve maccaroni to hungry beggars, are by far the best off. Here gradually assemble, and patiently wait in tedious suspense for the arrival of carriages, or in fretful anxiety for more venturous friends, three fourths of the multitude, who come so far to see so much, and who return, having very literally seen—nothing: consoling themselves with the reflection, that though the pageantry of Holy-Thursday is lost, Good-Friday and Easter-Sunday are yet to come. The first anxiety on this occasion is to *get in*, the next to *get out*; and during the whole day the congregation are so occupied in taking care of their bodies, that, in spite of masses and processions, no one ever gives one thought to the care of his soul.

On Good-Friday the turmoil is something less, because there are fewer sights to see. This day of gloom and sacrifice, of fasting and mortification, begins at the Vatican by a superb and sumptuous dinner given to the Conclave and the *corps diplomatique*, &c.*

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* This dinner is given in St. Peter's under the notion that time is not allowed for the clerical functionaries to return to their

Thus prepared for the celebration of the *Miserere,* which follows the dessert as a sort of *chasse caffé,* the guests proceed to their places in the Sistine Chapel. The Cardinals move processionally from the table to the altar, to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest;" and with lips still moist with lacryma Christi, chant the responses to the seven penitential psalms. When the last light is extinguished, and the last strain of the Miserere dies away, every one gropes as he can from the Sistine, on his way to St. Peter's. The brilliant lighting of the colonnades, porticoes, and staircases, the guards, the crowds of pretty women and well-dressed men, give to the splendid avenues the air of a court theatre, and imitate, on a more magnificent scale, the Palace of the Tuileries.

The Illuminated Cross of St. Peter's, and the adoration of the Pope and Cardinals, are the

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homes. It is designed as an hasty refection, but is a splendid meal to which strangers of consideration are invited. Throughout the whole week the Cardinal Minister entertains. In another part of the Vatican the Arci-Prete, or Cardinal Dean, provides a dinner for the Canons and other officers of the Church. These dinners, though consisting of fish (with sauces that belong to the mysteries of the Church) might feast a Lucullus, and make the despair of a French Amphitryon. This is, in the strict sense of the word, a feast for the Cardinals, whose moderate incomes do not permit them to indulge in daily excesses. The present Cardinal F——a said to a friend of ours, his relation, "This is a poor dinner to ask you to, but I cannot entertain now as when I was a Barnabite monk."

attractions of the evening. On this occasion thousands of all ranks and countries pour into the Church, where no tickets of admission are required; yet the mighty temple, made for the universe, still seems half empty. Many of the dim ailes afford safe asylum for retiring piety or clandestine love; and the vastness of the whole, contemplated through a well-managed obscurity, seems to extend beyond its usual limits, and to be lost in immeasurable distance. The hundred lamps which in their bright brazen sockets burn day and night round the sepulchre of St. Peter, are this day extinguished. A cross of flame, suspended from the cupola, before the baldachin of the high altar, alone lights the immediate space over which it hangs, and leaves all else in the majesty of darkness, here and there faintly dispersed by a twinkling lamp*. That illuminated spot seemed like a magic circle. It is hermetically closed by three files of armed men, and the beams shed from the cross fall only on spears and bayo-

* The effect of this illumination is far from perfect. The cross is permitted to descend too low, and approaches too nearly the eye of the spectator. It is too visibly oil and smoke, and material fire, while the smallness of its dimensions becomes too evident. Had it been elevated into the immense expanse of the dome, and its size been really sufficient for the illumination of the Church, it might have produced an ideal effect, and, resembling the blazing cross of Constantine, might have imaged the miracle to which the Church itself owes its existence.

nets. This space is kept clear and untouched by vulgar and unblessed feet, that pontiffs, princes, and cardinals, may, unmolested by plebeian penitence, offer up the "sacrifices of their contrite hearts." At last these "powers and principalities" appear accompanied by a guard, who clear a passage through the gathering multitude. The troops that await them open their files, and close again upon their precious charge. The Pope falls prostrate before the cross, on cushions of down and velvet. The princes and princesses, with their little courts of little courtiers, (and less than these never crawled upon the robes of royalty) take their station on his right: on his left kneel the cardinals.

During this singular prostration, the most profound silence reigned. The Pope seemed unfeignedly absorbed in holy abstraction; and as the light fell upon his venerable head and faded face, and tinged his flowing robes, there was something mystic and ideal in his appearance; and to a faith which fancy had warmed or fanaticism deranged, his translation from a mortal coil at that moment might have appeared possible.

The pious votarists on the right, on the contrary, were all true "mortal mixtures of earth's mould;" and chuckle-headed princes, and ponderous princesses, squatted on their carpets, like Indian pagods, and thumped and bumped, and

crossed and groaned in vain: none were edified by their devotional exercises; not even the mailed soldiery who guarded them. The cardinals were the same "gallant gay Lotharios" at the foot of the cross, as in the saloon. They circulated the snuff-box, shook their handkerchiefs, whispered their remarks, winked their drowsy lids before the lamps, and yawned or blessed themselves, for want of something else to do.

Meantime the less distinguished multitude were variously occupied, as grace operated, example influenced, or opportunity allowed. Here, the Grand Penitentiary, seated on his throne of divine dispensation, extended his wand, and granted indulgences by its touch on one side; while on the other he received the confessions of the sinner, and assigned a penance for the sin. There, high mounted in balconies, the vestal-robed canons of St. Peter exposed the relics in their glittering shrines to the multitudes beneath, who revered in proportion as they could see nothing but gold and crystal. Moving slowly up and down the lateral ailes, were caught in flashes of light, and lost in masses of shadow, the processions of the confraternities, their members covered from head to foot in garments which resemble the cerements of the dead; and having their eyes alone visible. They bore torches in their folded arms, and circled in sad ostent and silent solemnity round the sepulchre of St. Peter, where they long con-

tinued to stand in mournful array, and with most dramatic effect.

In the centre of the Church crowded the *beau monde* of London, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburgh, laughing, flirting, chattering, and love-making, through all the philological varieties which might be supposed to make a *conversazione* in the Tower of Babel. There, vows were received that did not all belong to heaven, and oaths were taken at the statue of St. Peter, at which Jove laughs, if Peter does not.

There too, Roman beauties, who disdained the flaunting rites of noon-day ceremonial, moved in their long black veils, to meet at the appointed shrine some male devotee; and there, in true sincerity of heart and faith, knelt within view of that cross, to which alone her eyes were directed, one alike "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Whole families of the middle classes were seated on the steps of altars, or at the feet of monuments, gazing on the varied spectacle; and bands of peasantry breathing garlic and *aves*, strutted every where about, piously amused, and adding much to the strangeness of the scene, whose grotesque groupings they aptly filled up.

As "night thickens," and St. Peter's thins, the slow return of the varied multitude, and above all of the pilgrim bands and confraternities, afford a picturesque and curious addition to the Good-Friday sights. These pilgrims are wretched

ragged creatures led on by some Roman lady of condition, who, with the cross of her Redeemer in one hand, and her French ridicule in the other, gives out the penitential stave as she moves along, and is answered by the yell of her followers. As their dark bands sweep along the banks of the Tiber, and their red torches flash on the walls of the castle of St. Angelo, they raise the deep-toned, and, when softened by distance, occasionally melodious psalmody, that with exquisite skill they suffer to die away along those waters, over which Pagan priests have raised their "Io Pæans," or chanted the funeral obsequies for the death of Adonis.

Saturday, unmarked by any imposing ceremony, is passed in silence and gloom. It images the descent of Christ into Hell. But the eve of Easter Sunday portends, by various festive exhibitions, the joys and the triumphs of the following day, and the termination of that long penance and privation which precede it. The shops of Rome are then gaily lighted; and the *pizzicaroli*, the faithful allies of the Church, again offer "food for meditation" to the hungry devotees, whose long fasts are about to be recompensed by repletion. In one shop we saw St. Paul irradiated by a glory of sausages; and in another the ill-boding bird of St. Peter hung up with the apostle it had warned in vain; Madonnas curiously carved in butter, and Bambinos in lard, warmed the devotion of

the inward man; and every eatable of plastic consistence, or of malleable form, was pressed into the service of architectural decoration and symbolic piety.

On Easter-Sunday the service is performed at St. Peter's, and it is then that the Church exhibits all its splendour, and exhibits its forces on a site worthy their display. The spacious Piazza of St. Peter, its porticoes and colonnades, its beautiful fountains, its stupendous façade, glittering in the noonday sun, become the scene of action. Above its marble walls rise fantastic awnings, for the accommodation of the spectators, who, at an early hour, crowd their elevated seats. The space below is lined with infantry. The light horse, with their shewy dresses, form a line within. The Roman military standards, once the banners of universal conquest, now serve only to deck the pageant and to flaunt above the gaudy little colours of the Swiss corps. In the centre of all, forming the inner circle, and crowding the steps of the church, are a multitude of common people. The *loggie* above the portico are filled with the cardinals; and in the centre, raised upon men's shoulders high above all, like some dimly-seen deity, and reduced almost to a speck by his elevation, appears the Pontiff. He is said to pray, but prays unheard; and when he rises to give the benediction, the act, scarce visible, is awfully announced, by the tolling of the great

bell of St. Peter's, and the firing of the cannon of St. Angelo. The military ground their arms, and drop on their knees; the cardinals fling down the church's indulgences among the people, who scarcely stooped to pick them up, though each was the remission of years of frailty*. Drums beat, trumpets sound, the music plays, the troops file off, and the ceremony finishes at night with the illumination of the Vatican.

Of all the spectacles exhibited by Rome to wondering nations, this is the most beautiful, the most splendid, the most indescribable. The volley of many thousand rockets launched into the air at the same moment, may readily be conceived by those who have ever seen one rocket wing its

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* This most curious fact was generally remarked. The people used formerly to maim and hurt each other in their struggles for these indulgences. They now caught at them sportively, or suffered them to fall to the earth. At the benediction which was once received with universal prostration, a few women and old people alone knelt. So few Italians of condition attended the ceremony, that the circumstance awakened the muse of Pasquin: when asked by Marforio, "where he was going in his court-dress"—he replies, "to the Vatican." "But!" says Marforio, "you will get no admittance."—"Pardon me," he rejoins, "I have lately turned heretick." The meaning is, that all civilities are reserved for the strangers, and that the ceremonies are kept up, rather for the amusement of the hereticks than for the edification of the orthodox. Pius VII. like Pope Ganganelli, was heard to say, on some proposed revival of an ancient ceremony, "Very well, but keep that for the English."

solitary flight, and other occasions exhibit a profusion of temples, and mines, and Roman candles, and Catherine wheels, equally brilliant, costly, and evanescent; but the effect of the enormous pile of St. Peter's illuminated by myriads of lamps, the details of its architecture made out by corresponding positions of the lights during the first period of its illumination, the almost instantaneous transformation it undergoes on the lighting the second portion of lamps, belong rather to the imaginary splendour of Arabian tales, than to the flat realities of life; and the whole, when seen, as we saw it, (at the distance of two miles) from the Pincian hill, has something so aërial, so fairy-like and delicate, as to produce, perhaps, the finest optical appearance that the ingenuity of man has invented.

On Easter Monday, a general rout ensues: "Give me a horse, my kingdom for a horse," is the cry. Post-horses and vetturino-stands are on that day all that the Vatican and St. Peter's were the day before. Some fly for amusement to the crater of Mount Vesuvius, others to the abyss of Herculaneum; rendezvous are given among the ruins of Palmyra, and parties are arranged among the cedars of Mount Lebanon; some return to seek hearts left at Florence or Genoa; and others, who, amidst all the affectation of virtù, and pretended admiration of a climate with which few are not disappointed, pant for the comforts of a

British fire-side, turn their heads homeward, delighted to have seen Italy, and delighted to leave it. The Roman matron is left to prepare her "*pizza de pasqua*,"* undisturbed by her restless lodgers; and the Roman existence resumes its monotony, its indolence, and its quietude, with nothing to look to but the *mal-aria*, until "*le passage des hirondelles*" shall again bring a bevy of foreign visitants to the Porta del Popolo.

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* Easter Cake.

CHAP. XXII.

ROUTE FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

View from the Gates of Rome.—ALBANO.—VELLETRI.—Torre di Tre Ponti.—TERRACINA.—Banditti.—FONDI.—Frà Diavolo.—ITRI. Mola di Gaeta.—CAPUA.—AVERSA.—Entrance and general Aspect of NAPLES.

WHOEVER takes the high-road from Rome to Naples, issuing by the ancient Porta San Giovanni, may pause to contemplate one of the finest views of picturesque desolation which even Italy presents. In the rear, the mighty Lateran, the Church's foundation-stone, raises its marble domes above the ruins of time and the wastes of pestilence: in front, the Appian Way extends towards the Tomb of the Curiatii; in every direction the interminable arcades of Roman aqueducts converge towards the capital, ruinous and draped in the verdure of decay; arch above arch admitting glimpses of the dark-blue sky behind. Formless masses of mud and of marble, on either side the road, mark the sites of monuments and of tombs, those posthumous trophies of vanity provided by patrician pride and wealth, at once decking and

saddening the most frequented of the Roman highways. Then comes the boundless desert of the Campagna, the grave of graves: no field, no garden, no human dwelling breaks up its dreariness, till the ruinous *Torre di Mezza Via*, the first post-house, presents itself. Here, perhaps, a human form is encountered; stationed to ask that charity of which it will not long remain in want. Some traveller, possibly, returning from Naples, a pilgrim or a peasant, urging his way to a shrine or a market, may present himself on this gloomy route; but the soil once so fertile, the land once so populous, has no inhabitant. Ruins of villas are seen in the distance; but there is not a tree to shade, nor a blade of corn to nourish, where the voluptuary once raised his luxurious pavilions.

Beyond the post of *Torre di Mezza Via*, the blue hills of Albano become more definitely marked on the horizon; and the half-unpeopled town, from which they take their name, is seen spread at their feet, covering, with its dilapidated buildings, sites once occupied by the sumptuous villas of Pompey and Domitian. To the left appear the heights of Castel Gandolfo, swelling above the infected plain, the only remnant of beauty and salubrity in this once lovely paradise. Upon this spot Power and the Church have seized; and the Pope's Villa (a vast palace), and a cluster of religious edifices, crown its summits

and command the lake; on whose beautiful shores the Franciscans have raised a convent, precisely on the spot where the antique village of Alba Longa was placed, ere it was destroyed by the Romans under Tullus Hostilius.

The peasantry of ALBANO, with their curious costume, give life to the dirty and disorderly town, where already five convents are re-opened, and filled (as the innkeeper assured us) entirely with strangers. All the horrors of modern Latium lie towards the right: the marshes, and port, and prison of Ostia; galley-slaves, *mal-aria*, and, but a very few years back, asylums for murderers, under the protection of the Cardinal Albani.*

The dreary hill of LA RICCIA is ascended from Albano, crowned by the ruined town; still more dreary, and preserving monuments of the great causes of these terrible effects. La Riccia (Aricia) is black and mouldering, and fearful as its inhabitants, with their fierce and squalid features; save only the great Palace of the Chigi, and the vast Church that faces it;—yet they too are gloomy and dilapidated. Ancient names consecrate the view which presents itself as the town is quitted—Lavinium, Ardea, Laurentum! but the villa of Pliny and the journey of Horace are

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* Et tous les deserts d'Ostie ne sont-ils pas l'asile protegé par le Cardinal Albani, propriétaire de cet antique paradis?—BONSTETTEN, LATIUM.

remembered in vain. Other objects seize on the senses, and obscure the visions of the imagination; the present is too potent for the past;—and the desolate road, the huts of humid straw and brambles, that rise at certain distances, with arms piled before them—and the grim countenances of soldiers peering from their apertures, and increasing the fears they are meant to quiet—banish the legions of ancient Rome, by recollections of the banditti, which scare its modern inhabitants; and substitute, for the glories of heroic ages, a painful feeling of the dangers and degradation of the actual moment.

The town of VELLETRI well belongs to this region of plunder and desolation. Before the gates of its filthy and incommodious inn, travellers assemble to pursue their route in company, and to give a reciprocal protection to each other, in the perilous journey which awaits them between Rome and Naples. On arriving at the Pontine Marshes, the Via Appia continues along a deep-cut canal, whose pestilential waters add to the poison of the atmosphere. This canal, cut by the ancients, and re-opened in modern times, forms the principal outlet, which gives a partial drainage to the surrounding country. The huts of the patroles continue to increase in dreariness, as their inhabitants are deeper steeped in misery. Many of these soldiers of St. Peter were without shoes, and did rot scruple to beg a paul from us

as we passed. From those to whom we spoke at the post-house, we heard a dreadful account of their sufferings, attested by their swoln and jaundiced appearance. They said they were sent there to die the worst of deaths,—by a slow poison; that they were compelled to remain in the same station for two years (a period abundantly sufficient to render them the certain victims of the *mal-aria*)—that their pay scarcely bought them mere bread; and that they were at a distance from fresh water, exposed to insupportable heat in summer, and to equal inconvenience from the damps of winter.*

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* The Pontine Marshes, under the best system of drainage, would never have been perfectly healthy. Pliny indeed states, on the authority of an old writer, that twenty-three towns once occupied their site; but, as he likewise mentions the reported existence of a large island off this coast, it is not improbable that the retrocession of the sea which joined this island to the continent, by increasing the difficulties opposed to a natural drainage of the country, increased the quantity of marsh, and brought the mal-aria nearer to the mountains. In the present geographical condition of the country, it is obvious that nothing, under a great and combined system of artificial channels, could have rendered it tolerably wholesome; and it is too much to attribute such efforts to the scattered and rude tribes inhabiting this coast before the epoch of Roman greatness. What, however, is of more importance, is the question of the feasibility of improvement at the present moment. When the Appian Way was formed, a canal was cut; and under Augustus another was made, which at present exists along the road-side. The country must have been greatly improved by these and similar efforts, since it was then the cusom to pass down the canal in boats, on the way to Baiæ,

These soldiers are of but little use, when the Brigands come down in great force from the

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&c. by night, as being the most convenient season for travelling; whereas, to sleep upon these waters in summer-time, would now be certain death to a stranger. Upon the destruction of the Empire, the works on the Pontine Marshes fell into ruin; and though various efforts have been made in different ages to restore them, the drainage has never been pursued to any effectual purpose. Hence has arisen an opinion, that the difficulties are insuperable. It is probable that there are certain districts, lower than the level of the sea, which must always prove refractory to art;—but that the greater portion of this territory is recoverable, can admit of no doubt; at least to an extent which, by bringing agriculture into play, would materially diminish the danger of the *mal-aria*, and re-people the upper districts with towns. One of the greatest difficulties encountered in modern times lies in the profit that is derived from the sale of eels, in which the marshes abound—a profit that induces the great proprietors to resist all attempts at improvement. Pius the Sixth gave a large portion of the marshes to the Braschi family, instead of availing himself of the possession, to couple an active system of drainage with the establishment of small independent properties, founded on an obligation to promote the great work, and to throw the land into culture. To the effectual completion of such operations, two states of society can alone pretend—that of civil liberty, and that in which great power is concentrated in wise and active princes. In the hands of the Popes, power and wealth have been vested sufficient for effecting any operation that can be achieved by man; but that wealth has been expended in vicious and selfish pursuits, and the power has been directed rather to extending dominion abroad than to consolidating it by œconomic improvements at home. The reign of each Pope is, likewise, too short, and his power too much opposed by the intrigues of the princes and cardinals, to enable a patriotic Pontiff, if such should arise, to effect so extensive an operation as that here contem-

mountains; and they are supposed to connive as much as possible at their operations.*

The only human habitations I remember, along the straight interminable road across the marshes, until Terracina (the last Pontifical town) was reached, were the ruins in which, at the several stages, the post-horses are kept; each with a name to render it worth a pilgrimage, but each exhibiting an aspect, that might have made an episode in the wildest romance—*Cisterna*—the supposed *Tres Tabernæ* of St. Paul!—*Torre dei Tre Ponti*—the *Forum Appii* of Horace—masses now of murky ruins more dreary than the marshes in which they stand, than the bleak rude mountains which rise behind them; and fetid as the stagnant waters that mantle in their front. As the carriages drove up before them, a few squalid faces appeared through the sashless windows;

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plated; and there are certain established misapplications of public money, which must ever cramp his happiest exertions.

* Two English gentlemen had been robbed between Terracina and Velletri, two days before we arrived there. The soldiers gave a very vague and confused account of the affair, although it occurred within gun-shot of their post.—Fear, if not corruption, is a sufficient motive to make the troops keep at a respectful distance from the brigands; but when the smallness of their pay, and the desperation of their position in the midst of the *mal-aria*, are considered, it is impossible to doubt that they must seek and receive bribes to facilitate the plunder of the traveller. Indeed they are accused of occasionally robbing on their own account.

and in the ruin of a convent, built by Pope Pius VI. at the Forum Appii, (a sad miscalculation,) a drove of wild colts from the mountains were shut in: their herdsman, more wild than the cattle, and in better times a bandit. In these stations, the very postilions have something lawless and ferocious in their looks: their existence is bounded to driving a few miles one way or the other in this desert; they are out of the pale of humanity, and they look as if they knew they were.

The approach to Terracina (the Anxur of antiquity) is magnificent in beauty, as rich in historical and classic recollections. The sea lies to the right, the mountains of Terracina seem to swell from the beach: the old town raises its black dens on the summit of an isolated rock, rude and shattered; yet from its clefts spring orange and lemon trees, in full fruit, the Indian fig, and the spreading palm-tree. The façade of a fine unfinished papal palace edged one of its lower acclivities: to the left of the town, on more elevated heights, stands the convent of St. Francis; its garden of myrtles and palms spreading down to the road-side. High above all, frown the black ruins of Theodoric's palace, their broken arches admitting the red rays of the setting sun; and the prospect terminates with a bold white perpendicular cliff, broken off from the great mass of rocks, and standing like the watch-tower of the region. From this point, the "white rocks of

Anxur*" close hard upon the sea, and for some miles form a defile up to the gates of the Neapolitan frontier, that a small effort of courage would render impassable by any army. The whole of this line is guarded, or meant to be guarded, by sentinels within hail of each other, to protect the traveller from the banditti,—those true lords of the region, for whom the Roman sbirri and Neapolitan carbonari have no terrors.

From TERRACINA to FONDI, from Fondi to ITRI, in a word, from the Pontine Marshes to the rocks of Scylla, is the true classic ground of brigandage; and has given birth to the most distinguished cut-throats of modern times.† Here the young ideas of that famous robber-chief, GIUSEPPE MASTRILLO, were "taught how to shoot."

"Nella bella città di Terracina,
Nacque Mastrillo pieno di sottile ingegno;
Ricco di bene, e pieno di dottrina
Fa stupore a Roma e prejudizio al regno."‡

But *Mastrillo*, like other heroes, (as the epic of

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* Saxis latè candentibus Anxur.—Horat.

† On the Via Appia from Rome to Brindisi, many inscriptions have been found, to Mercury the Protector, and Jupiter the Saviour; so that this scene may always have been infested with robbers.

‡ "In the beautiful city of Terracina was born Mastrillo, full of a subtile genius—rich in possessions and full of learning, he was the wonder of Rome, and the devastator of the kingdom" (Naples).

which he is the Æneas informs us,) was the victim of a

> "Crudel destino, e sfortunato fato"*—

And for the trifling crime of cutting off a head, (a rival's head) he was obliged to abscond, or, as his Virgil coolly observes,

> "Fatto quest' omicidio s' è partito,
> E in Campagna di Roma s' è retirato."†

Reckless of pardon, he became the "*famoso Bandito*" *Peppo Mastrillo;* and, though his head now decorates the gates of Terracina, his memory is revered and his feats are sung from the Porta St. Giovanni in Rome to the Borgo St. Antonio of Naples—for in Italy, the legend of the saint and the robber come equally within the permission of the censors, and are alike open to the study of the people. The good fortune of Peppo Mastrillo (before his "*crudel destino*" doomed him to the gallows) left him many successors, and the road between Rome and Naples continued for a century to be infested with the most atrocious banditti, who kept their camps in the mountains, unawed or unpunished by the paternal governments of these countries, which were both sup-

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* "Cruel destiny, and unfortunate fate."

† "Having committed this homicide, he went his way, and retired into the Campagra of Rome."

posed to be subsidized by these freebooters, bolder, but not more rapacious, than themselves.

Chief after chief took command of these predatory bands; and at the period of the French Revolution, one, whose fame surpassed even that of Peppo Mastrillo, came forward in the lists of depredators; and all Italy learnt to tremble at the name of *Frà Diavolo*, the bandit of Itri. It is a curious fact that the brigands of this perilous defile, like the Lazzaroni of Naples, the Gondolieri of Venice, and the rabble of Tuscany, were the most strenuous opposers of the changes effected in Italy by the French; and that legitimacy on its throne was not more inveterate in its opposition to revolutionary innovations, than the Italian robber in his mountain-cave.* In 1806, Frà Diavolo had rendered himself formidable even to those whom Pontifical guards and Neapolitan troops dared not oppose. The murders on the highway between Rome and Naples were almost as numerous as the travellers that passed it: the bravest men in the French army were cut off by assassination, and the gallant Colonel Brugniere and several of his officers are supposed to have fallen by Frà Diavolo's own

* The wealthy of all classes were accused of jacobinism by the banditti; and their property was plundered, and their lives taken under this pretence, in the most audacious manner: for the robbers no longer confined their depredations to the road, but plundered villas and sacked villages.

hand. The French, when in possession of Rome and Naples, instantly began a reform in this ancient branch of the legislature of "the See" and "the kingdom" *(Il Regno.)* The young General La Marque marched against the brigands, took many villages, in which they maintained a considerable armed force, sworn by dreadful vows to exterminate the Jacobins; and in the town of Maratea alone found twenty-two chiefs, shut up with a band a thousand strong; who were all taken, and the principals executed. Every defile was searched and cleared; the French police dispersed through the whole country; *corps de gardes* established in the most dangerous posts; and, in 1810, the traveller passed as securely from Rome to Naples, and from Naples elsewhere, as in any other part of Italy.* The law (an unknown engine in the south) had become so formidable, that those who had not feared the wheel, trembled at the very idea of the *chef-de-police,* Spinelli; his name unnerved the uplifted hand of the assassin, and "*Se non fosse Spinelli!*" was an expression heard to escape from the murderer's lips as he sheathed his stiletto, in the conviction that the death he meditated† would be expiated by his

* It is a curious fact, that nothing can persuade the Neapolitans, that the Brigands of the Abruzzi mountains, and of Calabria, were not in pay of the English.

† Durant dix-huit mois de gouvernement révolutionnaire, il n'y eut après les premiers châtimens, pas un seul assassinat à

own. "*La Révolution finie,* (says the Baron Bonstetten, in his admirable Latium,) *les assassinats recommençèrent, et les loix les plus barbares reprirent leur ancien vigueur.*" The overthrow of the French power in Italy was, in fact, the restoration of the brigands. Laws relaxed or annulled, justice overthrown in favour of privilege, and the salutary police replaced by the ancient sbirri (worse than the banditti, with whom they are generally in intelligence), have delivered up this part of Italy to armed bands, whose chiefs carry on their murderous trade to the very gates of Rome and Naples; and if some straggler is seized and imprisoned, it is but "*pour encourager les autres:*" for the best room of the prison is assigned him; money from unknown hands supports him; and foreign visitors, ranking him among objects of curiosity they have come to see, visit him in his cell on their way to the Coliseum, or the Grotto del Cane, and pay him like the custode of a palace or a collection.*

Rome, et cette colère si terrible des Romains devint même dans le vin et dans la licence révolutionnaire si douce et si prudente, que les bras armés du couteau restoient suspendus au souvenir de Spinelli, maître de police.—LATIUM, p. 66.

* The Banditti came in formidable array to the house of Lucien Bonaparte, at Frescati, for the purpose of carrying him off, for his ransom; but took his secretary by mistake. I did not hear of their having carried up any English traveller to the mountain; but the French and Italians find little mercy. Our

The inn of Terracina lies down on the coast, a new and spacious building; and on either side the road lie scattered a few small white-washed houses. The ascent to the old town is sufficiently arduous for weary travellers, but we could not neglect a spot where Horace met Mæcenas after his hard day's journey towards Brundusium. If this was the Anxur of Horace! if the ancient town resembled that which now presents itself (and to judge by Pompeii, we may suppose it did) what dens the cities of antiquity must have been! The steep dark streets were narrow passages; in the centre of which the miserable population appeared to live in common. Some were supping, others working; but most lounging on the pavement,

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mode of travelling between Terracina and Mola di Gaeta, in 1820, was as follows: the military posts stationed at every mile, turned out a party on the approach of the carriage; the commander of the party informed us that we must have two guards, and that the alternative was left us either to take them on our carriage, or to go sufficiently slow for them to walk on either side: we always chose the former. One then mounted with our servant on the coach-box, the other took his station behind, on a trunk; but before they departed they took out their bayonets, which they delivered up to their officer; and we perceived their guns were stuffed with paper. The whole, I believe, is a mere form; for whenever the banditti think a carriage worth attacking, (and they have always previous intelligence,) these guards go for nothing. From Terracina the road is patrolled by Neapolitan troops; something less wretched and discontented with their situation than those of the Pope.

which, though filthy, was strewed with myrtles, in honour of some *festa* *. As we proceeded with difficulty, and suffocated with stench, to the Convent of St. Francis (now a college), a lovely creature that looked on the verge of girlhood and of the tomb, sprang from a group of rickety imps—her eyes of fire, her white teeth, and her dark complexion deeply tinted with the hues of the *mal-aria*, formed a frightful contrast. She touched my arm playfully with a myrtle branch, and begged, with the smile of a young Sibyl, to accompany us, being, she said, a good "*cicerone per gli antiquità*;" but alas! we had already our *cicerone*, a poor lame, distorted creature, hobbling with difficulty, and telling us, "the *mal-aria* (in his own words) had done his business."

On reaching the convent (which crowns a fertile acclivity above this ancient town), and entering

* Mr. Eustace says, "this town, Terracina, seems to have been rising rapidly into consideration by its increasing commerce, till the late invasion of the French checked its growth, and threw it back into insignificance!!!" With respect to the truth of this observation, it is only necessary to quote, that he adds, "few places seem better calculated for bathing and public resort than Terracina."—Terracina, infected by the *mal-aria*, and infested by banditti; approached and left in all seasons under a military escort, not always then safe!! In summer the direst necessity only induces the natives to pass the road; to sleep on it is death; and the difficulty of overcoming an unnatural drowsiness is well described in Corinna, who trembles for the life of Oswald, regardless of her own.

its cloistered court, perfumed with the fruit and blossoms of a gigantic orange-tree, the first thing that met my eye was an inscription of

"Le donne non entranno qui;"

and I was starting back at the prohibition, when a troop of the young students *, in their clerical habits, passed under the cloister, two by two—all courteously bowing; while the monk who accompanied them, after a few words of conversation, politely observed, that, "when ladies came so far to see their convent, the general prohibition lost its force." We found it clean and simple: a supper of vegetables was preparing in the kitchen for the boys. Over each little dormitory was written "*viva Gesu, viva Maria.*"

The antiquities of Terracina are rather sites than ruins; and the close atmosphere drove us away before we could examine some broken columns, said to be the remains of the Temple of Apollo, where the Cathedral now stands.

* We were much affected by reading in the public papers lately, that this seminary had been attacked by the banditti, and several of the youth carried to the mountain. We have since heard, that those who were not instantly ransomed were put to death. These poor boys were from all parts of the Roman and Neapolitan States—some of them not above ten or twelve years old. The elevation of the college preserved them from the *malaria;* and their health, appearance, and manners, seemed sedulously attended to.

The *Torre dei Confini*, a castellated mass, guarding the frontier pass between the ocean and the mountains, and separating the Neapolitan territories from those of Rome, is one of those stations, where the traveller's patience and temper are tried to their utmost, by all those devices of fraud, extortion, and power, which obstruct the progress of the foreign visitors of Italy. This is the first Neapolitan custom-house, and we were detained for a considerable time, because the *Chef-de-Police* could not make out the passport of a gentleman, whose carriage preceded ours; and he would not allow us to pass before him. On our arrival at FONDI, we were again stopped for an hour at the *Dogana*, and money extorted. Here the delay arose again from the difficult passport of the carriage before us; the municipal officer declaring he believed this to be a forgery, because there was a place mentioned in it he had never heard of, and did not believe existed. This place was Utrecht! He spoke nothing but Neapolitan, and could scarcely read Italian, much less French or German.

While we were thus detained in the streets, we had an opportunity of observing the half-savage and wholly degraded population. This is one of the chief towns of the brigands, and we saw many a gaunt fearful figure, wrapped to the eyes in his long mantle, nodding familiarly to the Neapolitan guard as they passed him; and probably returning

to his station in the mountains. Here too we first saw the professional Neapolitan beggars, a curious class, all filth, dirt, gesticulation, and pantomime. Even the little children go through all the contortions and grimaces of their elders to obtain charity, which none here are ashamed to crave, not even one who appeared to us to be a subaltern officer of the guard, and who begged a carline.

From the filth, misery, and lawlessness of Fondi*, which Horace seems to have left "without reluctance," we proceeded by a scenery worthy of paradise to Itri. The road lay along the coast, through groves of orange-trees. Close by one in rich fruit and flower, hung a gibbet, with the limbs of some lately executed criminal, tainting gales that breathed odours of Arabia.

The huts of the patroles were glittering with arms piled round them; mendicants, or creatures who appeared to be so, at the sight of a carriage started from the earth where they lay basking in the sun, raising their dinning shouts of "*Carità, Cristiani,*" and running as long as breath lasted

* The air of Fondi is particularly insalubrious, from the stagnant waters of a great lake, which lies between the town and the sea, and abounds in large eels. The Appian Way runs through it, and the pavement of the street is the identical structure laid down by the Romans;—as may be supposed, rather the worse for wear, and some degrees worse than none at all.

them beside the wheels. In passing the craggy romantic heights of *Monte Sant' Andrea*, the military stations were doubled; but the soldiers lay stretched asleep under straw sheds. A herd dressed in a sheep-skin here and there presented himself, guarding his cattle in the glens of the mountains; and Itri, the birth-place of Frà Diavolo, the palladium of brigandage, was at last discovered reposing under a brilliant cloudless sky, in the midst of hills, covered with vines and oranges, rich in the foliage of figs, and myrtles, and olives, and laurels.

Itri, entered and passed through with difficulty and danger, from its narrowness and steep ascent, leaves an impression behind it never to be effaced. Let those who rejoice in the failure of the Neapolitan enterprise—in the vain efforts of the enlightened and the independent to shake off the tyranny which has poisoned the sources of humanity, and left the best gifts of God and nature worthless—visit Itri, and see there the effects of the government, in whose restoration they triumph. Let them see only once this nest of crime and malady, let them behold the well-known bandit, scowling at the door of that black dismantled shed, where he finds, in his casual visit from the mountain, the brawling brood of famished imps, whom his portion of spoil can scarcely nurture, for whom the last human feeling that lingers in his hardened heart exists! Let

them see that brood, destined to beggary or to their father's trade, disfigured by dirt and rags, issuing forth at the noise of a carriage-wheel, throwing themselves under the horses' feet to excite compassion, and raising yells, that move more by terror than by pity. Let them view that listless vicious mother, with her look of sagacity sharpened by want, handsome in spite of filth, but the more terrible for her beauty, lying at her door in utter idleness, the knife perhaps still reeking, which her husband has plied too successfully within view of the gibbet of the orange-groves of Fondi, perhaps near the image of the Madonna.—Here is the sum up of the results of the Neapolitan despotism of centuries' existence; want, vice, disease, bigotry, and assassination. Such is Itri, the stranger's terror, the native's shame, the bandit's home. The king lately passed through Itri on his sumptuous visit to Rome. He must have found great difficulty in doing so; and his eye must have been shocked, his royal senses been nauseated, at every step! yet nothing was done for this miserable place, though his loyal subjects of his "good town of Itri" washed their blood-stained hands to fling a flower in his filthy passage! They felt it was his misrule that left their calling unquestioned; but they knew not that it was such misrule, that had made them the slaves they are! Yet Itri was once one of the fair cities of the Appian Way. The *Urbs Mamur-*

*rarum** of Horace, whose pavement was trod by the steps of Varius and Virgil,

> " Alme più candide
> La Terra unqua non diè." †

in whose neighbourhood stood the Villa of Cicero! in whose neighbourhood still stands his tomb.

FROM Itri to *Mola di Gaeta*, a " paradise is opened in the wild." The mountains to the left gradually retreat, raising their grey and craggy summits to the heaven, while their sloping brows, covered with orange and lemon trees, and skirted with natural hedges of myrtle, terminate on the coast, and the Appian Way winds romantically between both. The picture increases in beauty, as *Mola di Gaeta* is approached. A villa (now an inn) on the sea-side, yet half hidden in orange-groves, marks (or is said to mark) the site of Cicero's villa.‡ Near it rises that picturesque and ruined tower, which the freed-man of Cicero raised, to mark the spot where the " last of the Romans" was slain; even the little pathway men-

* In the Italian itineraries they call it *Itri (Mamurra)*. Near the town stands an ancient temple, or mausoleum—antiquaries have not decided which.

† Horace, Satir. 5.—Italian translation, Devonshire edition.

‡ His *Formianum*. I copy local tradition, and leave to antiquaries to decide the fact. Over the door of the classic inn, the most beautifully situated in the world, Cicero hangs as a sign, in a purple mantle, and pair of lemon-coloured pantaloons, surrounded by appropriate inscriptions.

tioned by Plutarch, as turning from the Appian Way down to the coast, where he was met in his litter by the centurions, as he was hastening to embark, is shewn by the common people; and the excavations and fragments of marble under the orange-groves of the villa-inn, are called his Baths, or *Villa Inferiore*, and might have been so. At a short distance across the bay, but with all its architectural outlines of fort and tower, and dome and steeple, clearly sketched on the horizon, the ancient city of Gaeta seems to rise out of the ocean: the little tongue of land which unites its foundation-rock to the shore, is not perceptible, and its seeming isolation adds to the characteristic beauty of its position. The *Mola di Gaeta*, at half a mile's distance from Cicero's villa, spreads its white-walled houses along the coast. A fleet of fishing-boats anchor on its strand. The rich coast, looking like the loveliest inland scenery, again succeeds. This is the region of Circe, and well it might be; and this the scene in which Homer places the interview of the cold-hearted Ulysses with the daughter of the King of the Læstrygones. On these delicious shores Horace quaffed the famed Falernian, and sang its merit. Even satire lost its sting in the luscious scenes of Gaeta; and Martial, who praised little save his master Domitian, praised much here. The women of this coast realized the fables of Circe, and their beauty, as well as

their dress, long continued proverbial. Nature here is still the same; but the moral world is all changed. The younger part of the population were, when we visited Mola di Gaeta, wallowing in the sands, or basking in the winter-suns, filthy, squalid, and importunate; they rose to join the clamours of the beggars, and, whether they failed or succeeded, again threw themselves on the beach. Though the women exhibited fine features, and rolled their long tresses, mingled with soiled silken bands, round their fine heads, and though the vessels they filled at the fountain, or the spring, were of Etruscan form, and were carried with an antique grace, still their ragged slovenliness, and disfiguring impurity, left more to pity than to admire. The rudiments of a superior nature were however still there.

At Garigliano the ancient Liris is crossed, but not without considerable delay; which allows time for a coup-d'œil on the ruins which skirt its shore, and the inscriptions over the gates of this river-pass. Here the Via Appia is left, and the Via Domitiana is entered; and the mount of Falernum (the Mecca of good fellows) is seen purpled with the setting sun-shine, as St. Agata is reached.

St. Agata is a solitary inn, the true *locanda* of the middle ages, with few of its windows sashed, and its open corridor running round a court containing little sleeping-rooms, bare and rude as a

hermit's cell. It is, however, a frequented sleeping stage: it stands in the midst of the most enchanting scenery, and at a short distance from the ruins of the ancient Minturnæ.

CAPUA succeeds to St. Agata. But here Hannibal now could have nothing to fear, but from the constant and filthy occupation of the inhabitants, whose efforts at personal cleanliness are extremely offensive, and not always innoxious. The modern Capua lies at a little distance from the ruins of the ancient city.* In the cathedral, the only church worth visiting, we found the canons, not chanting, but howling the service: a young priest seated in his confessional, exhibited a very amusing appearance; one half of his face was exposed to us, with a look of idle curiosity; the other was hid by the skreen of his confessional, outside of which knelt an old peasant dame, her eyes turned to us, and her mouth in the ear of her confessor. With what combinations must the minds of such men be furnished, the greater part of whose lives are passed in listening to the ludicrous home-spun gossipry of such filthy old women as most frequently present themselves (for want of something else to do) at their tribunal! What endless details must they treasure, of eggs stolen, and hens purloined, and

* About a mile.—Some remains are visible of an amphitheatre, and a triumphal arch.

of the evil passions engendered by the unmerited prosperity of some neighbouring "Mrs. Grundy!"

The little Norman town of AVERSA, built in the twelfth century by those adventurers who subdued Naples and Capua, stands at the entrance of that noble avenue which leads to the city of Vesuvius. The dark curling smoke of this master-feature of the scene is observable at a considerable distance, staining the bright blue atmosphere. As Naples is approached, all becomes glow and lustre, and light and life. As the height was descended, which dominates the city, it appeared to us, in the full splendour of sunset, like some fabled city of the east, the dream of Arabian poets. Turrets and towers that look like minarets, cupolas roofed with many-coloured tiles, churches that might be mistaken for mosques, and glittering spires fitter for the crescent than for the cross, a teeming population issuing from the gates, with countenances such as might people Arabia Felix, and dresses that seemed the plunder of a Sultan's wardrobe, conspired to complete the delusion.

The Dogana passed, the spacious, populous Borgo di Sant' Antonio traversed, the Toledo was entered in the height of the Corso; but this was not the Corso of Rome—the funereal procession of that drowsy city. Here the carriages flew along, and flew amidst a close-packed phalanx of pedestrians, whose dense and impenetrable groups set

danger at defiance. The windows and shaded balconies of the high, handsome, well-built houses were filled with laughing, talking groups; and looked like a series of fantastic pavilions, raised for the purpose of some specific festival. Under the awnings of the numerous caffés stood or sat multitudes of gentlemen, in the most genuine English costume, but with true southern countenances; conversing with great force of gesticulation, or reading the newspapers, or chatting over their ice. The Corso was left to the ladies; and at the moment here described, political fermentation and mental energy were the order of the day.

The guide sent by some English friends, to conduct us to lodgings previously engaged, (a necessary precaution against sleeping in the street, which some foreigners of distinction were nearly reduced to do,) directed our postilion to turn into the *Largo di Castello**; and a new scene presented itself. This spacious place, the site of popular enjoyment, and the stage of many popular atro-

* The squares, which are termed *piazze* at Rome, and *campi* at Venice, in Naples are called *larghi*. These terms should not, however, suggest an idea of the regularity and neatness connected with their English equivalent, since they are applied to all open spaces, whatever may be the dimensions or concomitants. The Largo di Castello is a wide and irregular space, combining the images of a sea-port town with others familiar in the Boulevards of Paris.

cities, opens to the Bay, commands Vesuvius, and is terminated by the Mola, with its picturesque pharos. On one side rises the flanking towers and massive walls of the Castello Nuovo. Its donjon is of the thirteenth century, and its towers and bastions were added by Frederick of Arragon and Gonsalvo of Cordova, in the sixteenth. Its fortifications bear down to the shores they were raised to guard, and the triumphal arch of Frederick terminates the whole. On the other side stand little theatres and little churches, and wine-shops, with a shrine on one side and a puppet-show on the other: here a preaching monk exposing the crucifix, and there a clown spouting or eating fire. Every where are spread the fantastic stalls of the fruiterer, and the *aquajolo* (iced-water vender), all flowers and foliage, supported by cupids and angels, surmounted with a Madonna in heaven, or sinners in purgatory, and streaming with flags of gilt paper and red stuff. Half-naked beggars stop to "*ber fresco*" (drink iced-water), or eat an ice confidently trusted to them, with a silver spoon, by the merchant they habitually deal with. Close by, stands the itinerant bookseller, largely supplied with "*La Santa Bibbia*,"*

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* Although by the title-page this must be taken for the Bible, it is only an abridged and selected paraphrase, something in the style of Mrs. Trimmer, not containing a fourth part of the original work. It is all, however, with which the common people are trnsted.

and "*La nuova Istoria della Vita e Morte di uno famoso Banditto.*" Crowds, the most grotesque and characteristic, group round the stages of the mountebanks; the pavement is strewed with mounds of oranges, and the air resounds with that acute Babel-like noise which belongs exclusively to Naples, where the spirits of the people are all abroad, increased, but not overpowered, by the clang of trumpets, the winding of horns, and the tinkling of guitars, which summon the votarists of amusement to its several temples.

On turning the corner of the Largo di Castello, and arriving at our destined habitation (a terrible old palace near the Mola), we left our servant, driver, and hosts in the hands of the fierce wrangling Lazzaroni, (who seized on the carriage, and would not suffer an article to be removed but by themselves,) and hastened to the open balcony of our large dreary apartment. It commanded the bay, the port, the shipping at anchor, the circular sweep of Portici, with its villas and palaces, and Mount Vesuvius crowned with wreaths of smoke, the whole still coloured with the red and purple lights of the departing sun. But these rich tints gradually faded into aerial hues; a deep dim twilight succeeded; what was smoke on Vesuvius a moment before, brightened into flame; bursts of dark red fire shot up into the black atmosphere, and a stream of deep-red lava flowed like a torrent down its acclivity, and seemed in the distance to

quench its living waves in the sea beneath. A dim spark of light glimmered from the pharos: here and there the transparent awning of a vessel appeared illuminated within; and lights from the town, or the lanterns of gliding barks, danced on the water. The moon rose like a northern sun! black shadows and red lights softened and grew dim beneath her silvery influence; high masts, and towers, and forts, were tinged with her rays, and when she rode all resplendent

"At her highest noon,"

there was nothing to contrast her pure bright radiance, save the fires of Vesuvius—like herself a splendid mystery of creation—a part of some eternal law, some inscrutable necessity, which man—the atom!—dreams were made for him!

CHAP. XXIII.

NAPLES.

Naples.—Site.—Coast of Pozzuoli.—Baiæ.—Herculaneum.—Portici.—Royal Villas.—Madame Murat.—Museo.—La Favorita.—Vesuvius.—Pompeii.—The Statue of the Priestess Eumachia.—Museo Borbonico.—Galleria di Pompeii, &c. &c.—Hall of the Papyrus.—Shores of Mare-chiano.—Posilipo. Mergellina.—Sannazarius.—Virgil's Tomb.—The Grotto of Posilipo.—Shores of Pozzuoli.—The Lake Agnano.—The Solfatara.—Baths.—Monastery of the Cameldules.—The Cathedral.—The Church of Saint Clare.—Monument of King Robert.—Queen Giovanna the First.—The Convent of Saint Clare.—Palaces.—Chiaja.

Naples is the ordinary termination of the stranger's pilgrimage to Italy. The memory, overloaded by the numerous remembrances committed to its keeping—the mind worn by the reiterated calls made on its perceptions—novelty exhausted, curiosity blunted, all dispose even the most ardent traveller to a repose, the indulgence of which has become both morally and physically necessary. More churches to visit, more palaces to see, more monuments to study, would become a duty, and cease to be an amusement; and it is a relief, rather than a disappointment, to learn that

Naples contains few of any of these objects, worthy to arrest that attention on which Florence and Rome have already so deeply drawn. The antiquities of Naples, and its environs, are its sites, its buried cities, and classic ports; its historical recollections are the perpetuated horrors of a foreign despotism, registered in its Moörish, Spanish, and Arabic architecture: but its great, its distinguishing feature is the singular and sublime character stamped on its region by Nature! In this point of view Naples stands alone; taking her perilous position on the brink of destruction, reposing her luxurious villas on the edge of a crater, and raising her proud towers on the shifting surface of an eternally active volcano. Such fatal but inevitable engines rarely allure the proximity of man: they are found lording the desolation where human interests end, amidst the ice deserts of Kamtschatka, the altitudes of the Andes, the outskirts of the world; but the gay, brilliant, fantastic city, which pours its restless, busy, bustling population at the foöt of Vesuvius, with an electric fluid for its atmosphere, and rivers of flame, and showers of ashes, for its ordinary phenomena—such a city is well worth visiting, though it had not one attraction besides that of its awful and uncertain site. Here the plain of to-day is the mountain to-morrow*; and Nature performs her

* The *Monte Nuovo* (at a short distance from Naples). In

greatest operations with all her rude materials round her, within the view of man, and the precincts of his daily neighbourhood. Here she is seen revealing her processes of creation, changing, combining, exhausting, renewing, and re-creating, but never destroying!—her means and modes exposed to every eye—but what her object and her end, the most prying of her creatures, man, has never yet, and never may discover!

In Rome, and its surrounding deserts, every thing depicts the death of Nature. In Naples, and its environs, all evinces her vigour and activity—an activity that preys upon itself, a feverish vitality that consumes while it brightens. The air is fire, the soil a furnace. Sun-beams bring death* as they fall! and the earth, when struck, sends up burning vapours!† Every where the

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the night of the 29th of September, 1538, after a violent trembling of the earth, a terrible volcanic explosion took place, and after three days awful fermentation of the elements, the hill now called *Monte Nuovo*, arose out of the plain. During this sublime but terrific operation, showers of cinders fell to the distance of twenty-four miles; and the spacious hospital of the Tripergola, was swallowed in the abyss, with many private dwellings. See Marc-Antonio de' Falconi, Degl' incendj di Pozzuoli.

* The *Coup de Soleil*.

† The moment the surface of the Solfatara (the Forum Vulcani of Strabo) is struck, a column of hot vapour rises, as if by the touch of an enchanter. One almost expects to see the Ge-

ruins of time and man are mingled with the fragments of an over-wrought creation; and the amphitheatres of Augustus and Pompey, the villa of Cicero, and the altars of Caligula, identified by prostrated masses of sculptured marbles, lie scattered amidst the extinct volcanoes of Pozzuoli.* In the environs of Naples there lies subject-matter for the antiquary, the painter, the naturalist, and the philosopher! Its coasts are bathed by the sea of Homer! its lakes and its hills afford the topography of Virgil.† Its vineyards bloom

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nius of Brimstone gradually incorporating and rising out of them. Its soil, of many-coloured sulphurs, affords a new aspect of nature.

* Pozzuoli, the most ancient historical site in Italy, (and in the height of Roman glory, characterized by its grandeur and magnificence,) contains the ruins of the Temples of Serapis, of Diana, and many other monuments. The villa Puteolana of Cicero, and his stadium, are sites rather than monuments, visited and disputed over by wrangling antiquarians. Caligula, in his mad passage over the bridge of boats, paused in the Temple of Neptune, in Pozzuoli, to offer propitiatory sacrifices. Here too Cæsar, on his way to give battle to Antony, sacrificed to the winds, to Neptune and the sea.

† The road from the town of Pozzuoli leads between the Via Cumana and the *Monte Nuovo* to the Lake Avernus; and all the scenery of the eleventh book of the Odyssey, and of the sixth book of the Æneid, spreads beneath the eye;—but when we visited its Cimmerian shores, they were glowing in sunshine; sites that awed the spirits of Hercules and Ulysses, now looked invitingly gay; and the terrible Avernus of antiquity resembled

over caves where the Cumean Sibyl composed her oracles; and every cliff and headland is a history, the register of a crime, or the land-mark of an adventure which has made the immortality of him who recorded, or him who performed them.*

From the multiplicity of objects which present themselves worthy of description and tempting to describe, it is difficult to reject one, and vanity to attempt any. The painters, historians, antiquaries, and travellers of modern times have left nothing new to tell—nothing untouched to delineate. Naples has been a fertile, and is now an exhausted subject: to view its volcanoes and reach its classic shores, the north of Italy has been rapidly and carelessly run over, its histories

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the carp and tench lake of an English park. Still the superb ruins of the Thermæ and Temple of Apollo strewn near it, meet the dreams of the imagination; and a subterranean passage, with its classic name of the Sibyl's grotto, realized one at least of its poetic visions; even though a little Christian chapel dedicated to St. Januarius rose in the centre.

* The scene of the terrible tragedy of which Agrippina was the heroine, lay on the beautiful coast of Baiæ;—the monument or sepulchre, called *Sepolcro di Agrippina*, lies on the shore between the picturesque *Castello di Baiæ* and the headland of Misenum. The whole of these shores look as if they were etched and painted—the drawing and colouring equally exquisite: they are not very accessible; but they well repay the fatigue and trouble of visiting them. The sea-pieces of Salvator Rosa are recalled at every step.

unsearched, and its monuments unexamined; and to the traveller of the present day nothing is left, but cautiously and briefly to obtrude upon the reader some object of overwhelming importance, whose impression is deep-seated, and whose description, if not new, may at least not be languid.

After days and nights given to the coasts and land scenery of Naples, to Pozzuoli and Baiæ, to the lovely ascents of Posilipo and the lava shores of Portici, the objects which struck us most were those which strike all!—Vesuvius and Pompeii, the grotto of Posilipo, and the burnt wastes of the Solfatara. From Naples to Pompeii, the route along the Bay includes not only one of the loveliest of the many lovely views of this region; but most of the principal objects for which the naturalist and antiquary visit this extraordinary region—Herculaneum, Portici, Vesuvius. A long suburban line of buildings—some shattered and miserable (the abodes of the people), others spacious but deserted (the villas of the nobles), leads to the royal palaces of Portici, by the village of Resina—the first stage in this journey of wonders, at which taste or curiosity is induced to stop; for the streets of Resina cover the buried ruins of Herculaneum. A mass of formless buildings, inhabited by dingy, dirty beings, are sunk to the right of the road, where the visitor descends from his carriage, and is met by the grim gaunt guide of Herculaneum, who having distributed a candle

to each of the party, and furnished himself with many, proceeds by a cavernous aperture in the earth to descend the sloping surface between its black and gloomy walls, over which so many centuries have passed. A descent of eighty palms (for it is said that seven layers of lava lie between the soil of Herculaneum and of Resina) leads to the subterranean defile, where there is so little to see, and so much to sadden.

The terror lest the lights should be extinguished in this dense dark tomb, increased by the caution with which the experienced guide multiplies illumination, by sticking a candle here and there against the lava walls, as he proceeds, as landmarks to return by—the dim glimmer of these distant lights, as the winding of the narrow labyrinth is followed, with a thousand horrors conjured up by the impressions of darkness, leave on the mind of the nervous and fanciful but one dominant feeling—the desire of returning to daylight and fresh air. Little indeed is to be seen in the depths of Herculaneum but the ruins of the amphitheatre, round whose orchestra the guide leads his protegés*; but the whole is so partially

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that, in 1726, an accidental excavation made by the Prince d'Elbeuf, who was building a villa at Resina, occasioned the discovery of Herculaneum buried by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79; whose ashes are said to have fallen in Egypt. In the course of the excavation by Charles the Third, father to the present King, a portico,

excavated, and the darkness so impenetrable, that the view is indistinct, and the impression carried away incomplete. The monuments are indeed so buried in the lava, (which must have fallen in liquid floods, pouring into every space,) that the most accurate idea which can be formed of this terribly preserved city, is that given by fossil forms impacted in their matrices. In one place we saw the impression of a comic mask in the lava; and other objects were pointed out by the guides, to which *one* of the party, at least, gave more faith than examination. The sound of the carriage-wheels over our heads, as we re-ascended, driving through Resina, and the first ray of daylight, awakened the pleasantest sensations to which this visit to Herculaneum gave birth. Every reflection connected with it is terrible; and yet the villages built over it swarm with inhabitants, who may, every time Vesuvius explodes, expect the same fate as the great city beneath has experienced.

The high road of Portici runs through the old-fashioned paved court of its royal palace—a heavy cumbrous fabric, commanding the bay. Though

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two temples, a magnificent theatre, and several private houses were discovered; but to the disgrace of that government, whose exchequer was inadequate to pay spies and pensioned favourites, these great works were stopped, and the excavations already made filled up; so that nothing now remains but the proscenium and some other parts of the great amphitheatre.

one of the most considerable and finely situated of the royal villas, it must have been a most gloomy and incommodious one, before the elegant improvements made in it by its late active, but transitory queen. The old *custode,* who shewed us the apartments, had some difficulty in naming his late mistress by the title of *Madama Murat,* instead of "her majesty," and had evidently got up a new vocabulary for the new (or old) *regime.* On entering, he observed to us that the whole of the very elegant vestibule, in which we stood, the broad and double staircase, the spacious corridor, and the beautiful little theatre*, into which it opens, were all "*fatti da Madama Murat,*" (made by Madame Murat). Again, a gallery ornamented with superb candelabras, and accommodated with elegant ottomans, extorted the laconic "*fatto da Madama Murat.*" In a word, we found that endless suites of apartments, baths, cabinets, book-rooms, green-houses, orangeries, &c. &c. were all either painted, decorated, and furnished, or planned and erected

* The theatre was arranged, even to the fixtures of the scenes and wings, as it had been left on the last night of performance, three or four years back, when a play was acted for the late King of Spain, who came from his monk's cell at Rome to congratulate his brother of Naples. As King of Spain, this worthy Bourbon would never go to a public theatre; and on the present occasion, it is said he did penance for the indulgence, with the Queen and the Prince of Peace who joined in the ceremony.

"*da Madama Murat.*" Some of the rooms exhibited a very extraordinary degree of taste in "consulting the genius of the place." The walls were covered with paintings, copied from Pompeii, and the furniture was imitated from objects discovered there, and still preserved in the *Museo* at Naples. The draperies of the richest silk were all of the Neapolitan loom; for "*Madame Murat*" made a complete clearing out of all the old and tawdry furniture of this palace: so that, on the return of the royal family, they knew it as little as many other objects of her reformation and improvement; and expressed their surprise and admiration, with a *naïveté* that still contributes the current coin of anecdote to the circulating medium of ridicules in Naples*.

The apartments of the Ex-Queen are models of elegance and feminine taste. The bed-room, dressing-room, boudoir, and library, are emi-

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* The King, on the Restoration, sent the Prince, his son, to look about him and bring him the news from Naples; for, having, like Falstaff, "run away upon instinct," he had an instinctive apprehension of returning, without first making inquiries as to the "king-traps and grass-snakes set there." The prince returned in raptures with his improved and beautiful palaces and city, exclaiming in the presence of many courtiers, "*Oh! papa mio!* if you had only stayed away another ten years!" An admirable "*Ana*" might be made of the bon-mots of the royal family of Naples: a race, which, in its hereditary intellect, recalls "*Jocris père, Jocris fils, et Jocris petit fils.*"

nently so; and have been left precisely as she last occupied them. Her dressing-boxes are on the toilette; a miniature of her nephew, the little Napoleon, (hung by a ribbon) decorates the chimney-piece*; her *dejeuné*, on an English tray, stands in the centre of the room; and some pretty *étrennes* (worked and embroidered for her by her ladies a few days before her reverses) are scattered on a sofa. "*Niente cangiato*," said the Cicerone, "except this!" (and he approached her magnificent bed, and pointed to two large black crucifixes, and a pendent vase of holy water hung at its head)—"*Non è quella una moda Francese*."† On the King and his wife ‡ sleeping one night at

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* In her dressing-room was a superb bust of the Ex-King of Rome, by Canova. The boudoir was decorated with paintings by M. Forbin, the *protegé* of the Bonaparte family; one of whom told me, that these pictures were commanded, to encourage the young artist. Gonsalvo di Cordova visiting the Alhambra by moon-light, forms the subject of one of the best. This M. Forbin is now the Director-general of the Musée at Paris.

† "Nothing is changed—this is not a French fashion."

‡ This lady, the wife of a left-handed marriage, has no other title than that of "*La Moglie del Rè*" (the king's wife). To this marriage the princes his sons had some objections; and, among others, the Hereditary Prince hinted to his father, that the lady had not escaped the breath of scandal. The King, playfully tickling his august son under the short rib, exclaimed in reply, "*E la Mamma, caro figlio! E la Mamma!*" (and your own mother, my dear, what was she?) Many anecdotes were recited to us of his majesty's joy, at having escaped from the conjugal despotism of *La Mamma!* and in contrasting "*La Moglie del Rè*"

Portici, these sacred images were hung up for the occasion. In the dressing-room, all the necessaries of the toilette, in crystal and silver, still remain; even some silver brushes lying where the *femme-de-chambre* of the late fair inhabitant had left them. It is said, that Madame Murat carried even to affectation her determination of not removing any thing that belonged to her royal state, and took only what she considered personal and private property.* Portici was her

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and his minister Medici, with Caroline of Austria and her minister Acton. He frequently exclaims, in his Lazzarone dialect, "How happy I am! with a wife who lets me do what I will, and a minister who leaves me nothing to do."

* She is said to have left Naples with a considerable property in jewels. She, however, left all the palaces newly and superbly furnished, with plate, linen, pictures, &c. &c. &c.; two hundred horses in the stables, and one hundred and eight carriages. The King found the national debt cleared off; though in 1789 it amounted to twenty-nine millions, and was considerably increased during the interval of their Majesties return from Sicily. All this, however, has not softened the implacable king, whose hatred to the name of Murat is so inveterate, that on the occasion of a law process, which occurred while we were at Naples, the name of Madame Murat occurring in the course of evidence, the crown-lawyer, to avoid mentioning her name, called her "*La Moglie dell' Occupazione Militare*," "the wife of the military occupation." It was said in Naples that nothing would satisfy the King, but the life of the unfortunate Murat; and that half doubtful of the good news being true when it reached him, he expressed himself like the vindictive little boy in the drama of the "Children of the Wood,"

"Kill him again, Walter—kill him again."

favourite residence, and the numerous English and Irish nobility, whom she received there, can vouch for the courtesy and hospitality with which she did the honours of her palace.

Murat's apartments join his wife's: they were equally luxurious, splendid, and commodious; the hangings all silk and satin; the carpets all English and Turkey. The toilette splendid and elegant, as that of the vainest *petite maitresse*, or royal beauty. Close to his superb sleeping-room is a simple little cabinet, with a small white dimity camp-bed, where his secretary slept. Here, in this little bed of the ex-secretary, sleeps the Royal Bourbon—the legitimate King of Naples, when he makes his visits to Portici. It is said that he walks about the palace in endless amusement, admiring all the elegant finery of which he has become the master; but still adhering to the little dimity bed, and the secretary's closet, which resembles his own homely bed-room in his palace at Naples. He has added nothing but a large crucifix.

In an old lumber-room of this palace all the portraits of the Murat and Bonaparte family are huddled with broken chairs and mouldering tables; but there is a Cicerone to shew them, who expects to be as handsomely remunerated for the exhibition of the lumber-room, as for the museum of Portici, which is attached to the palace. This museum, so often described, and so well worth

describing, by those who can do justice to its merits, though now despoiled of its ancient bronzes, which are to be seen in the Musée Bourbon at Naples, still contains several hundred paintings, in fresco, taken from the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia. Though buried for eighteen hundred years, the colours of these antique paintings are wonderfully fresh. There was one that struck me particularly—it was a Sappho; her stylus pressed to her lip, and her tablets lying open before her. It probably decorated the cabinet of some learned lady of Pompeii; for many of the paintings still remaining on their sites, were evidently appropriate to the rooms they decorated.

Within a mile of the Portici Palace, stands the well-known *Favorita,* the villa of the late legitimate Medusa. In the second flight of the King of Naples to Sicily, this being the best furnished of the villas, the Queen carried every thing away with her; but every thing is now reinstated, after twenty years wear and tear. To each ragged chair-cover of old-fashioned French damask, or English calico, the *custode* of the Favorita observed, "*ha fatto il viaggio di Sicilia!*" (this has been to Sicily!) The Favorita is an ordinary building, miserably furnished, with nothing new or splendid but a fine crystal lustre, made in Naples, and lately hung up in the ball-room. It adds to the singularity of the villa, (but not to its

charm,) that Vesuvius hangs so immediately over it, that the lava seemed almost pouring into the windows, as we stood at them; the volcano being then in great activity, and a very slight shock of an earthquake having been felt that night at Naples.

During the whole of our stay in that capital, the mountain, though it never raged with that fury which adds alarm to admiration, was sufficiently active to excite an incessant interest. The ascent commences at Portici, where carriages are abandoned, and mules hired. The road is steep, but picturesque; and affords frequent views of the town and bay of Naples, of the greatest loveliness. As the elevation increases, the road is more frequently intersected by lava, the products of old eruptions, which pass, like dark and turbid torrents, through the vineyards. In one place we found a small space of a few square feet, between two streams of lava, an *oasis* in the desert, where the vegetation was not destroyed. On passing the hermitage, (where prayers and provisions, Litanies and Lacryma Christi, are prepared for adventurous travellers by two Franciscan monks, who constantly inhabit it,) an extensive plain, black and wavy with old lava, leads at once to the external base of the crater. Here the mules are left, and the journey is continued on foot. The guide takes the bridle of his mule, and, winding it round his body, gives one end to the traveller, and almost drags him up a nearly perpendicular

acclivity, partly formed of lava and partly of loose sand: this ascent, which requires an hour and a half to accomplish, is descended, on returning, in a few minutes. On arriving at the summit, the great crater was visible, throwing up, at intervals, showers of stones, with a tremendous noise, which kept us at a respectful distance; and we turned to the right, towards the side of the hill, to seek a lateral opening, at that time discharging a constant torrent of lava. To accomplish this object, we passed over an extensive surface, which resembled a sea suddenly congealed in the midst of its wildest agitation; and was covered with huge masses of scoriæ, often sufficiently warm to be unpleasant. On reaching the desired spot, (which a few days before had been liquid fire, and from which smoke and a sulphureous vapour were emitted at frequent air-holes,) by the sudden turn of an angle, we came unexpectedly upon a group of English dandies, of both sexes, of our acquaintance—the ladies with their light garments something the worse for the adventure, and all laughing, flirting, and chattering over a chasm, which exhibited the lava boiling and bubbling up within a few feet below where they stood. This was very pleasant, but it was very provoking! To have travelled so far!—to have endured all the exhaustion of inordinate fatigue, and other annoyances equally out of the sphere of daily habits of ease, in the vain hope of snatching at a new and a

strong sensation (the great spell of existence)—of meeting Nature, all solitary and sublime, in the awful process of one of her profoundest mysteries!—and then, to be put off with a *réchauffée* of the St. Carlos party of the preceding evening, and the sight of faces seen for nothing in the Paris circles during the preceding winter;—this was a terrible sacrifice of the sublime to the agreeable!—for, after all, it was no ungracious sight to behold so many laughing lovely English faces; and to see their fair owners led by a laudable curiosity and an energy of character that belongs alone to British women, seemingly superior to fatigue, reckless alike of the sun that sullied their bloom, and the lava that burnt their *chaussure*, and excoriated their feet. Still the intention of the visit was frustrated; it was in vain the mind returned to its sublime and terrific object. There was no awe mingled with its contemplation! It was vain to gaze on the thin and trembling crust which vaulted the crater, and separated the spectator from an abyss of flame! There was no recoil of the imagination: inquiries, compliments, and recognitions, mingled with the deep subterranean murmurs of the volcano; parties were made, for distant days, on the brink of the engine of instant destruction; and the surprise most audibly evinced, was that of a rencontre so strange! Each knew the other's face was

— — "Neither new nor rare—
But wonder'd how the devil it got there!"

To the geological student, Vesuvius is an inexhaustible treasure; and it is singular to observe, that the products of the lava are not now the same as in the older eruptions. Whatever new information the subject affords, the scientific public may expect from Sir H. Davy, who, with his habitual zeal for natural knowledge, was repeatedly on the mountain. Signor Monticelli, Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences, possesses a most extensive and invaluable collection of volcanic products, which the learned geologist will visit with the greatest advantage. The dabbling sciolist may purchase selected specimens at Portici, sufficient to give him a tolerable idea of the most remarkable features of volcanic formations.

The Town of Pompeii now stands revealed to view, no longer roofed with cinders, and covered with vineyards, or imperfectly excavated and dimly seen; but lighted with the same bright sun that shone on it a moment before that convulsive heave which buried millions, and poured destruction in showers of fire. Among all the great monuments of antiquity there is nothing comparable to this preserved specimen of the domestic architecture, domestic accommodation, and civil existence of the ancients. The city of Pompeii, after an inhumation of nearly eighteen hundred years, is now cleared and laid open; and it is entered like any other Italian town; except that the cry of "*Niente per la Dogana?*" does not grate on

the stranger's ears, and barrier police and *gens d'armerie* do not scare his eye*. The streets of Pompeii are narrow lanes, so narrow that no modern carriage could pass through them, though they exhibit the marks of wheels. They are lined with the façades of small plain buildings. The street entrance passed, a little court (the modern *cortile* of Florence and Rome) presents itself, sur-

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* The entrance to the city is, in fact, the exit from it, as it is the last part shewn by the Ciceroni. It is a long narrow paved avenue, thickly lined on either side with tombs. Prints giving a very accurate idea of this scene are not uncommon in England; but it would be very difficult to give a faithful representation of the moral effect it produces on the traveller, when seated upon one of the stone benches or alcoves which the ancients have placed along the road. In this scene of universal desolation, the order of associations is reversed; and the tombs, indicative of the regular course of nature, are less appalling and less melancholy than the habitations of living men overthrown and scattered by an occasional violence. The monuments thus placed by the ancients, where they daily met the eye of the population, fulfil their office more effectually than those of modern times; which, shut up between the four walls of a remote cemetery, seem rather raised for the purpose of oblivion. It is not, however, easy to determine which practice is to be preferred. Piety has a heavy discount to sustain on the score of ostentation; while the wisdom of encouraging or excluding ideas which refer to those who no longer make part of the living system of things, must be left to the sentimentality or epicurism of the reader.

At the epoch of the eruption which destroyed Pompeii, an earthquake also assisted in overthrowing the buildings. The appearance of the streets is therefore that of a town destroyed by fire, the lower stories alone remaining undisturbed.

rounded by a low range of building divided into small separate apartments, generally not so large as the cells of a convent. The walls of these little cabinets are frequently painted in frescoes, the birds, beasts, and flowers, sometimes well executed; the pavement in the better and larger houses, is of many-coloured mosaics; but, except in one superior mansion, called the house of Sallust*, we did not observe one room long enough to contain an English bed. In the centre of the court almost universally stood a marble fountain, or cistern for water. Many of the houses had shops turned to the streets, the signs carved in stone over the door. In a dairy-shop, the counter and places for the pans remained. An apothecary's shop was once designated by its contents, now removed to the museum; and a place of public refreshment was shewn us, which one of the guides called a *Caffé*†. The inference to be drawn from the smallness and incommodiousness of the private houses is, that the ancients, like the modern population of Rome and Naples, lived more abroad than in the house;

* This house stands in one of the most spacious of the streets, and is comparatively large; there is a little cabinet with a mosaic pavement, exquisitely beautiful. I think it was here we saw a good kitchen with places for stew-holes, &c. &c. &c.

† A modern traveller has added that the marks of the coffee-cups were visible; a remark also made by our guide, from whom perhaps he copied the observation.

and that the Forum, and the Temple, and the Circus, left them independent of home. The Forum excepted*, this is the existence of the present Italians, made up of the Corso, the church, and the opera.

To the simplicity and diminutiveness of the private edifices, the public places of Pompeii afford a striking contrast. Several of them, though roofless and dilapidated, gave a perfect impression of their original state and arrangement. In the temple of Isis the hour of sacrifice seems but just to have passed; and, except that the sanctuary is now open to the profane, it is precisely now as it was at that tremendous moment, when nature overwhelmed the impostors who were† debasing their dupes, by forcing a belief

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* The Forums are spacious, and strewn with broken columns and fragments of sculpture. In one of them we found all the workmen seated on blocks of marble or little wheelbarrows: it was their dinner-hour, and they were eating some fruit and bread. The number employed is small. The chief workman told us, that Murat used to turn a legion of soldiers in to dig, which accounts for more being done in the last few years, than for half a century before.

† In clearing this temple there were found the skeletons of two priests apparently occupied in their holy functions, in which they were surprised by the shower of cinders. The lamps, &c. &c. in which it abounded, and the statues of Venus and Bacchus, and of other minor deities, were all removed, and the whole very neatly cleaned and cleared out, as if some English housewife had presided over it.

that the sacrifice of an innocent life could appease an angry Deity! (an *angry* Deity!) If the altar is not stained with the blood of the victims, if the utensils of immolation are not scattered at its steps, if the gods adored (the Saints of those days) do not fill their niches, if the candelabra and the lamp do not glitter on the superb Doric columns, (still so perfect,) the change is not due to time; for time left them as research found them, hermetically sealed, and perfectly preserved. Even the priests stood beside the altar in their monkish habits* (the Franciscans or Dominicans of the order of Isis), and the Lotus bloomed, or the Ibis sported on the wall, as when many a knee bent devotionally before them,—when they were sacred as the lily of St. Joseph, or the lion of St. Mark. But the furniture of the magisterial house, the sacred utensils of the temples, the very pavements of the forum, were all carried off from this great and matchless relic, this precious bequest of Time and Nature to posterity. If only one house had been left furnished, only one temple had been permitted to remain, with all its accessaries, an illusion, worth a thousand realities, might have been preserved for the enjoyment of enthusiasm and taste; the

* Some portraits of priests, in grand *pontificalibus*, were found depicted on the walls: their tonsures and woollen robes strictly resembled the monastic costume.

imagination might then have been transported to ages "gone with those before the flood;" and one might, in fact, have occupied a seat on which Pliny reposed, or looked in the mirror that reflected the beautiful face of the patriotic and popular Eumachia!*

In the enjoyments of virtù, there are few sensations more pleasurable than that with which

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* It was our singular good fortune to visit Pompeii, just as one of the finest statues yet found there was discovered and excavated. It stood on the spot where it was dug up, without the least injury, supported by a wooden frame, on which it was to be carried off to the Museum at Naples. The inscription found near it intimated that it was the Priestess Eumachia, whose munificent donations to her native city were already well known and attested by inscriptions.† Nothing could be more beautiful than the face (of course a portrait), and the figure was full of grace and majesty. It is remarkable that the drapery was stained with a rose-coloured paint. M. Sommariva, so well known as a patron of the arts, was still more lucky than we were; he was on the spot, when the implement of a workman first came in contact with the head, and he saw the whole process of the excavation. He assured us, that "*Cela causa une très forte sensation;*" and I can well believe it, even in one less devoted to the arts than himself. Through his representation, the removal of this statue was prevented. It is now set up under cover, in the precise spot where it was found.

† Of these we copied the following, newly discovered. It is likewise repeated in large letters, round the magnificent frieze of another building. Eumachia L. F. Sacerdos. D. Publ. nomine suo et M. Numistr. Frontonis fili. Chalcidicum, Cryptam, Porticus Concordiæ Augustæ Pietati, sua pequnia fecit eademq. dedicavit.

the *Museo Borbonico* is entered, after a visit to Pompeii; when we proceed to that range of apartments specially consecrated to the relics of the buried cities of Vesuvius, and called "*La Galleria di Pesto, Pompeii, Pozzuoli,*" &c. &c. &c.

This collection presents a series of history taught by forms! of records preserved in material objects; and the precise degree of civilization to which the ancients had attained, is here learned more effectually in the details of their kitchens, banqueting-rooms, and toilettes, than in the familiar letters of Cicero and Pliny, and in all the ruins, or all the rubbish of Rome. Here nothing is wanting to complete the series of information conveyed to posterity, but the generation itself who benefited by these accommodations and elegancies; and who seem to have been buried alive for the information of future races. Nothing but such a convulsion of nature as annihilated the unhappy inhabitants of Pompeii and Herculaneum, could have preserved such memorials of ancient habits and manners, during the one thousand eight hundred years which have intervened.

The first room of the gallery contains the furniture of kitchens evidently belonging to some houses of consideration. The French *baterie de cuisine* seems to have invented nothing, not to have added a *casserole* to the gastronomic necessaries of antiquity. From the elegant silver but-

ter-melter of a Parisian Amphitryon, to the capacious turbot-boiler of an English alderman, every culinary article may be found among the *débris* of the kitchens of Pompeii. The specific purposes of these vessels are evident; but the elegance of their workmanship leaves modern luxury hopeless. Cullenders, sieves, pots, kettles, saucepans, &c. &c. are almost all of bronze or fine metal. Many afford evidence of having been silvered within; and the handles were of such exquisite forms that any one of them might afford a subject for taste to descant on. To the kitchen succeeded the contents of the pantry—knives, spoons, &c. The water-urn, having a place for a heater, was beautiful beyond description, and might now serve the purposes of the most *recherché* tea-table. A stove that shews an anticipation of Rumford discoveries, and combines great elegance with economy, is in form and construction infinitely superior to the modern Italian *brasier**, and, like that, probably was placed in the centre of the apartments. The household bell is not only most exquisite in its workmanship, but clear and silvery in its tones. The scales are finely wrought,

* The stove represented a fortress, with a double wall and four towers, which might be filled with water, and had a cock to pour it out. It served at the same time for a *chauffe-pied*. There were several ingenious modes of heating water, and all evidently with a view to economy of fuel.

and the weights moulded in beautiful busts. Several dishes of bronze, silvered, and exquisitely chased, with handles to come off and on, evince the fine organization of a people who sought, even in the coarsest details of life, for forms to gratify their elegant and high-wrought imaginations.

The furniture of an adjoining room is still more sumptuous and ingenious; it contains objects belonging to the best apartments of private houses, and to the temples. The principal and most beautiful among these are the lamps, endless in variety of form, size, and workmanship. Some of them, with other toys, were the furniture of some Pompeian girl's baby-house. Numbers were hung by the most beautifully wrought chains, others were for standing on their own bases, or with branches, &c. &c. Some now stand on fine-formed tripods, as when they lighted a vestibule, or a sleeping-room; and both are so delicate and small, that a French *petite-maitresse*, having sealed a billet-doux with the flame of the lamp, might have put the lamp and tripod into her ridicule. Many of the tripods are made to shut up in a very small compass, and are portable. The vases of bronze and alabaster are countless and unrivalled by any thing in modern invention, both for shape and ornament. Seats, of the most beautiful bronze, fold up like garden-chairs. The writing-

stands might equally answer for a Pliny, or for an Aspasia.

Then comes a series of evidences of the dissipation and vanity of the ancients: dice, tickets for the theatres (like the opera-bones of the Haymarket); some probably belonging to the genius of fashion—the Lady J——, of Herculaneum; dressing-boxes that might answer for the *trousseaus* of the royal brides of the Bourbons; mirrors small and portable, of polished metal; rouge more durable than *Martin* ever sold*; bodkins, bracelets, and combs of every size and form, not only most delicately wrought for the golden tresses of patrician beauty, but great horn-combs for the matted locks of negligent plebeians—a hint to the government of Naples, on which it might improve, by establishing a comb-manufactory, and issuing an ukase to oblige the people to buy and use its produce.

The number of vases, indiscriminately and vulgarly called Etruscan, is immense; many made of fine earth, and representing beautiful groups on their polished surfaces, seemed to have been the porcelain of antiquity; and, by the cups and ewers of the same material, one might be tempted to adopt the creed of the Cicerone of Pompeii, and suppose that the Roman ladies sipped coffee

* If it be not, as has been said, placed by the late Queen amongst the antiquities for a *hoax*.

at their villas on the coasts of Portici and Posilipo. The elegant little bronze bedsteads on which the idols were placed at certain festivals of the gods (when scenes were represented like the Presepio's of* Christian Italy), give a perfect idea of a domestic couch, and account for the smallness of the rooms in which they were placed: they differ but little from what is called the Grecian scroll in modern furniture!

A collection of Egyptian vases and figures, which were the antiquities of our ancients, afford an image of their antiquarian cabinets, and aptly close the most interesting and singular collection in the world.

The *Museo Borbonico* is a noble, spacious, and very ancient building, raised by a Neapolitan noble, before the name of Bourbon was ever heard of in Naples. It was originally intended for an *écurie*, and was afterwards converted into the

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* The *Presepio* is a scenic representation of the Birth of Christ, got up in many of the Churches, and in some private houses, in Rome and Naples, at Christmas time. We saw one in the old church of Ara Cœli at Rome. There was a regular stage, with side wings, &c. &c. The back-ground was mountain scenery; several peasants (large wooden puppets) were descending with panniers of real fruit, flasks of oil, &c. &c. The front scene was the stable; the infant Christ, superbly dressed, in the cradle; the Virgin Mother in an old opera-dress, tawdry and faded, receiving the Wise Men and their offerings, &c. &c. Several living devotees were depositing baskets of fruit, &c. &c. while we looked on.

palace of the university by the Count de Lemos, a Spanish viceroy. It is open for the public, and the public has rarely an opportunity of benefiting by a more delightful privilege. It is divided into various schools, or halls, dedicated to the arts; and besides those already described, contains a gallery of marbles*, of bronzes, of Egyptian antiquities, of medals, of articles in crystal, ivory, bone, plaster, &c. &c. the room of the papyrus †;

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* The "wounded Gladiator," just struck and falling to the earth, and the "Aristides" of this collection, appeared to us the finest, because the most vital (if the term be admissible) we had seen—not even excepting the Miracles of the Vatican and the Capitol:—both of these statues seem actually in movement.

† In this room we visited Sir Humphry Davy, who was employed in unrolling the manuscripts, which, reduced to a state of charcoal by the eruption, have thus been preserved for modern inspection. There has been already unrolled a Treatise on Music, by Philodemus; two books of Epicurus, and the fragments of an heroic poem attributed to Rabirius. Most of the seventeen hundred manuscripts found in Herculaneum, are, it is said, capable of being unrolled. Those which are daily found in Pompeii are reduced to dust by humidity, and are beyond recall.

The process by which the MSS. are displayed is curious. A small frame, resembling a bookbinder's sewing-frame, supports the tissue to which the scales of the volumen, as it is unrolled, are attached with a strong gum. The characters traced upon the substance are only distinguished by a slight shade of difference in the blackness of the whole charred surface. The operation has succeeded so far as to discover the text (with many

a library containing one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, four thousand of which are of the fourteenth century, and three thousand manuscripts, &c. &c. &c. In ascending the grand staircase, a spacious window commands a view of a Greco-Roman cemetery in a neighbouring garden. Here many Greek and Roman tombs have been discovered, and many still remain to be excavated: it is a most curious and interesting object.*

The most beautiful site in a picturesque point of view, in the environs of Naples, is the new road laid out by Murat. It winds round the acclivities of the delicious promontory of Posilipo, hanging above the bay, looking down on fine ruinous masses of ancient palaces washed by the waves, and reflecting on the blue waters every form of dilapidated architecture which painters love, and moonlight heightens into the very ideal of roman-

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lacunæ, indeed, but tolerably legible); but there is little to be expected from this source in the way of discovery. An immense number of volumes have been so far unrolled as to ascertain their contents, and there are scarcely any of intrinsic value; being such as might be expected in the obscure library of an obscure country town. Much more may be hoped from the labours of the Abate Mai, in retracing the half obliterated MS. of palimpsestic parchments.

* See on this subject *Memoria di un antico Sepolcreto Greco-Romano da Lorenzo Giustiniani.*

tic scenery.* These ruins, beautiful in decay, recall various epochs in Neapolitan story. Here moulder the last traces of the Gothic pavilions of the famous Joan of Naples, whose beauty, genius, asserted crimes, and real misfortunes, form a counterpart to the fate and story of Mary of Scotland! Then come the shattered halls of Spanish viceroys, where many a sumptuous revel was held, furnished at the expense of a people's privations; and the less noted masses of tottering villas which skirt the *Scoglio di Virgilio*, unite the last modern casino of a tasteful English lady † to the sites of the *Mare-chiano*, where stood the villa of Pollio, and the maritime retreat of Lucullus, which forms the extremity of the promontory of Posilipo, a savage rock, from among whose wild entangled shrubs springs the Indian fig. ‡

* Naples, the country of Salvator Rosa, has always been a favourite residence for foreign painters, who, leaving their native places to fix in Rome, generally finish by settling in Naples. Here Angelica Kauffman established her home; and the Swiss Huber, and the Dutchman Pilloo, having seen Naples, could no longer exist out of it. Were it not for the social evils perpetuated by its despotic government, and all the fatal institutes it has revived, Naples would undoubtedly be the most agreeable residence in Italy.

† Her Serene Highness the Margravine of Anspach, whose beautiful little garden and pavilion look as if she had carried them from the banks of the Thames to the shores of the Mediterranean packed up in an *etui!*

‡ The site occupied by the ruins called *Scoglio di Virgilio*, is

Above this enchanting coast, which places within view so many islands and islets of classic interest and picturesque beauty, rises that hill, whose Greek name is said to intimate its original beauty, and which will ever be remembered by those who have visited it, as one of the loveliest sites on which nature and art have conferred their combined gifts—the hill or promontory of Posilipo! Its chain of undulations girdles a great part of the city, and spreads its paradise for three miles along the southern coast. Pleasure and Piety have alike chosen it, in all ages, for their enjoyment or retreat. Here Tiberius and Lucullus have revelled, where the dark Dominican* and rigid Carmelite now hold their tribunal, and raise their shrines. Here the pious Muse of Sannazaro†

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said to contain the ruins of Lucullus's villa, one of the many which that elegant voluptuary possessed along this coast. At the Cape of Posilipo is also the supposed site of the fisheries of Vidius Pollio; but all this is now debatable ground, since the new light of antiquarianism has shone in upon it—and

"Nothing is but what is not,"

* The church and convent of the Dominicans, in Santa Brigida, and the convent of the Carmelites, in Santa Maria del Paradiso, are on the Posilipo.

† On the eastern acclivity of the promontory stands the famous *Mergellina*, given to Giacopo Sannazaro, the secretary of Frederick, King of Naples, as a recompense (and by the poet thought an inadequate one) for his services. Its beauty, if not its value, rendered it, however, infinitely precious in his eyes, and his palace and his gardens rivalled those of Armida—when

chanted her hymns in groves and gardens, which Paphos could not rival. Here Virgil sleeps in his bower—the altar of Boccacio's pilgrimage; and Minerva and Apollo still receive the homage of the pietist, under the venerable names of Judith and David. Every where the spires of churches and convents mingle with villas and belvederes, amidst lovely scenes that still recall and justify the eulogiums of their inspired tenant, whose tomb adds new interest to the site he celebrated—

> O lieta piaggia, O solitaria valle!
> O accolto monticel! che mi difendi
> D' ardente sole con le tue ombrose spalle,
> O fresco e chiaro rivo, che discendi
> Nel verde prato, tra fiorite sponde,
> E dolce ad ascoltar mormorio rendi, ecc. ecc.
>
> SANNAZARO.

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lo! one of the Emperor's (Charles the Fifth) generals (a Prince of Orange) led his barbarian Germans over the Elysium of the Mergellina, and wasted the gardens and plundered the palace of the poet. In the spirits occasioned by this disaster, brought on him by these Vandal plunderers, Sannazaro gave up the world, and founded a church on the ruins of his villa, which he dedicated, strangely enough, "*Al Santissimo Parto della grande Madre del Dio,*" 1510, having composed four books on the same subject. In this church is his tomb, and two antique statues of Minerva and Apollo, christened David and Judith. In the sixteenth century, the general of the Emperor of Germany levelled to the earth the dwelling of one of the greatest poets of the age. In the nineteenth, an Emperor of Germany, the native and lord of Italy, boasts of never having read one of the greatest poets Italy produced in any age—Ariosto! Francis the First, how-

There is one ascent of the Posilipo peculiarly romantic and sequestered. This narrow and steep defile is richly wooded, skirted with brambles and underwood, clothed with clematis and honeysuckles, and shaded by lofty oaks and elms: it abruptly terminates at the edge of a precipice, in a little grass-plat before a hermit's hut, or at least a little cell, which some cenobite might have raised with his own hands; myrtles and laurels spring from its crevices, and the rich ivy which embosses it falls before its rugged entrance, like a fantastic drapery. The interior answers to the romantic rudeness of all without; the earthen floor and humid walls are dimly lighted by a little arched window, half shaded by plants. From this aperture the scene beneath is one of magic!—some wizard's cave! or sibyl's grotto! wondrous to gaze on, and impossible to account for! The long narrow perspective would escape beyond the eye, but for the bright blue beam of day admitted at either end, and reduced by distance to a point of light! while the centre, above which the spectator gazes, is hung with lamps pending from the rocky roof, shedding at distant intervals a yellow lustre upon the massy walls, and falling with still more striking effect

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never, *is not Charles the Fifth;* nor has one of the redeeming qualities of that clever despot descended with his crown to him, so well termed by his conqueror and son-in-law, "*Ce grand ganache d' Autriche.*"

on the moving groups which pass and repass in silent haste this subterraneous excavation. Sometimes their rays fall on a monkish procession, following an uncovered corpse upon a bier, with torch and crucifix; sometimes upon the gaudy-dressed peasant of Pozzuoli, laden with market panniers, or driving a team of mules; and sometimes on the elegant English barouche, or the Neapolitan calesh, with its numerous and most grotesque fare. The eye grows dim as it gazes on the moving and magic panorama, from the dizzy height above! and the spectator often withdraws to contemplate the cell from whence this cavern is best viewed. The cell—is the sepulchre of Virgil! the cave is the grotto of Posilipo!*

The country on this side Naples, Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Misenum, &c. &c. will occupy the most

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* Called by the natives *Grotta di Pozzuoli.* To avoid passing this grotto, the only road from Naples to Pozzuoli, Murat imagined his fine road along the edge of the outside of the hill. Of this singular monument there is nothing new to be said: it is still doubted whether it be the work of the inhabitants of Cuma, or of the Romans. Strabo and Seneca, who passed through it, have both described it; but the most material changes and improvements have been made in it by Alphonso the First, of Arragon, and the Viceroy Don Pietro di Toledo. It is now kept in good order, and well lighted in the centre day and night. On entering it, and on leaving it, the effect is indescribable. The tomb of Virgil is still disputed by antiquaries; but what it is gracious to believe, it is folly to doubt; and one is tempted to consider the laurel which still grows over it, like a crown.

cursory antiquary for many days. For several miles the coast abounds in the remains of temples, villas, amphitheatres, and the sites of ancient song; every rood leaves a point to investigate, or a dispute to decide. Among the multifarious objects, however, there are few sufficiently perfect to interest the general inquirer, by their power of illustrating the internal œconomy of civil life, like those of Pompeii. But the indescribable richness of the loveliest scenery that can delight the senses, makes ample amends for the fatigue of descending into holes, nicknamed the caves of sibyls; of plunging into the damp chill atmosphere of buried amphitheatres, not very unlike wine-cellars; or of wandering over broken rubbish among tottering walls, by courtesy dignified with historic titles. The whole of this line of country is also the site of an extinct volcano, whose activity most probably ceased when that of Vesuvius commenced; though the formation of the Monte Nuovo is of a far more recent date. The lake of Agnano forms one crater, the lake of Avernus (a lake in Virgil's time) is another, and the eye of science will trace many more within a few miles. The hill of Posilipo is tufa; and the same substance, seamed with frequent veins of lava, forms the soil of the whole country. The lake Agnano yet retains two traces of its original formation, in the *Grotta del Cane*, emitting for ages an unceasing stream of

carbonic acid; and within an hundred yards, the vapour-baths of St. Germano, which are produced by simply scratching the earth; when dense and hot mineral vapours exhale and form an atmosphere esteemed powerful in the cure of rheumatism. The Solfatara, a crater that can scarcely be said to be yet extinct, emits at all times a dense smoke; and sufficient sulphur is sublimed from the abyss below (whose vault resounds like thunder to a blow struck on the earth) to supply a manufactory, which, when Sicily was shut out from Naples, provided for the consumption of the continental kingdom. There is also a considerable manufacture of alum; and there too, baths, more active than those of San Germano, are said to prove highly serviceable in pulmonary diseases. But these objects of scientific and antiquarian research are alike foreign from the scope of the present work and the acquirements of its author. They are amply detailed in the writings of the scientific, and even of itinerary compilers, to which the public has an abundant access: to repeat their details here would be alike superfluous and presumptuous.

On the highest of the high hills which encircle Naples, stands the superb Monastery of the *Cameldules*. It is well worth ascending to, though scarcely *rotabile*, as the Italians call their coach-roads: it commands a view of Vesuvius, Solfatara, Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Misenum, and even the

shores of Cuma and Gaeta!—the finest natural panorama that can well be imagined; yet almost rivalled by other hills, crowned with forts and convents, the true representatives of the government and its institutes—force and error.

It is the fashion to decry the architecture of Naples, and to echo the laconic observation of a modern French traveller, "*Ici pas un bon morçeau d'architecture!*" But if the architecture is not good, it is singular: sometimes picturesque, sometimes grotesque, but never out of the pale of the imagination, save when its cumbrous imitations aim at the Grecian. Some of the three hundred and thirty churches of Naples are extremely well worth seeing (though not a duty imposed by the Cicerone code). Some built by the princes of the House of Anjou, are Gothic and ponderous: such is the cathedral where the miracle of *San Gennaro* (or Januarius) is still performed, to the amusement of the mob and the disgust of the better orders *, and the church

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* During the first occupation of the French the miracle failed, and was so designedly conducted for the purpose of agitating the people, and producing a re-action; but the French general sent a very peremptory order to the Saint to "do his spiriting gently," under pain of making an example of the attending priests, which he promptly obeyed. When the miracle fails, the people load the Saint with all manner of abuse and execration, and woe to the foreigner who shall continue in the church in this juncture: the failure is soon attributed to his heretical presence, and he is sure to be outraged, if not injured.

of *San Dominico,* raised in the year 1284. Others have a Moorish character, like that of *San Giacomo dei Spagnuoli;* where the fine mausoleums of Pietro di Toledo and his wife are well worth observation. The church of *San Giovanni a Carbonara* (a name that I suppose will soon be changed, as one of ill omen even for a church) is the Westminster Abbey of Naples, and abounds in fine old monuments dedicated to its rulers of all countries. Here the Anjous and the Arragons repose at last in peace, and mingle their dust together.

The Church of Saint Clare *(Santa Chiara)* is, for its antiquity and magnificence, the most attractive in Naples; begun in the year 1318, by Robert, King of Naples, and the Queen, Sancia of Arragon, his wife. The fine monument of its royal founder is its principal ornament. Take it altogether, with its great antiquity and beautiful workmanship, it is one of the most singular mausoleums in Italy. There is here also an inscription to the unfortunate Giovanna, the first Queen of Naples; though her ashes rest in the Church of Saint Francesco. She was praying in her oratory, in her prison of Monte St. Angelo, when four Hungarian bravoes, the subjects of her cruel brother-in-law, and the instruments of her *protegé* Charles Duras, rushed into her holy asylum and strangled her. Naples abounds in monuments and recollections of her, who was the patroness

of all the learned of her day, and the friend of Boccacio.*

The Convent of Saint Clare, attached to the Church, was one of the most distinguished and wealthy of Italy. It was founded exclusively for ladies of noble birth; and was, in fact, meant to afford means of getting rid of the over-stocked population of the aristocracy of Naples; where the elder daughters of the nobles alone found suitable alliances. This vast monastery, a short time before the Revolution, contained four hundred nuns, though the order is the most rigid in Naples. When that epoch arrived, the convent was dissolved; the noble and wealthy dames were pensioned off, at ten scudi a month; and the estates of this opulent establishment went to clearing off the national debt, and other purposes. Since the Restoration, the convent is re-opened, if not in all its wealth, at least with all its honours and distinctions; and the number of young and lovely women, of rank and family, already incarcerated within its gloomy cells, amounted, when we were at Naples, to an hundred and forty. For them there is no world—no ties—no human feeling: the dark high walls once past, the ponderous

* Voltaire and Mignot have both made the defence of this beautiful and witty Queen—accused of sanctioning the murder of her husband, another Darnley, when but nineteen. She has afforded to La Harpe the subject of a very feeble tragedy.

gates once shut, the fate of the victim is inevitable; and anecdotes were related to us of sacrifices made, and victims immolated within the "darksome rounds" of the monastery, which chilled the heart of the hearer. Many of the old Neapolitan nobles—poor, proud, and bigoted—sanctioned in their ancient prejudices by the reigning order of things, have readily availed themselves of the revival of convents; and many fair young persons, educated liberally and elegantly, during the last ten years, have been obliged to submit to a fate, which can only be rendered endurable by the ignorance, credulity, and bigotry of those who may voluntarily submit to it.

We entered the Church of Saint Clare by one of the long cloisters leading to the Convent, as the Church was undergoing some preparations for the ensuing Passion-Week. This cloister had precisely the air of the property or painting-room of a theatre. Here were literally drop-scenes, the wings and ornaments of the *Presepio*, sky-hangings, representations of cottages and stables, cows, and wise men of the East, painted offerings, worn-out Madonnas and Magdalens, not worthy the asylum afforded them. Two workmen were boiling size, and laying gold-leaf on a piece of machinery,—the "note of preparation" for the ensuing season, when the scene of Mount Calvary was to be represented at *Santa Chiara*, as we saw it at Rome. Saying something on the

subject to one of the workmen, he raised his brush from the canvass he was gilding, and observed, "*Sarà una scena stupenda!*"—"It will be a stupendous scene!"

Behind the great altar of this truly magnificent church runs a long iron grating, every bar pointed with iron spikes, directed against the eyes of the profane spectators, whose curiosity approaches to see "that within which passeth show." It is the choir, a most impressive scene. The distinguished seats and *Prie-Dieux*, for the abbess and dignitaries of the order, and all the paraphernalia of piety, which decorate this living tomb, were sad spectacles. This choir, where the nuns attend public service, is, in itself, a fine church, strongly marked by monastic splendour. The gilded cage of the captives, a gallery or cloister of gilt lattice-work, runs entirely round the exterior church, and communicates with the convent. Here the nuns are permitted (themselves unseen) to take glimpses of that world they have abandoned for ever. Here they behold friends! parents! perhaps *one* that was more than either, issuing forth in the nave below (their duty paid) to those scenes of sunny loveliness which they themselves shall never more behold! This latticed gallery, and its purposes, remind the observer of the gilt and skreened galleries of the Turkish seraglios, where nuns of another description are imprisoned by the tyranny and folly of

man—Nature's laws equally violated or transgressed by the followers of Mahomet and the professors of Christianity.

Of the Royal Palace of Naples, and the Royal Villas, there is little to be said; the former is spacious but heavy, united by a bridge to the old fortress of Castel Nuovo, and all its appanage of arsenals, magazines, and the dens of the galley-slaves.* The villas of the *Poggia Reale, Capo del Monte, Caserta*, &c. &c. are most remarkable for their position. Some of them serve the King as hunting-lodges, but are otherwise rarely inhabited.

The old palaces of the nobility, in the dark

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* The King is said scarcely to have known his Palace on his return to Naples, Murat having cleared away all the confined avenues that surrounded it, thrown down two convents, which, with their cemeteries, stood immediately opposite to it, and raised those elegant edifices and colonnades in their place, which still remain to be finished. This change is said to have surprised and pleased Ferdinand the Fourth; no less than the fine furniture, clean rooms, and flower-knots of Madame Murat; and more than once he expressed himself in good Neapolitan, much to the same purpose as one, who, like his Majesty, was the victim of an incomprehensible transition—

"These fifteen years, by my fay, a goodly nap!
Am I lord! or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly;—
Now Lord be thanked, for my good amends!"

Taming of the Shrew.

narrow lanes of the old part of the city, built round little cloistral courts, are melancholy fabricks, ill furnished, and bearing every mark of time and negligence. Those of a more modern date, in the Toledo and the other comparatively spacious avenues, though large, are little notable for the beauty of their architecture: and the elegant modern houses of that unrivalled site, the *Chiaja*, the "*Vaghissima Piaggia*" (most lovely shore) of the Neapolitans, present a striking contrast, in their freshness, elegance, and accommodations, to the edifices of the Anjous and the Arragons, and those of the Spanish Viceroy, or the lawless Neapolitan barons. These residences are all of a modern date; and white walls, green jealousies, light balconies, and gay verandas, accord well with the beautiful gardens of the *Villa Reale*, which spread before them, without excluding the view of the Bay over which these public gardens hang*. The *Chiaja* is principally inha-

* Among the Neapolitan houses which we frequented, the Palaces of the Princess Belmonte, of the Marchese Berio, and the Archbishop of Tarentum (Monseigneur Capecelatro), were good illustrations of the various epochs of architecture here alluded to. The very ancient palace of the Princess Belmonte stands in a street so narrow, that having entered it in a carriage, there is no retreat, as there is no room to turn even with crane-necks. The Palazzo Berio, in the Toledo, with very ordinary architecture, is rendered, by the taste of its master, one of the most elegant residences in Italy. The sitting-rooms abound in rich

bited by the *corps diplomatique*, and foreign visitants of all countries, who either hire apartments in the houses of some Italian Prince or Noble, or occupy apartments in the numerous hotels, in which this part of Naples abounds—in either case the price is enormous, and in every respect Naples, to a stranger, is perhaps the dearest place in Europe after London.

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hangings and English carpets. The spacious gallery contains some good original pictures; and the beautiful, the cultivated garden, a paradise of flowers, though in the heart of the city, contains a Grecian temple, in which stands Canova's famous group of Venus and Adonis; it is a parting scene—Venus still detaining him, and Adonis so evidently impatient to be off, that one is tempted to turn the key on him. The Palace of the Archbishop of Tarentum is a most irregular building, on an eminence commanding the whole Bay-scenery: the private apartments are luxuriously commodious, elegant, and cleanly; the state-rooms are spacious and noble. The gallery contains some pictures of Salvator Rosa, Titian, Giorgione, Correggio, Caravaggio, Luca Giordano, and Morillo; but the Archbishop's medals and engraved gems are much more rare and valuable than his pictures—

"*Né pour tous les arts, il a tous les talens.*"

CHAP. XXIV.

NAPLES.

Historic Sketch.—Greek Antiquity.—Normans.—Houses of Anjou and Arragon.—Viceroys.—Insurrection of Massaniello.—Charles the Third.—Ferdinand the Fourth.—Caroline of Austria.—Acton.—Their Mal-Administration and Proscriptions.—French Revolution.—Re-action of the Populace.—Return of the King.—Massacres.—Second Abdication.—Joseph Bonaparte King.—Salicetti.—Murat King.—Restoration.—State of Naples during the Spring of 1820, and antecedent to the Constitutional Revolution.—Society.—General Observations.—The People.—Their Influence in the late Revolutions.—Itinerant Readers.—Lazzaroni.—The Upper Classes.—The Carbonari.—Accademia Nobile.—Private Society.—Distinguished Characters.—Anecdotes.—Music.—San Carlos.—Opera of Moisé.—San Carlino.—Pulchinello. Commedia Sagra.

Naples, with her fabulous origin and Argonautic foundation, the land of the Syrens, the Parthenope of antiquity, preserved the religion, habits, and language of Greece, from whence she was colonized, even long after she became a part of the Roman empire. In the fifth century the Neapolitan territories shared the common fate of the rest of Italy; and, after a long struggle for inde-

pendence with Greeks and Saracens, with the upstart princes of Benevento, Capua, and Gaeta, Naples fell under the dominion of a band of Norman adventurers; and the sons of Tancred de Hauteville ruled, lords of a soil so long coveted with avidity, and disputed with ferocity by Popes and Emperors. The race of the Norman barons degenerated as rapidly as it had risen; and the crimes of William the Bad, the son and successor of the Prince Roger, did not permit his flatterers to place an inscription on his tomb.* The intrigues of the Popes and the ambition of the Emperors still continued to have Naples for their object. The treasonable habit in which the Pontiffs indulged of resorting to foreign aid, and calling armed strangers into the plains of Italy, was fatal to Naples above all other States. The House of Anjou, invited to oppose the claims of Arragon by the jealousy of successive Popes, perpetuated war and anarchy, despotism and licentiousness, which desolated the kingdom under its various sovereigns for more than a century; and Spain and France alternately ruled or spoliated the fairest portion of the peninsula.†

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* 1166.

† La nation Napolitaine a toujours été la victime de leurs défaites, comme de leurs victoires.—Revue Encyclopédique, vol. iii. p. 294.

In the latter end of the fifteenth century, the death of Alphonso of Arragon, King of Naples, who died without heirs, brought to issue the claims of his nephew, Ferdinand the Catholic, and of Louis the Twelfth, the successor of the ancient Kings of Naples of the house of Anjou. Less romantic than Charles d'Anjou and Peter of Arragon *; these royal candidates, setting aside the rights of Frederick, the reigning legitimate prince, shared the spoils between them; while Pope Alexander the Sixth (the faithful ally of the Turk) consecrated their acts of violence by his countenance and sanction. Disputes however arose in the division of the plunder: Louis the Twelfth was defeated, and gave up, in 1505, a crown to which he had no right. Naples then became an appanage to the house of Austria; and Charles the Fifth, his monster son Philip the Second, and their cruel and bigoted descendants, successively governed this beautiful and unhappy country, by that refinement upon all bad government, *the delegated power of foreign despotism.*

The misrule, cruelty, and exactions of the

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* See an account of the duels fought between these rival pretenders to the crown of Naples, and by Louis Duke of Anjou, and Charles Duras, in the Mémoires Historiques, Politiques, et Litéraires du Royaume de Naples, par M. Le Comte Gregoire Orloff.

Spanish viceroys, threw the suffering Neapolitans beyond the pale of civilization. Their imposts upon the abundant produce of that teeming soil, on which Nature has lavished all her bounty, continually reduced the people to famine, perpetuated their poverty, and drove them, in 1647, into that well-known and formidable insurrection which has given the name and feats of an obscure young fisherman to posterity, and bequeathed to the people of Naples the threat, so often and so vainly used under the reiterated oppressions of centuries.* The sufferings of the Neapolitans

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* "*I Massanielli non sono morti.*" "The Massaniellos are not dead." The imposts laid upon fruit of all descriptions, called *Gabella de' frutti*, by the tyrannical Duke of Arcos, Viceroy of Naples under Philip the Third, in 1647, caused the insurrection of the people, of which Thomas Anello, called by the people "Mas' Anello," was the chief. His story and fate are too well known to need repetition.

When we were at Naples, the venerable Archbishop of Tarentum, who has so many claims to esteem and celebrity, shewed us a most curious original picture of Massaniello and his good dame, taken on the day that he forced the viceroy to sup with him at Posilippo, and that his wife and sisters went to pay the vice-reine a visit of ceremony at the royal palace. There is something semi-barbarous in the expression of their countenances, which contrasts curiously with their grotesque finery.

Cardinal Fesche shewed us another original picture in Rome of this piscatory demagogue! He is dressed in his fisherman's simple and picturesque habit. I think, but I am not certain, that his Eminence told us this picture was done by Salvator Rosa. This is at least possible, as that true Neapolitan spirit

then induced them to seek and accept any succour that was offered, even from the wildest adventurer. The romantic Duke de Guise became their champion; and a republic in Naples, like that of Holland, was dreamed of both by the chief and the people. It is curious to remark, that both had nearly gained their object, and that the party of De Guise was as strong among the nobles as the people, when, by a *ruse de guerre*, the Spaniards possessed themselves of his person, and carried him prisoner to Spain.

The Spanish kings reigned undisputed masters of this fairest portion of Italy down to the moment when the feeble grandson of Louis the Fourteenth occupied the throne of Charles the Fifth, when the House of Austria put in claims not worth discussing, and the wars between France and the empire long continued to desolate Europe, in the cause of two despots, who had neither any legitimate right to reign over a distant land of whose language they were both ignorant. It is sufficient to observe, that after treaties, and breaches of treaties, by which a few individuals disposed of the fate of nations, and bartered by the stroke of a pen the liberties and

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took an active part in Massaniello's revolt, and amused himself in the cave of the conspirators by drawing all their fierce pictures by torch-light.—See "*Vita di Salvator Rosa*," prefixed to his Satires.

rights of millions, Don Carlos, son of the then reigning King of Spain, and already Duke of Parma, took possession of the kingdom of Naples in 1734, which was guaranteed to him in 1736 by the same pact which, issuing from the Troppau of that day, secured (or was supposed to secure) Lorraine to France, Parma and Milan to the Emperor of Austria, Tuscany to the Dukes of Lorraine, and the cities of Tortona and Novara to the new King of Sardinia; while Poland, unhappy Poland, was left for the future spoliation of other royal triflers.

On the accession of Don Carlos the Third, King of Naples, the people of that distracted country, for the first time after the lapse of centuries, saw a resident king. This sovereign evinced a disposition to reform, whose impulses were directed with considerable wisdom; and, during his short reign, enough was done to give great promise of future benefit. He lessened the privileges of feudality, more oppressive in Naples than elsewhere in Italy; and circumscribed the power of the barons, which had left the people without property, real or personal. The national energies began to develope themselves: subsistence became more easy to acquire; the people, less harassed, became also less lawless. Still many abuses, the growth of centuries, remained. The administration remained in the hands of lawyers (a body who, with the name of "*Paglietti*,"

amounted to thirty thousand), and the "law's delay" embarrassed every procedure. Each minister acted in his own department independently of the rest, and without any union or council. Each rank in life was amenable only to its own tribunals; and interminable disputes concerning the competence of the different courts, scarcely left the thirty thousand lawyers idle.

When the death of the King of Spain called his brother the King of Naples to the throne, in 1759, Naples, ere breathing-time was allowed her from her former miseries, entered on a new era of suffering and degradation. Don Carlos had three sons, none of them worthy of such a sire. The eldest was destined for the throne of Spain, and succeeded to it; the second was set aside from absolute fatuity; and the third, no very promising child* of seven years old, was proclaimed king of the Two Sicilies, by the title of Ferdinand the Fourth, as his father embarked for his new empire of Spain.

* Young and neglected as was this little king (his present Majesty of the Two Sicilies), an anecdote of his childhood proves his early vocation towards "*son metier de roi.*" The King, his father, hesitated which of his sons he would make King of Naples. On the decision being known, the Prince of Asturias, who was playing with his brother, observed—"I then am destined to govern the greatest States in the world." The little sovereign of Naples replied—"Yes, you may be a king, but I am one." The Prince of Asturias was the late King of Spain, who died, almost a monk, at Rome.

With an increase of power the wisdom of Don Carlos seemed to decline, and his ambition

"Grew with what it fed on."

Sovereign of a vast empire, embracing the most fertile territories of two hemispheres, he could not resolve to give up his Eden kingdom of Naples. His son was destined to be the shadow of a monarch, and the Two Sicilies were again fated to be governed by the distant councils of the Escurial.

Whatever might have been the natural disposition of Ferdinand the Fourth—whether he inherited the valour of the early Bourbons, or the vices of the latter—whether circumstances might have rendered him a Henry the Fourth, or a Louis the Fifteenth—it were now difficult to decide. Treated from his cradle as a puppet of representation—denied alike the education given by books or things, by theories or practice—doomed to a systematic neglect*, kept in ignorance of every thing that concerned the interests of state; two pursuits only were open to him—the church and the chace. All his physical animation was expended on the one; all his mental powers were enveloped with the other: his reli-

* His tutor, the Prince de St. Nicandre, went probably beyond even his royal father's restrictive order, and left him in the grossest ignorance of the commonest events.

gious zeal threw him early into the hands* of the designing, and his Nimrod habits associated him chiefly with the rude and the uncivilized. He soon acquired the manners of the people, who loved him for his resemblance to themselves. He spoke, and still speaks, the dialect of the Lazzaroni, the Neapolitan *patois;* and by this and by other points of resemblance, he attached that ferocious body to him by ties which still subsist. Through all these disadvantages, originating in a false and cruel paternal policy, and confirmed irretrievably by time, gleams of a disposition worthy of a better fate occasionally broke forth; and native intelligence, superior to all restraints, might have triumphed over the errors of his neglected education,—when in a moment, fatal alike to him and to the country over which he was called to rule, he became the husband and the slave of a daughter of the house of Austria, one of the "Weird Sisters" of Maria-Theresa's brood. Oh, had some prophet-spirit presided at these fatal nuptials, to have warned the prince and his people of the consequences of this fearful union, never had the unhallowed rites been celebrated!

* The Knights of the Order of Constantine, on an absurd pretence of a relationship between Ferdinand the Fourth and St. Antonio, the abbot, proposed to the King, that all property under the invocation of the Saint, belonged of right to himself. The King readily believed them; and turning all the occupants out of their lands, he bestowed them on the Knights.

What hearts might then have been saved from breaking! What tortures might have been spared! what lives rescued! what virtues and talents preserved, to add to the sum of human worth. Spirits of the murdered many—of the gallant Caraccioli! of the hero Carafa! and the enlightened Cerillo! ye would not now be invoked as martyrs, though your virtues would have left you to be worthy the reverence of saints.

Caroline of Austria, Queen of Naples, so fatal by her family relations to the interests of Italy—so dangerous by her vices and propensities to the country over which she was destined to rule—united to the violent passions of more than one of her imperial sisters, the shrewdness, the love of intrigue, and strong volition of her despotic mother. Frail, yet destitute of sensibility—prone to preferences, yet inaccessible to sympathy—dogged, and ignorant; sometimes to be led, but never to be convinced—without genius, as without virtue, this woman (for she had at least the beauty and allurements of a woman!) became the spring of three coalitions; and her influence, her intrigues, and intelligence with Austria, assisted most materially to modify the affairs of Italy and of Europe. Her mastery over her ignorant and unresisting husband, was as immediate as their union, and she became the sole sovereign of the Sicilies, from the hour she became the wife of

their King*. Her first open act of power was a violation of the fundamental laws of the kingdom, an offence to the Salique prejudices of the Bourbons. She entered the council-room, and claimed and took a seat, which she never relinquished but with her throne. Tenucci, the faithful friend and minister of Carlos the Third, the chief of the regency during the long minority of his son, and still his minister, opposed this innovation. He was persecuted and dismissed: for the courts of Vienna, Madrid, and Versailles, supported the pretensions of the Queen. From that moment the government of Naples, always purely and frankly despotic, assumed a character of Eastern tyranny; and though the form of a council existed, (composed of six counsellors and four secre-

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* A gentleman (from whom I had the anecdote) stationed as an Envoy at the court of Naples, had, by his attentions to the King, when none else paid him any, won his confidence; and chance leaving them for a moment alone together, the King told him, that at the Queen's supper the night before, he had heard them talk of "*un certo Messer Voltaire*," who wrote comical stories, which he would like much to read, if the book could be procured unknown to the Queen, who had told him that, as Voltaire was a wicked philosopher, he ought not to be seen with his works in his possession. The gentleman promised to procure him "*Candide*;" and the King received it with boyish pleasure; but a few days afterwards he called his friend aside, and told him he would find his book hidden under a sofa-cover in a certain anti-room, for that the Queen had lately watched him so closely, he could find no opportunity of escaping her vigilance.

taries of state,) yet the advice of these court tools was seldom resorted to; and the affairs of the nation, and its relations with Europe, were discussed, and were settled in the Queen's dressing-room. Zambuca, one of the secretaries of state, sometimes assisted,—the King was occasionally present; but the presiding spirit of this diplomatical Divan was Acton, the minister of war, and of the marine,—the favourite of the King,—to the Queen all that a man could be, who was employed as an efficient agent of her political ambition; and more than a minister should be, to a sovereign, who valued her power as a prince even more than her triumphs as a woman! JOHN ACTON, the son of an English physician settled in the South of France, and the grandson of an English Baronet, was a political adventurer in the strictest sense of the term. Belonging to no country, attached to no system, governed by no principle, uneducated and inexperienced, without temperament, and without passions, he became a minister by chance*; and he urged on the cause of tyranny, not from any preconceived notions, but

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* He was said to be wholly destitute of talent, and even incapable of forming any views beyond those which daily expediency opened to him: "*Non aveva altro talento* (says *Cocco*) *che la scelleragine; sarebbe mille volte caduto, se avesse avuto in fronte un altro scellerato.*" "He had no other talent but wickedness; and he would have fallen a thousand times, had he been opposed by another rogue like himself."

because he found it the short road to personal influence and permanent power. Recommended to the King of Naples by naval services performed for the Duke of Tuscany, he was employed to create a marine capable of resisting the Barbary pirates (the natural enemies of the coast). He exceeded his mission, to the ruin of the finances of the state, by creating an useless and extravagant navy, and a ponderous standing army in time of profound peace; and, at a moment when the expenditures of the court and the mal-administration of all public affairs had nearly induced a public bankruptcy, the awkward efforts of Acton to cover out his wanton* prodigality

* The annual donations not sufficing for the wants of the state, were followed by banking operations. There were seven private banks at Naples, possessed of a capital of thirteen million dollars, to which the people had trusted another twenty-four millions. Up to 1793, the deposit had been kept sacred, when the Queen succeeded in converting these private banks into court banks; first, for the purpose of pensioning her favourites on these establishments, secondly, to lend money to others of her intimates, and thirdly, to advance large sums for Acton's various and ruinous projects. Thus began a long series of iniquitous transactions, only to be effected in a despotic government, accompanied by the subtraction of the capital, and (when that was exhausted) by the fabrication of paper, to the amount of about thirty-five millions, without a sous of property to represent. The paper gradually was depreciated to the amount of two-thirds of its nominal value, and the agio was increased by the operations of the court, which continued to sell fresh

of the public money, served but to add to the financial embarrassment of the royal exchequer. His first attraction in the eyes of the Queen was apparent indifference to her charms, to which none save him, in the Sybarite court of her husband, had appeared insensible.* His

issues, for any sums they could fetch. To remedy the evil, when it was too late, the court applied the allodial property of the crown; but this could neither be sold with sufficient facility, nor did it exist in sufficient quantity, to cover the debt. A portion of ecclesiastical property was also sold, and twelve millions five hundred thousand ducats of the paper thus redeemed were immediately thrown again into circulation, and the debt was thus doubled. An act of personal fraud of the Queen's is worth mentioning: Having levied a tax of three hundred thousand ducats to open roads for the interests of commerce, the people, in all their distress, cheerfully paid it: she pocketed the money, and never made the roads.—Such was the daughter of Marie-Thérèse.

* The Princess ***, an old friend of the Queen's, and one of the first ladies of her court, assured me that she could trace the passion of the Queen for Acton, to his natural insensibility to female charms:—his inexpressive countenance was as cold as his heart; and, when the Queen conversed with him in the circle, his eye alone did not sparkle at the distinction. *Piquée au jeu*, she began to play off those coquettish arts, in which, like her sisters, she was an adept—and Acton, flattered, though not subdued, was about to yield, when a friend suggested to him that, if he submitted, he was lost; that, instead of being the sovereign of Naples, he would be but one of the Queen's *mille et un.* Acton took the hint; and the Queen, unused to such cruelty, became devoted, as she was hopeless. She at last irremissibly committed herself, by writing to this ministerial Adonis. From that mo-

second, was his being a foreigner, and his coincidence, real or affected, with her deep and genuine hatred, her profound contempt of the people, over whom she was called to reign. By their joint influence, the court and all the offices of the state were inundated with foreigners; while national merit was but too fortunate, if it could escape persecution, by sinking into oblivion. The manufactures of England, Germany, and France, were substituted for the produce of native industry. The English were invited and the Neapolitans banished from the court. French became the language of the circle; French fashions set aside the Neapolitan costume; and French authors were substituted for the works of native writers, till it became a mark of vulgarity to be caught reading Tasso or Ariosto. But, in introducing French literature, French language, French habits, and French fashions—the Queen and Acton saw not they were opening the way to those FRENCH PRINCIPLES, which were soon to become the bugbear of their rest: and when they discovered that the epidemia of the Revolution had reached even the purlieus of the court,* they considered it as a miraculous and isolated event, and perceived not that they themselves had supplied the means by

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ment she became his slave; and through her, the King was but the agent of his plans, which nearly ended in the ruin of all, but mostly in that of the unhappy and oppressed people.

which that miracle had operated. When, however, Acton saw a rival in one suspected of liberal principles, he blasted the rising preference in its bud, by attempting the ruin of its object; and the young Medici*, accused of jacobinism by the minister he was one day to succeed, was removed from the royal presence, by being thrown into the dungeons of a state prison. The Queen was, by temperament and education, the victim of distrust; and Acton, acquainted with all her passions, seized upon this master-one as the engine of an influence which her roving heart might soon cease to acknowledge. Thousands were doomed to suffer or to bleed, that he might preserve his ascendancy; for he was the very abstraction of those ministers, who, to retain their power, stop at no crime.

The French Revolution was in progress, when some young fashionables of Naples took up the habit of parading the Corso on horseback, and none were deemed of the *bon genre* who were not seen on the Chiaja, "*per far il Corso a cavallo*," (to take the air on horseback). This manly innovation upon the old custom of going in carriages, was converted by Acton into a political offence; and the Queen was persuaded by her minister,

* The Count de' Medici, favourite and premier of Ferdinand the Fourth of Naples in 1820; but no longer suspected of jacobinism, even by the most furious Ultra.

that this new practice was the renewal of the Olympic games!! Her imagination instantly took the alarm, and the police were ordered to watch the movements of the young imitators of republican antiquity.—It had become the fashion to read the French Gazettes, and to follow the progress of the political events they detailed; and their contents (discussed in the opera-box of a mistress, or chatted over, while under the hands of a hair-dresser, with a valet-de-chambre,) became matter of fresh suspicion to the court. Such facts, collected by the Queen's paid spies, and exaggerated to the King, were soon considered as subjects of accusation against the imprudent and hot-headed boys, who, to their own astonishment and that of their friends, were arraigned of treason. A fearful tribunal, by the name of "*Giunta di stato*," was then erected to try the delinquents. The known characters of some of these inquisitors alarmed others of more probity, who were associated with them; and many of the wisest of the magistrates, trembling for the fate of the accused, endeavoured to throw themselves between the ministers and the sovereign, and to prove that the term treason could not be applied to youths, whose incontinence of tongue was a proof of imprudence, but not of conspiracy. The Queen, however, was the victim of her fears and her prejudices. The hatred she had awakened in her subjects was exaggerated

by her counsellors; and, believing herself marked out for national vengeance, she resolved on punishing the imaginary enemies, her conscience and disordered imagination had conjured up. Whoever attempted to prove the fealty of her subjects, incurred her hatred: she thirsted for blood; and her ministers, who reigned by her fears, hastened to gratify her even to satiety.

The Giunta at last ascended the judgment-seat, and three unhappy youths chosen for sacrifice, after a mock trial, were condemned to death, upon charges the most frivolous and unfounded. The day of execution was one of mourning to the Neapolitans—of terror to their sovereigns. The report of a general rising to the rescue spread alarm through the royal palace, and troops, pouring in from every quarter, converted the capital into a garrison. Two of these youths were executed in the presence of the third, the young and gallant Emmanuel di Deo. As he ascended the scaffold, an offer of life was made if he would discover the rest of his associates in treason: his bold answer was, that he preferred death to infamy, and had nothing to reveal. This decided his fate, and his life paid the forfeit of his generous intrepidity. The seeds of distrust between the sovereign and the most enlightened of his subjects, were now deeply sown, *never, never* to be eradicated! and those who were long feared

and hated by their governors, learned to hate and fear in their turn.

The first Giunta having performed its work of blood, it was dissolved; and a new conspiracy was rapidly got up, to give colour to the organization of a second Inquisition, of an infinitely darker nature! This tribunal was composed of men at whose names the Neapolitans still shudder—*Castelcicala, Vanni,* and *Guidobaldi!* Vanni, the principal inquisitor, took the lead, under Acton. Conspiracies were multiplied as the Queen's fears increased—all who opposed the rapacity of the minister were stigmatized by the usual terms of persecution, Revolutionist and Jacobin! The nation to its furthest extremity was over-run with spies. The Queen, from the centre of her court circle, declared her open protection of them* as her own emissaries—and their denunciations always sufficed to incarcerate, if not to prove the crime of their victim. The forts and prisons became filled to overflowing, with persons to whom it was refused even to know the nature of their accusation †; and though some at the expiration

* Her words were, (and the courts of Europe have since realized the prophecy,) "*Sarebbe un giorno giunto a distruggere quell' antico pregiudizio per cui si riputava infame il mestiere di Delatore.*" That a time would come when the old prejudice would be destroyed, that considered the trade of a spy infamous.

† "Si gittarano in un orribile prigione privi di luce e di tutto

of four or five years were liberated from their noxious dungeons *, for want of the slightest pretence to detain, or evidence to convict them; yet health destroyed, spirits extinguished, and youthful virtue taught that fearful lesson,

"That vice might triumph—virtue vice obey."

left them hopeless of the future, and blasted by the past.†

Four years of every species of oppression and cruelty, ruinous to property, to liberty, and to life, had almost maddened, but had not degraded, the most respectable classes of the population.

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cio ch' era necessario alla vita—vi si languirono per anni senza poter ottenere nè la loro assoluzione nè la loro condanna, senza poter sapere la cagione delle loro disgrazie." Saggio Istorico sulla Rivoluzione di Napoli.

* Lady Hamilton, in a letter to Lord Nelson, dated from Naples, June 30th, 1798, says, "The Jacobins have all been declared innocent, after suffering four years imprisonment; and I know they all deserved to be hanged long ago," &c. &c. &c.

† Vanni's cry to the Queen was, and he addressed himself to willing ears—"*almeno dovevanno arrestarsene venti mille*," "at least we must arrest twenty thousand." The King sometimes paused in his sporting pursuits, to intercede for his unhappy subjects, and even called Vanni to an account; but the Queen answered for her minister; and the King, silenced by that voice which had so long held him in utter subjection, affected to believe all she advanced—put an heron's foot in his button-hole, to save himself from an evil eye, and set forth confidently to the chase—while his Queen remained to be in at the death at home.

The lawyers, who had boldly undertaken the defence of the incarcerated victims, were incorruptible; and the results of their liberal education, their integrity, and their talent, shone forth in every trial, where tyranny itself could not give sufficient colour to its accusations to destroy the object of its vengeance. The class persecuted were not of the people; they were the younger branches of the aristocracy; the most distinguished members of the liberal professions: in a word, all whose education fitted them to see into the abuses of the government; and whose spirit, patriotism, talents, and consideration, rendered them formidable at a moment when the French Revolution was striking terror into all the feudal despots of Europe.

The King, in spite of the power which the Queen and Acton exercised over him, could not shut his ears against the groans of thousands—murmurs of discontent became loud and general. The tribunal saw it had gone too far, and Castelcicala turned evidence against Vanni, from private hatred, and from dread of a public reaction. The Queen, to throw the odium from her lover and herself, sacrificed her faithful agent: Vanni was dismissed, and then sent into exile. Driven to desperation by the triumph of his rivals, he grew melancholy mad, and having written a note, supposed to be intended for

his faithless royal mistress,* he destroyed himself. His death left Castelcicala at the head of the Queen's Inquisition, when the progress of the Revolution gave more substantial grounds for apprehension than had hitherto existed, to justify the dark coercion of the despot Austrian, and her feeble consort; and the miserable state of the whole kingdom had prepared the Neapolitans (at the least of the highest orders) to receive with joy any change that might be offered from the political circumstances of the day. The people were, what ages of despotism and anarchy, bigotry and misrule, had left them, the least civilized, and most debased population of Italy! The elements of society thus discordantly amalgamated, proved the misery of the nation, and accounted for all its past, and all its present failures in the efforts made by a part to save the whole.

The Queen, in her visit to Germany, on the

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* The note, written in a steady hand, was as follows:—

" *L'ingratitudine di una corta perfida, l'avvelenamento di un nemico terribile, la mancanza d'asilo, mi han diterminato a togliermi una vita, che ormai mi è di peso; non s'incolpo nessuno della mia morte, ed il mio esempio serva a rendere saggi gli altri inquisitori.*" "The ingratitude of a perfidious court, the calumny of a terrible enemy, and the want of an asylum, have determined me to take a life, which has become a burden to me. Let no one be blamed for my death, and let my example be a warning to the other inquisitors."

marriage of her daughters*, was said to have been the prime promoter of the first legitimate league entered into by the sovereigns of Europe against France†. But when the King of Naples and his poltroons were beaten in their first expedition against the French, the councils and the court were distracted by irresolution and fear: cowardice and indecision universally prevailed; and on the first invasion of the French, ere danger had approached the threshold of the realm, or necessity urged retreat, the King, governed by his fears, or by the representations of a perfidious minister, and a woman who had long sacrificed every feeling to her tyrannical passions—fled.‡ Sicily was chosen as a place of temporary retirement till the storm should blow over; and the old court, with all its vices, was congregated at Palermo. The people of Naples left to themselves, freed from a despotism of a thousand years duration,

* The present Emperor of Germany, her nephew, was married to her daughter.

† "La Regina nel viaggio che avea fatto per la Germania e per l'Italia in occasione del matrimonio delle sue figlie era stato la primatrice di quella lega che di noi si vide scoppiare contro la Francia." Saggio, &c. &c.

‡ In this flight the Court, assisted by Lady Hamilton, took with them the valuables of the palaces of Caserta and Naples, the best objects of the Museum of Portici and Capo di Monte, the Crown jewels, and about twenty millions in bar and coined gold.

with the mark of their chain deeply impressed on their necks, and the debasement of slavery operating powerfully on their characters, felt only that they were free! but, unpractised in the enjoyment of liberty, their views were the results of instinct rather than of principles.

On the flight of the King, a municipal body, called the *Città*, took possession of the public authority. This corps consisted of six nobles and one commoner, who were elected by the five *sedili*, into which the nobility were divided (a vestige of the Fratriæ, or divisions of the city under the Greek government). On the suppression of the parliaments, the *Città* had been the depositaries of the national privileges; but had gradually sunk into non-entity. Such however as it was, it became entrusted with the management of affairs; and a national guard was formed, which was rapidly filled by the best and most virtuous of all classes. Meantime the French advanced upon Capua; and Pignatelli entered into an agreement with them to surrender all the kingdom north of that city, and to pay two millions five hundred thousand francs for two months armistice. The people, however, flew to arms, which they seized from the arsenals. Pignatelli and Mack, the Austrian general, following the King's example, fled; and the latter, in escaping, fell into the

hands of the French. Anarchy now prevailed, and amidst indescribable confusion the people shouted, "*Viva la Santa Fede!*" "*Viva il Popolo Napolitano!*" Moliterni and Rocca Romana, two young soldiers, contrived to get themselves chosen leaders, in order to rein in the popular fury; and for two days they repressed violence; but a deputation sent to meet the French at the gates of Naples, to deprecate their advance, having been repulsed with menace and insult, the people became maddened: a thirst of plunder was soon added to other *stimuli;* and fanatic priests, blessing the arms of the populace, drove them to the greatest excesses of fury and of audacity. In this confusion the *Città* ceased from its functions, and, the people being thus left to themselves, the town became the scene of every species of horror. The Duca della Torre and his brother, Filomarino, were among the first victims, as supposed anti-royalists; others shared their fate; till at length the Republicans (that is, those who possessed education and property) mixing with the mob, and feigning to participate their sentiments, in some degree moderated their fury; and Moliterni and Rocca Romana succeeded in getting the Lazzaroni out of the fortress of Sant' Elmo. But the people, without a chief, continued to defend themselves against a conquering army with a courage worthy a better

cause*; and when they found themselves ousted from the fortresses, and placed between two fires, they retired—less depressed by their losses, than enraged against their fellow-citizens.

At this epoch there was a total want of union in men's minds: the people, it is true, no longer loved the king; but they were much attached to their country, and more to their religion: their hatred to the French was an inheritance; while the conduct of the Directory still further alienated them from that nation, from whose invasions they had so often suffered. The dislike of the people to their barons was perhaps more inveterate than even to the French; and thus many causes contributed to prevent a favourable result from the Revolution. On the other hand, a large body of the revolutionists, consisting of almost all the educated and professional men in

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* There certainly was no want of courage shewn upon this occasion. The Queen is said to have counted much on the reaction of the Lazzaroni, and at her departure left her agents behind, to keep up their spirit of resistance, and to animate them to desperation. It was industriously circulated that the French Jacobins aimed at the destruction of the Church and the worship of the Virgin Mary; and the rage of the people was so ludicrously violent, that an eruption of Vesuvius having occurred just as the French had obtained some success, the Lazzaroni exclaimed, "*Ahi, Vesuvio, tu sei Giacobino!*" ‡

‡ "Ah! Vesuvius, thou art a Jacobin!"

Naples, believed the presence of the French necessary to the establishment of the new republic; and the breach between them and the populace became daily widened.

While the nation was thus unprepared for revolution*, no plan of government had been formed to meet the emergency. The French entered Naples the twenty-second of January, and twenty-five persons, formed into six committees, were placed at the head of the executive. The grievances incidental to this order of things multiplied rapidly, increasing the discontent, and dividing the country between the French occupants and the insurgent people. The bulk of the nation, attached to the forms and festivities of their religion, were indifferent to, or ignorant of its dogmas; while the clergy, already at war with Rome for the recovery of the liberties of their national church, were not unfavourable to considerable reforms†; but the

* The absence of any national feeling was the necessary result of the previous government. Whatever civilization and instruction subsisted, was wholly French or English: hence the educated classes despised too much their countrymen. In rising societies the progress of civilization goes hand in hand with the developement of the moral sense, and a system of laws arises almost spontaneously from the force of things. But in nations fallen into corruption and retrogradation, good laws must precede good feelings, and they can only result from a moral force exterior to the population.

† Immediately before the Revolution the Pope's feudal pre-

business was committed to subaltern agents, and was prosecuted with a violence and spoliation, which indisposed all classes towards its promoters. The suppression of the feudalities, and of the provincial tribunals, placed out of employment eight or ten thousand persons (the *armigeri* attached to the barons and to the courts), for whose provision no thought was taken; and they immediately joined the insurgents. A foolish proclamation was also issued, saying that "those who had served a tyrant had nothing to hope from a republic;" which gave many more families to the partizans of the King. The two millions and a half levied by the French General Championet, together with fifteen millions more laid on the provinces, were raised much more according to the opinions, than the fortunes, of the contributors; and jewels and ornaments were taken, when coin was not to be had. The territory was

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tensions over the kingdom of Naples had been vigorously repelled, and the annual hackney refused. Among the ablest writers of this period against the usurpations of the holy see, was the now ex-archbishop of Tarentum, an enlightened minister of state, a polished gentleman, and an elegant scholar. His work attracted the ill will of the court of Rome; and as a mark of its displeasure, the Pope neglected to forward some customary dispensations the archbishop had *ex officio* demanded. On a second application, the independent divine hinted at his own canonical right to issue them as archbishop, and at his intention of availing himself of that right to relieve his Diocese. The papers required arrived by return of post.

newly divided into departments, at war with all geography; and roving commissions of democratization trampled on every prejudice, and beat down every interest. Still, however, "the republic" effected some improvements. In five months, from the revenues of two provinces alone, it redeemed one million five hundred thousand ducats of debt; but the wretched state to which the people were reduced under their long despotism was evinced through the whole progress of their Revolution.

The small number of the French occupying Naples, and the multiplicity of causes of discontent, soon gave birth to the insurrections in the Abruzzi, Sora, and Castel Forte. This revolt, instigated by the intrigues of the court of Palermo, was committed to a ferocious and implacable Calabrian priest, Cardinal Ruffo, who, master of the tempers and dialect of the Calabrians, marched into their mountains, and sounded the tocsin of that dreadful re-action, unparalleled in the annals of humanity. But even in the remote solitudes of Calabria, this warrior-priest found its savage inhabitants divided into royalists and republicans, and capable of forming opinions, and defending them. Ultimate success, however, attended his efforts. Altamura, a city held by the Republicans, was taken and sacked; and the dying and the dead were cast promiscuously into a fire, and burned in the presence of the Cardinal. The

French at length retreated, and the forts of Naples (after the Patriots were defeated by Ruffo and his band of brigands on the Ponte Maddelena) were surrendered, on the far-famed capitulation, to Ruffo, Micheroux, and the Turkish and English commanders of the fleets of those countries.

This treaty (as it is but too well known) Lord Nelson, under the influence of Lady Hamilton, and urged by the Queen, most disgracefully violated. Thirty thousand persons were arrested *; and the Giunta formed for their trial, not being sufficiently harsh in punishing all who had adhered to the Republic, were eliminated. Guidobaldi, to save the public purse, engaged the executioner, not as of old, by the head, at six ducats an execution †, but at a monthly stipend. By an

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* In alluding to this dreadful epoch, Count Orloff, in his admirable work on Naples, observes, " *Il approche le denouement de l'un des plus déplorables Drames politiques dont l'Italie ait été le théâtre.*" Mémoires Historiques, &c. &c. &c., de Naples, par M. le Comte Gregoire Orloff.

† " Il n'y avait plus dans cette grande Cité que deux classes d'habitans, des bourreaux et des victimes. Ceux-ci étaient déchirés en lambeaux par une foule de Canabales—qui dévoraient leur chairs palpitantes. D'autres après avoir été trainés dans les rues,. étaient jétés, ou morts ou mourants, dans les buches allumés sur les places publiques. Ibid.

These almost incredible horrors related by Count Orloff, we were assured, were so far from being exaggerated, that they fell short of the truth, to which hundreds—thousands ! now living in Naples, were witnesses.

ex post facto law, all who had held place under the Republic—all who had expelled the Lazzaroni from St. Elmo, or fought at Capua, (conspirators before the occupation)—all who had fought against Cardinal Ruffo, or in sight of the English vessel which brought home the King, (fifteen thousand persons)—all who had assisted in raising the national flag in the Largo Santo Spirito, when the statue of Charles the Third was thrown down, or at the national feast, when the flags of England and of the King were torn—all who by writing or preaching had offended the royal family, and all who by any decided act had shewn attachment to the Republic—were condemned to death! Under this act Madame San Felice was executed at the end of a year, for having prevented massacre by the revelation of a royalist conspiracy. The lists of proscriptions came from the Queen at Palermo. All forms were violated, all means of defence were denied, and even boys of twelve years old were put to death under this law, while in some instances those acquitted by the Giunta, were executed by order of the King.*

* Many traits of heroism occurred during this detestable violation of all faith. Cerillo, when asked his profession, replied, "A physician." "What were you under the Republic?" "A representative of the people." "And now, in my presence, what are you?" said Speziale, the ferocious minister of police. "*In faccio a te*," said Cerillo, "*un Eroe*." "In your presence an hero." Mantoni to all questions answered only, "I capitulated,

Another change in the fortunes of the French brought them a second time to Naples; and Napoleon, in making provision for his family, assigned the crown of that country to his brother

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and if that defence be not sufficient, I would blush to offer any other." The young Vitagliani was found playing the guitar in his dungeon, when his sentence was pronounced: he continued to play till he was led to execution. Carlomagna and Granali paused on the steps of the scaffold to reproach the populace with their ferocious joy. As Nicolo Palomba was about to suffer, his life was offered if he would give up his accomplices: he replied, "*Vile Schiavo, io non ho saputo comprar mai la vita colle infamia.*" "Slave, I have not learned to purchase life with infamy." "I will condemn you to death," said Speziale to Velasco in the Hall of Judgement—"I shall die," was the reply, "but not by your order"—and he flung himself out of the window near which he was standing. Eleonora Pimentalè was a young person, celebrated for her talents, her graces, and her patriotism. She was accused of having written some patriotic effusions in the "*Monitore Napolitano*," and was condemned to die—she met her fate with courage and heroism. She took coffee a few minutes before she ascended the scaffold, and said smilingly to those who risked their lives, by testifying their sympathy for her untimely fate, "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit!*" Rosso Vincenzo, a celebrated orator and patriot, author of a political work of some celebrity ("*Pensieri politici*") while he stood on the scaffold observing the executioner preparing the instruments of death, conversed with so much eloquence and spirit, that the officer who attended him, never mentioned his name, even many years after his death, without shedding tears. During the dreadful period of this royal retribution on subjects who, abandoned by their King, were released from all allegiance, the noblest families in Naples, such as the families of Carafa, Torrilla, Pignatelli, Neri, &c. &c.

Joseph. The King again took shelter in Sicily, where, under the protection of England, (such protection as the stronger always afford to

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lost their brightest members.* The fate of the admiral Caraccioli is already well known. The Queen was impatient for the destruction of this brave and gallant seaman, who, the Neapolitans were wont to say, was a fleet in himself; and the jealousy of Thurn and the weakness of Nelson (*la viltà di Nelson*, say the Neapolitans,) signed his fiat; although he had been solemnly released by the King himself, and permitted to return to Naples. The admiral was walking the deck of his ship, and reasoning on the construction of an English vessel which laid beside his own, when his sentence was announced to him. He heard it, and finished his discourse. The sailors who were appointed tc fix the rope to hang him, wept, and protracted their sad task: he exclaimed cheerfully, "*Sbrigatevi, sbrigatevi!*"—then, after a pause, added, "*Eben graziosa che mentre io debba soffrire, tu debbi piangere.*" He was hung at the yard-arm of a Sicilian vessel; and his death has blasted for ever the memory of Lord Nelson. The anecdote of his body floating on the waters, as the King and Nelson leant over the side of the English admiral's ship, is perfectly true.—When the author of these pages was too young or too ignorant to interest herself in the political transactions of any country, she had listened with admiration to Lady Hamilton, as she described to her the beauties of the shores of Naples,

* The young Prince Carafa died with a gaiety and heroism that is still often talked and wept over by his friends. We had the honour of knowing his nearest relations, and of judging of his merits and talents by theirs. Besides these lay patriots, thirty or forty bishops, twenty magistrates, and a large number of physicians, lawyers, and men of letters, fell victims to this re-action: four thousand were slain in the provinces, and eighty millions of capital were taken out of the country, by those who saved themselves by flight, and who, with their families, are still scattered over various parts of Italy.

the weaker in political affairs,) he remained the shadow of a monarch, while all the power was wielded by the English diplomatic and military agents. Napoleon married into the house of Austria; and the Queen, losing sight of all her ancient prejudices and principles, began to coquet with the Conqueror, till she was arbitrarily forced to abandon her throne and leave the island. A parliament was formed, a constitution given on the model of that of England, and the barons were stripped of all their feudal privileges (the people being almost driven into rebellion against their legitimate King, by the British agents, to effect the Revolution). On this occasion, Ferdinand assumed a firmness and dignity, little to be expected from his *laissez-aller* character: protesting to the English Minister, that force alone should drive him from his throne.*

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and her own distinguished position, when, during the calm of many a moonlight night, she had sat in the English admiral's ship, on the right of the Hero of the Nile, and sung over the waves of the Mediterranean the national hymn of "Rule Britannia," which was chorused by the whole crew: but had her auditress known that while the Syren sang, thousands perished, and that these nights of revelry closed days of blood, she would have fled the voice of the charmer, as she now (and more particularly since her visit to Naples) holds her memory in utter abhorrence. Let those who rejoice in the defeat of the Neapolitan patriots of 1821, remember the fate of those who were exposed to the royal clemency of Ferdinand the Fourth, in 1799.

* The King, persecuted by the interference of the English, (who had compelled him to adopt their Constitution,) had retired

A new change, however, in political combinations produced another view of things in the British Cabinet; and that King, whom our Ministers would not let reign in his own kingdom of Sicily, during the power of Napoleon, upon his fall, they chose to replace in all the despotism of ancient abuse over Naples, which had rejected him. Then the British Constitution, which it had been the boast of hypocrites and jugglers to have given to Sicily, was suffered to dissolve in air. The nobles deprived of their ancient rights, and

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to the shelter of an old castle (La Zisa) to avoid their further importunities. On hearing that an armed body was marching to force him back to Palermo, he fitted up a canopy in one of the state-rooms, and, surrounding himself with his few followers, awaited on his throne the arrival of the English commander. In the interview which followed, obstinacy amply supplied the place of courage, and of political wisdom. He positively refused to return; and when his English friends advised his surrendering the crown in favour of his son, he replied, "Shew me your authority. If the English Government demands this sacrifice, I have no force to oppose, and must obey." The diplomatic answer was in character: "That no force was intended; that the measure was merely advised on the personal suggestion of the individual." Then said the King, "I will not abdicate."

At the Restoration, many Sicilian noblemen, who had taken part in these proceedings, claimed the mediation and protection of the British Minister. I can scarcely credit, what on respectable authority I am compelled to write, that the official note was handed to the King, and the lives and liberties of these friends and allies of the British nation thus betrayed into his power. It is but justice to Ferdinand to add, that he made no ill use of the information thus conveyed to him.

the people thrown back into their primitive slavery, left the King even more absolute than before; and those unfortunate Sicilians, who, confiding in the promises of Ministers, and the honour of nations, had lent themselves to English politics, were abandoned to sink or swim, as Ferdinand's habitual good-nature, or jealousy of king-craft, might happen to prevail. Every where alike, the same short-sighted and *journalier* policy of the British Cabinet, bungling on from expedient to expedient, has necessitated similar breaches of faith, and violations of solemn engagements; till it has become impossible for an Englishman to leave home, without encountering the execrations of deluded and enslaved nations, and finding the rites of hospitality withheld, wherever strong personal ties do not overcome the gloomy indulgence of national antipathies.

The reign of Joseph Bonaparte in Naples was short, and embittered by the intrigues of Salicetti, a minister who reigned by abusing the credulity of his master with a succession of imaginary plots, and urging him to acts of injustice and persecution.

Of the reign of Murat, who succeeded, on Joseph's promotion to the throne of Spain, enough is already before the public. The good and the evil he effected belonged alike to the system which raised him to power. Bold, frank, and gay, his courage, which was brilliant in the field,

was not seconded by talents that should give *éclat* to the statesman in the cabinet. Formed rather to please than to govern, he was better fitted to represent in a court, than to sway a council. The system, however, worked of itself; and reflected alike credit upon the King, and comfort on the people. The civilization of France, operating upon the comparative savagery, which ages of misrule had burnt into the Neapolitan character, could not but be advantageous. The activity of revolutionary councils, acting upon the indolence and inertness of the agents of ancient despotism, could not but animate and invigorate the worn-out institutions of the country. Every branch of administration, finance, war, education, and justice, received developement and improvement. Society was mounted upon the Parisian scale; French literature was imported; the French code superseded the cumbrous and vicious jurisprudence of ancient Naples; and the nation, notwithstanding its subordination to the Imperial politics, and its participation in Napoleon's wars, was fast emerging from its forced barbarism, and rising to take its place amidst European nations, when the fall of Napoleon again threw it back upon the institutes of the Anjous and the Arragons, and the misrule of the sixteenth century.

Murat, who had brought immense wealth with him as his private property, spent the whole among his new subjects; and the taxes which he

raised, though large in amount, fell less heavily on the people, from the increase of their means; while the expenditure, arising out of a vast variety of improvements, splendid furniture in the palaces, excavations at Pompeii, making roads through the country, establishing schools, &c. carried arts and civilization through the land. Amidst all these benefits, the greatest was wanting—Murat neglected to bestow the promised constitution, which could alone consolidate the civilization he affected to advance; and the press was still left in utter slavery.

When the reverses of the French, and the advance of the Austrian army, overthrew the government of Murat, the city of Naples was again upon the brink of that anarchy, plunder, and massacre, which signalized the first revolution. The Lazzaroni exhibited their accustomed disposition to revolt, inherent to casts living in the bosom of society without possessing property, or partaking of its other advantages; and if the Neapolitans escaped, they gratefully acknowledge their obligations for their safety to Murat's queen *, who,

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* There was scarcely any military force left to guard the city, or protect it from the Lazzaroni, who were already gathering in multitudes to spoliate and destroy. The houses of the English merchants and bankers were particularly marked out for plunder, (though the Lazzaroni, like the people of Abruzzi and Calabria, always affected to consider the English as their natural allies.) Madame Murat, on this occasion, assembled the national guard

with an energy worthy of her brother Napoleon, was on horseback through the whole day, and remained to the last hour, visiting every post, and assuring herself of the vigilance of all the authorities, till the approach of the Austrians drove her to her ship. Of the miserable end of Murat, his ill-fated expedition, and summary punishment, there remains nothing to be told: the only fact to be added to the eventful history is, that Ferdinand had prepared every thing for a third flight, before he gave the order for Murat's execution; and was determined most valorously to decamp, if his order met with the slightest resistance.

The restoration of legitimacy * was attended by vast expense: Austria received a whole year's revenue of the state. Metternich and divers other ministers are currently reported to have received considerable sums; the army of occupation was supported for three years. Provision was made for

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herself, and, assuming their uniform, addressed them in a speech full of spirit and eloquence. Her life was in danger to the moment she capitulated to Captain Campbell, of the Tremendous, who received her and her children on board his ship, to which she was followed by the infuriate Lazzaroni, insulting and shocking her ears by the most licentious songs, even in spite of the interference of Captain Campbell, whose conduct was described to us at Naples as being the most gallant and generous.

* Caroline of Naples did not live to share this triumph. It is well known that she died a wanderer, execrated and unpitied.

the king's wife (by a left-handed marriage), and for a vast number of the king's retainers, who came back from Sicily in a state of great poverty. The revenues of the Two Sicilies had been seven millions of ducats. Murat raised that of Naples alone to twenty-two. Yet these sums were speedily absorbed. Murat had likewise sold great quantities of national property; but, the payment having been delayed, the money fell eventually into the coffers of the King, and thus he obtained about ten millions. Seven or eight millions more were got by the revocation of all the grants bestowed by Murat; which were resumed notwithstanding the property had undergone repeated legal transfers. To such causes of discontent were added prohibitive laws affecting the interests of commerce, and absurd and disproportionate duties of import and export: these abuses, together with the total loss of all hope of constitutional liberty*, had already predisposed men's minds for fresh changes; and they would probably have given a different result to Murat's expedition, had it occurred at something of a later period.†

* On the return of the King, he was doubtful whether he should preserve the French system, or import that adopted in Sicily; but the financial advantages of the former carried the day.

† It is but fair to add, that the minister Medici was far from pushing despotism to its limits; while the King (taught by expe-

With respect to the unfortunate Revolution, which sycophancy will now call revolt,' it was evidently preparing at Naples when we were there; although its immediate explosion could not have been anticipated. One of the cleverest and most clear-sighted of our Neapolitan friends, in the course of a conversation on public affairs, had repeatedly asserted to us, that Naples was nearer a Revolution than France, an opinion which, though justified by events, did not seem then very probable.

Had this Revolution not been disturbed by the unprincipled interference of Foreign nations, it must have led to the happiest consequences. Its deplorable catastrophe is easily explained.—The Revolution, (as all Revolutions must, which occur among a people whose civilization is concentrated in the upper ranks of a capital,) was effected by a comparatively small number of per-

rience the ill effects of his wife's proscriptions, and too happy to be rid of her, to think of adopting any of her plans,) had shewn great lenity towards the adherents of Murat. In 1816, the Prince Canosa, a Neapolitan, and minister to Ferdinand of Spain, was recalled to be placed at the head of the police. He allied himself with a band of ruffians, the refuse of the people, and entered on his office by persecuting and imprisoning the Muratists. His system was discovered, and he was exiled. Whenever any thing goes wrong in the provinces, or tumults arise, the King always attributes it to his old followers placed in office there, and is sure to observe—"*Ci sono i miei fedeli!*" "This is the work of my faithful adherents."

sons, and resembled in that respect the English Revolution in 1688, which was altogether an aristocratic movement. Having the army in its favour, there was no occasion for the effusion of blood. It was the talent of the country thrown into action; and knowledge obtained in France and England, would have been applied to the improvement of the entire kingdom. In this Revolution there could have been no theoretical equality, no contempt for the rights of property, no proscription; it would have been a simple communication of the intellectual light of a few, to the entire mass.

But when a foreign invasion rendered it necessary to call upon the physical force of the country, the fortunes of the nation were embarked with the discretion, the courage, the good-will of a corrupted, debased, bigoted, and brutally ignorant populace; who could neither perceive the objects for which they were called on to fight, nor conceive the necessity of fighting at all. The bold and brave spirits who ventured on the Revolution have had to work with worthless tools, and their operations have consequently failed. Austria is once more in possession of the country, illumination is proscribed, patriotism is set at a price, commerce is frighted from the shores, and the nation is again driven back to the barbarism of by-gone ages, to wooden kings, and

wooden virgins, to turbulent Lazzaroni, and mountain-robbers!!

It is a calumny against Providence, and a solecism in philosophy, to assert that there are nations so marked by physical tendencies to evil, so instinctively devoted to particular vices, that they remain unredeemable by good laws, incorrigible by wise institutes! Almost all civilized nations have assumed a different moral phasis, according to the direction gradually given to them by political institutes. The heroes of Thermopylæ in one age, have, in another, been the slaves of barbarians, and a monk now governs, where a Cæsar trembled to assume the slightest insignia of power! The true instrument of man's degradation is his ignorance. Nature, which too frequently permits him to err, never teaches him to be vile; and the history of all countries bears out the philosophical observation of Dante, that

> " ——— Se 'l Mondo laggiù ponesse mente
> Al fondamento che Natura pone,
> Seguendo lui, avria buona la gente."*
>
> Paradiso, canto ottavo.

It has been the fashion to accuse the Neapolitans of an inherent viciousness, over which ex-

* "If the world kept in mind the principles which Nature has established, by following her dictates the people would be virtuous."

ternal circumstances could hold no control; but the prejudice has only obtained currency in European opinion, since that country has been the slave of Spain; for conquered nations are always subjects of slander to their foreign masters, who seek to sanction their own injustice by assuming the worthlessness of their victims. The base and bigoted descendants of Charles the Fifth, having maddened or degraded the Neapolitans by a delegated and odious government, well suited to produce such an effect, assigned the results of their own despotism to the idiosyncrasy of the people. The Neapolitans, however, thus accused of cowardice and incapacity, in former ages had assisted the Romans to drive Hannibal out of Italy, and had preserved their independence at an epoch when the rest of Italy had lost it. The kingdom of Naples gave to ancient Rome, Ennius, Cicero, Horace, Ovid, and Statius; and to modern Europe, Tasso, Sannazaro, and Salvator Rosa.* Naples, in the lower ages, was the asylum of the little learning then left; and the greater part of the classics which have reached posterity, was preserved by the learned industry of the Benedictine monks of Mount Cassin and Otranto. The flame of science was rekindled in the schools

* Salvator Rosa is here cited as an elegant poet and satirist. He was also a comic actor of great humour, and the first *improvisatore* of his day.

of Salerno; the pandects of Justinian (the code of legitimacy) were found at Amalfi; and in the sixteenth century, its society, according to Apostolo Zeno, was so literary, that the intellectual of all countries might have chosen for their residence, the favourite retreat of Virgil, of Seneca, of Livy, and of Claudian. But, above all other European countries, it was the glory of Naples to have resisted the Papal power from its first foundation, to have disputed the asserted prerogatives of the See in all ages, and to have refused, invariably and successfully, the admission of that worst and most powerful of all engines of terror and degradation,—the Inquisition!

The first impression given of the Neapolitan population, on a general and rapid view of all classes, as they are seen in the streets and the vineyards, in the *Largo di Castello*, or the saloon of a palace, is that of a people created out of the elements of their own brilliant and fervid region, for whom the word *genius* * was invented, a people whose character is as volcanic as their soil! The fires of Vesuvius seem to circulate in their veins; the brilliancy of their skies to be reflected in their imagination. Their organs are more acute, and their impressions more vivid,

* Veux-tu donc savoir si quelque étincelle de ce feu dévorant t'anime? Cours, vole à Naples, &c. Dictionnaire de Musique de Rousseau—Genie.

than those of other nations; and their over-abundant vitality, uncalled on by their torpid institutes, bursts forth as it can, and wastes itself in shrill sounds, rapid movements, and vivacious gestures, that render the language superfluous which they are called on to second or assist.

These are fine materials for an able legislature to work out a noble national character! When deteriorated by pernicious institutions, they are calculated, indeed, to render barbarians more barbarous, and to give to crime its last tinge of atrocity; but, under a wise and beneficent order of things, they could be impelled, with equal force, in a contrary direction. An ardent temperament is the soil of great virtue, as of great talent; for strong feelings, and kindling fancies, are not the stuff of which mediocrity of any kind is created.

That large proportion of the population of the kingdom of Naples, called " the people," presents itself more readily to the stranger's observation, than the same class in any other civilized nation in the world. Their poverty scarcely leaves them a home to shelter in; and their climate renders a domicile rather a luxury, than a necessity. The roof that skreens them from the inclemency of the night, is the only roof they seek or know. The Lazzaroni, the refuse of the people, require not even this ;—a bench, or a boat, pillows their slumbers, and the sky is their canopy, except in

those transient and violent gusts of bad weather to which Naples is subject; when the portico of a palace, or the colonnade of a church, affords them all the temporary shelter they require*.

The daylight, which, according to the philosophy of Comus, "alone makes sin," is not shunned by the lower Neapolitans under any pretence. In the full glare of its lustre, in the full observance of the public eye, all the duties and all the offices of life are frankly and undisguisedly performed; groups seated at the corner of streets, at the thresholds of the poorer sort of houses, on the shores of the Scoglio or the Mare-chiano, on the Mola or the Largo, talking, laughing, menacing, or singing, are all domestically (though not often sentimentally) employed; wants are supplied or satisfied; trades carried on; Tasso read aloud; and heads cleaned, or beards shaven—all equally

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* The weather was occasionally very severe while we were at Naples; and it frequently happened, that on returning late from the opera, or from assemblies, we found the filthy portico of our old palace strewn with Lazzaroni. Some lay upon the earth, others were flung over a cask, or gathered round a brasier of hot embers, just sufficiently bright to glare upon their marked and grotesque features. Nothing could be more courteous or cordial than their manner: they all jumped up to make way for us, welcomed us home, wished us a good night's rest; and one or two of them, who had got up some English phrases, applied them at random, by way of being particularly polite. One of the phrases most current upon the Mola was, "Want a boat, Sir?"

*pro bono publico**. A pulchinello and a "*padre predicatore*," (a preaching friar) in close contact, call on the sympathies of the dissipated and the devout at the same moment; and share between them the ever-laughing, moving, praying multitude; who seek sensations in proportion as they are denied ideas; and who, consigned unmolested to the influence of their vehement passions by the absence or feeble administration of the laws, are as destitute of moral principles as they are removed from the causes out of which moral principles arise—property and education. The falsity and dishonesty attributed to the Neapolitans, and always exaggerated, are the inevitable results

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* In every street in Naples stands one or more public toilettes, for the use of the lower orders. The whole arrangement is classic and antique: a tripod, that might be modelled from one found in the Temple of Isis, is surmounted with a little brasier of hot cinders, and is attended by an officiating minister, whose sole dress is a canvass tunic, tied with a girdle round the waist. The filth of this grotesque personage is curiously opposed to the rites of purification he performs for others. Votarists after votarists, of all ages and sexes, present themselves at his altar! and approach their heads to the fires of sacrifice. The celebration of an act done with less solemnity, but more celerity, by horn combs in England, is succeeded by a partial ablution; water warmed on the brasier is applied to the hands; and tresses are braided, or beards are shaven, according to the sex of the parties. Such sights, like many others exposed in the streets of Naples, are moral indecencies; but the police never interferes, and nothing is done by the governments to redeem this vast and (with all its vices) fine population from habits the most disgusting and demoralizingly brutal.

of their social position: to the abstract beauty of truth they are necessarily strangers, through the influence of a system, religious and political, which forbids all inquiry and withholds all knowledge; and in the conveniency of falsehood they are daily practised, by the security it gives them in their petty frauds on the credulity of the stranger or the cullibility of the native. Their dishonesty, which rarely rises to acts of violence, except during political commotion, and which is generally accompanied by ingenuity and urged by poverty, is the natural vice of a people left without one conscientious principle, by that government whose laws have always been the slaves of power and privilege, and whose religion has a ready absolution, with its stated price, for every sin. Honesty and probity come with property: those who know the value of possession respect it in others on a selfish principle. To take what we want, is an instinct; to resist the temptation of satisfying that want upon principle, is the result of knowledge and reflection, guarded by opinion, and by the conscious existence of just laws, equally protecting and benefiting every member of the social compact.

The great mass of the population of the kingdom of Naples (including the Abruzzi* and Ca-

* Twenty years back, gentlemen who had their farms and villas in the Abruzzi lived in a state of siege, their houses fortified, and their servants armed: yet here Ovid received his birth and early education; his native *Sulmona* still exists.

labria*) are Arabs in their habits and principles, and Greeks in their subtilty and talents. They are devoted to a religion which insures them their *feste popolari;* they are attached to a government

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* When Massena had occasion to send a courier into Calabria, he was obliged to give him an escort of a hundred and fifty men. There are scarcely any public roads or inns—a strong proof of incivilization. The better orders are hospitable and munificent, and live like Arab chiefs. The predatory bands of this district, which Ruffo found so available, are frequently five hundred strong. Of their ferocity and notions of honour the following anecdote was related to us:—A party of these banditti, about a year before we heard the anecdote, kidnapped a young Neapolitan, the heir of a wealthy family; and sent word to his father that they required ten thousand ducats for his ransom. The father sent them four, with an expostulatory letter: they returned the money, and made no answer. The terrified father sent the whole sum, after some delay; but it was returned to him untouched, with the horrible intimation that his son was no more. —A Neapolitan gentleman of eminent talent, who, for a considerable time, had a military command in Calabria under the French, assured us that the Calabrians were not only the finest race of people in Italy, but the most susceptible of civilization and intellectual improvement: the upper classes are purely Greek in their tastes and talents, and are distinguished for their domestic affections and boundless hospitality. A Calabrian never betrays a confidence placed in him. Roads opened, manufactories and schools established, would rapidly redeem this people from their wild and lawless existence; but the government, when it levies and extorts taxes for them, does nothing more; and some of its banditti are said to be in its pay, and even to be looked upon as efficient allies in cases of emergency, to let loose against subjects who sigh for constitutions:—their services under Ruffo are not forgotten.

which has licensed their violence and indolence, and not only sanctioned, but allied itself with their predatory bands.* These were the causes which rendered the Revolution distasteful to the lower orders, and which, when they were forced to take a part in the contests between independence and despotism, inclined them towards the latter. All governments are in the abstract alike to the outlaw; but the government which most favours disorder, moral and political, will best suit the professional bandit of the Abruzzi, or the brutal Lazzarone of Naples. Such was the machinery with which intellect and patriotism had to work, and which in a moment of recent occurrence, it appears, was found inadequate to the noble purposes to which it was applied: but on this subject it is impossible to offer a conjecture until recent events shall be better known. It is, however, notorious, that the men who deserted the standard of liberty under a Pepe and a Filangieri, have risen tumultuously to oppose an exorbitant imposition, or resist a tax; have defended their domestic hearths, their village homes, with the fierceness of tigers; and resisted the French invasion with a spirit and pertinacity,

* The bands of outlaws, or banditti of Puglia, led on by the Vardarelli (two brother chiefs of predatory celebrity), made terms with the Government, and were for a time received into its pay.

of which, in all Italy, Piedmont and Naples only left any example.

To the long enslaved, long debased, lower classes of the Neapolitan dominions, the motives presented were not adequate to the sacrifice demanded. In their apprehension, political independence is but a metaphysical term! a pure abstraction!—they know nothing of its theory or its practice, of its benefits or its results. Accustomed for ages to misrule, they feel its force only in its more immediate causes; and they seized not the chain of inductions which united the constitutional movement with their personal interests. Had they been given a Madonna to defend, or any sensible image to rally under, they might have been found more firm in the hour of danger; but they were not prepared to fight for independence—a word, of which the despotism of Spanish, Austrian, and Bourbon kings had left them in perfect ignorance. An uneducated and destitute population may be fanaticized, but it cannot be reasoned into activity; for property, while it is the great subject of civil institutions, and affords an accurate criterion for determining their character, is at the same time the motive, which impels the species beyond their sensitive impressions, and urges them to postpone the present to the future. Knowledge, liberty, and diffused comforts, form a circle of causes and effects, in

which no one is perfect, while the others are materially defective.

The ill-success of the late effort, so far from affording an argument favourable to the views and crimes of invading despotism, is an additional proof of the inhuman selfishness of the invader. What is to be said of a government which reduces the great majority of the people to a slavish insensibility to national degradation,—to a perfect indifference to national honour—a government which renders the subject too ignorant to comprehend the causes of his sufferings, and too listless to seek their removal? Yet to restore such a government was the avowed object of the late crusade!! Taking the Neapolitan population as a whole, it possessed sufficient energy and virtue to have produced and maintained a constitutional system, but for the unprincipled interference of foreigners; and be the Carbonari few or many, conspirators, or organs of the national will, their intentions were favourable to the interests of the species: their purposes, too, were already effected, without violence or bloodshed, the danger was past, and the contingent benefits nearly secured, when the spoiler came upon them, and the common enemy of liberty (whether in Naples or in Spain, in France or in England) hurled them back centuries into barbarity and ignorance.

The language, the religion, the costume, the

amusements, of these imaginative and semi-civilized people (and the lower classes are still understood by the term) are all in harmony. Their dialect is a sort of poetical text, commented by pantomimic gesture: the former is all figure, the latter all grace. Their salutations look like coquetry, and the facility with which they converse with each other at a considerable distance, by a sort of telegraphic movement of hands and arms, savours of magical intelligence.

The mobility of their sharp shrewd countenances, always striking, is still more observable when their persons are at rest, and their attention engaged in listening to one of their *improvisatori*, or their reciters. During our *séjour* at Naples, our residence was so near the Mola, that the proximity perpetually tempted us to walk on it, and more particularly on Sundays;—when it divides with the marshes of the *Ponte della Maddelena* nearly the whole of the lower population of the city and its vicinage, not stuffed into a calesh and bound for Resina or Pozzuoli*. The Mola on these occasions generally presented

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* The Neapolitan calesh is a little cabriolet, all painted and flaunting with shabby finery; the driver is frequently seated on the shaft; while, both within and without, the little vehicle is crowded with men, women, and children, all dressed in the gaudy gala habit of scarlet caps and jackets, covered with gold or tinsel lace, and a profusion of coral.

several circles, each two or three deep; they were composed of the lowest orders and the Lazzaroni; sometimes seated on wooden benches, sometimes on the ground, according to the price paid to some peripatetic philosopher, or reader, who occupied the centre, and who read aloud—Tasso* or Mastrillo, stories from "*La Bibbia*," or legends of much less edifying character. The image of one of these "academicians" will not readily escape my memory, as it never failed, during the Sundays of successive weeks, to fix my eye. He was a short square grotesque figure, with a face moulded on the model of the French polichinel—all nose, chin, and bushy eyebrows; he wore an immense wig, a large but torn cocked hat, the jacket, or the fragments of a jacket, of an Italian courier, and a pair of bright yellow buckskin small-clothes, from the cast-off wardrobe of some English groom. He was without shoes or stockings; his spectacles were immense; and he held a filthy tattered Tasso in

* The common people call Tasso "*il Rinaldo*," from the hero of his poem. They interest themselves so deeply for different personages in the "*Gerusalemme*," that their preference for particular *Cavalieri* or *Donne* gives rise to such combats as were formerly fought, to prove the worth or beauty of particular Dulcineas. These beings, whose habits are the most uncivilized, and who can seldom read, are said to appreciate the poetical merits of their native poet with a tact that would do honour to the critical acumen of the most professed reviewer.

one hand, and a stick or wand in the other, which he moved with great dignity and variety of gesture. For every line he recited he gave a commentary of his own, that might fill a page: sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous, and always with an air so proudly oracular, as to excite the strongest disposition to laughter. Such however was not the effect produced on his auditors: never were countenances more concentrated, or more intensely expressive of the deepest interest — eyebrows were knit, lips distended, cheeks glowed, and heads shook, at the feats and fates of the "Goffredo" and the "Rinaldo," against whom, in vain,

"S' armo d' Asia e di Libia il popol misto."

Some half-rose in their emotion—others uttered a deep ejaculation; and the murmured "*Bravo!*" circulated with all the restrained emotion of those who feared to interrupt, by their applause, strains that commanded the most enthusiastic admiration! When the *Séance* broke up, which it did every hour, for the benefit of fresh profits and a new audience*, the dismissed auditors flew to an orange-stand, where the fruiterer was busily occupied in cutting up oranges, which swam in juice on the counter before him, and were pur-

* The outside circle generally hear these readings for nothing; and none give more than the value of half a farthing.

chased with thirsty avidity for about the value of half a farthing. Others took ice, to the amount of a halfpenny, from the *Acquaiuolo;* and a penny or two-pence more, laid out in bread and macaroni, probably included the whole expense of the day.

The *Feste Popolari*, or religious festivals, are so numerous, that scarcely a day passes without some ceremony, which serves as an excuse to idleness and pleasure, and which is frequently sanctioned by the Government taking some part in it. At Christmas time, besides the rites already described in the Church festivals of Rome, the Neapolitans have their exhibitions of the Presepio in almost every house, convent, and church. Not to go the rounds of these exhibitions, "*visitàre i Presipi*," is to savour of that atheism, or jacobinism, of which the higher orders are accused by the people and the Government. *La Festa di Sant' Antonio*, enlists all the live-stock of Naples, brute or human; and the stables of the King supply the principal part of the gala.* This festival is referred to those times, when the Gentiles performed similar ceremonies round the famous Bronze Horse, whose superb colossal head (still preserved in the Museo Borbonico) is

* Whoever will watch the course of things in England, will perceive a strong effort, on the part of the Government, to bring back the people to the revival of those forms, which make a part of the Continental systems.

among the wonders of the antiquities of Naples, and the constant study and admiration of its artists.

Easter Sunday is distinguished by a most gallant and gaudy procession of the whole of the *Popolaccio* to Antignano, and from thence to the Poggio Reale, where every species of excess, in joy and feasting, is committed. Ceremonies appropriated to all the successive holidays follow, to the utter neglect of business and industry; until, on the Ascension-day, the King and his Court celebrate the festival of the season, by joining the people at Carditello; and the splendour of his Majesty, his suite, and equipages, form the principal feature in rites instituted to recall so solemn an event, as the Deity throwing off his mortal coil and ascending to take his eternal seat on "the right hand of his Father." The Pentecost brings its own *Feste;* and the most curious part of all this is, that these rites are celebrated with forms so purely those of the ancient idolatries of the Greeks, and the groups are so strictly the same, in costume and countenance, as those still preserved in ancient sculpture, that even the ivy wreaths of Bacchus are not forgotten. The sylvan pipe and dance, with movements all grace, and gestures all pantomine, recall at once the groups of Greek Bacchanti, celebrating rites that have no affinity whatever to the

sacred epochs of that religion of "long suffering and sacrifice," whose events they are intended to commemorate. Certain however it is, that if other sects have taken surer roads to Heaven, none ever chose pleasanter than those who profess the faith of the Neapolitan Church.

The religion of the lower orders, in Naples, is scarcely Catholicism. It is not a creed; it is a tradition—descended rather from their Greek ancestors, than imbibed from the Roman Church, to which they have always opposed themselves. Of all Christian sects, the Church of Naples is perhaps the most idolatrous, and at the same time the least intolerant. It seeks not to scrutinize too closely religious professions, or to investigate the faith of those who maintain a decent exterior. Too secure for doubt, and too enjoying for activity, it will not hear of persecution*; and even its bishops teach, that the first Christians were but enlightened reformers, who endeavoured, in the worst times, to purify the corruption of society.† The gross minds and

* The late and present King of Naples are said to have vainly attempted the introduction of the Inquisition.

† "*E probabile che i primi Cristiani nella loro origine, non fossero che persone le quali volevano in tempi corrottissimi redurre la più superstiziosa idolatria alla simplicità della pura ed eterna ragione, ed il orribile despotismo che mai abbia oppresso il genere umano, (tal era quella di Roma,) alle norme della giustizia.*" "It is probable that the early Christians in their

ardent imaginations of the neglected and vivacious people know nothing of the abstract dogmas of religion: they require and possess a tangible creed—a something to see and touch, to complain of, and to adore. The wild Calabrian treats his tutelar Saint according to his merits: he is prodigal of praises to his honour and glory, or he flings him down the mountain, or knocks him off his shrine, as he finds him propitious or otherwise. We were assured that Saint Gologaro (the patron of Calabria) had seldom his due complement of limbs and features; but when good harvests and fine weather brought him into favour, his pardon was asked, his nose glued on, his face fresh painted, and his sanctity replaced in all its honours.* The religion of

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origin were only persons who, in the most corrupt times, strove to bring back a superstitious idolatry to the simplicity of pure and eternal reason, and the most horrible despotism that ever oppressed humanity (for such was that of Rome) to the rules of justice."—Such is the opinion of a Neapolitan archbishop.

* In the old part of Naples, where every thing remains as the Arragons and Anjous left it centuries back, the narrow gloomy lanes abound in idol-shops. Here are to be purchased offerings for altars, such as the votarists of Flora and Pomona presented at their shrines, when Naples was a Greek colony—large bouquets of flowers, made of tin, feathers, or paper—fruits in wax—strings of noses, ears, eyes, and fingers—"*Salvatori*" of all sizes and ages, from the cradle to the sepulchre—"*Madri dolorose*," or "*del conforto*"—and Magdalens in all their stages

England was not much more spiritual three centuries back: the moment religion takes palpable forms, there is no knowing where folly and fanaticism will stop.

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of penitence or beatitude. In one of these shops we found a dirty boy carving a Madonna out of a block; and an old man, his master, sticking glass eyes in the head of St. Januarius; meantime an old woman stood haggling with the Padrona, who was selling saints as the mistresses of toy-shops sell dolls. The pious purchaser was long undecided, between a crucifix and a St. Sebastian stuck through with arrows; at last, she fixed on the former, wrapped it up in her pocket handkerchief, and hobbled off to nail it up at her bedside, as an idol to receive all those invocations which fill up the time and satisfy the cupidity of a devotee: for devotees, like courtiers, have always something to ask.

Lest, however, the reader should be tempted to attribute all this to the bad natural qualities of the Neapolitans, and not to those institutions which modern policy again upholds, I insert the following memorandum, extracted by Horace Walpole from a book preserved in the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol.

"Memorandum,—That Master Cummings hath delivered, the 4th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1470, to Mr. Nicholas Betts, Vicar of Ratcliffe, Moses Courteryn, &c. &c. &c., a new sepulchre well gilt and cover thereunto, an image of God Almighty rysing out of the same sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto: that is to say,—A lath made of timber, and iron-work thereto.

"Item, thereto longeth Heven made of timber and stained cloth.

"Item, Hell made of timber and iron-work, with devils, the number thirteen.

"Item, four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands; that is to say, two spears, two axes, two paves (shields).

Naples, said to be the thickest inhabited of any European city, contained, previous to the Revolution, five hundred thousand souls; ten thousand of which were monks and nuns*, and forty thousand were Lazzaroni, or persons† whose sole rank in the state was their houseless, hopeless, irretrievable poverty. This fact illustrates the whole history of Naples for the last three centuries (for the Lazzaroni do not seem to have had an existence as a body previous to the subjection of Italy by Charles the Fifth). Commoners of nature, living in the bosom of society, yet denied by their miseries all its advantages, they soon coalesced through the common interests of their forlorn state, and became alike formidable by their numbers, and their desperation. By limiting their wants to their means of supplying them, they became cynics without knowing it; and their daily habits of ease, indolence, and frugality, illustrated the philosophy of Diogenes,

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"Item, four pair of angels' wings for four angels, made of timber, and well painted.

"Item, the fadre, the crown and visage, the bell with a cross upon it, well gilt with fine gold.

"Item, the Holy Ghost coming out of Heven into the sepulchre.

"Item, longeth to the Angels four chevelers (i. e. wigs.)"

* See St. Non, Voyage Pitt.

† Montesquieu says 60,000; Lalande 40,000; the number now allowed to exist even by the Royal Guide-books.

without the ostentatious display of his tub. They who had nothing to give, could not be taxed; they who were beyond opinion, suffered nothing from its penalty. The two "*grani*" that purchased their daily ration of macaroni, the two more that went for ice-water, and a puppet-show, were surely and easily earned; and a little surplus of ingenuity and industry procured the few yards of canvass, which made up their whole wardrobe (a shirt and trowsers), allowing even something for the superfluity of their red-worsted sash and cap. These wants supplied, nothing remained but the delicious *far niente**—the lounge in the sun or the shade—the laugh raised indiscriminately at friend and foe—a prayer offered at a shrine—or curses given to the *scrivano*, who mulcts some crime which poverty cannot redeem by a bribe. The miserable offspring of the Lazzaroni are the victims of this idleness and these vices; for their wretched mothers, in their sheds or dens, soured by privation and distress, avenge on their children their own

* We were assured by many Neapolitans, that the odium of idleness flung on the Lazzaroni and the lower orders of the people is wholly unfounded: they are always disposed to work, and are patient, enduring, and laborious; but under the present system, the population is wholly disproportioned to the quantity of labour to be performed. Their willingness to work, however, does not indispose them towards the pleasures of indolence, which their climate naturally tends to render an enjoyment.

hard fate, in all the peevishness of perpetual irritation.

The paternal government of the Bourbons made no effort to redeem this large and fearful class, which festered like a canker in the bosom of the state. It originated no sources of industry; it checked manufacture by exclusion; while it smiled upon the Lazzaroni, and spoke their dialect.

During the occupation of the French, under Murat, public works at home and wars abroad called largely on the population of Naples. Roads made or improved in every direction! Pompeii almost wholly excavated! the Solfatara worked with vast activity! churches, convents, and old buildings, thrown down, and replaced by new edifices! the silk and porcelain manufactories encouraged by the government! and above all, the Conscription, that brief mode of cleansing such an Augean accumulation of moral and physical corruption as offended both reason and sense in Naples, all contributed to thin or occupy the population, and to fall with an unknown and unexpected weight upon the Lazzaroni, as well as upon the other classes. Chased from their sties, roused from their inertness, sent into climes less genial, their discontent was shared by as many of the lower orders as resembled them in their habits and debasement. During the fatal re-action of 1799 this class had shewn itself an efficient ally of the royal party: accustomed dur-

ing the vicissitudes of the Revolution to rise and rob on the least commotion, to commit acts of the most barbarous atrocity on their fellow citizens, the Lazzaroni testified their joy on the expected return of their legitimate King, with such unequivocal demonstrations of their hopes and intentions, as filled the more civilized inhabitants of the most unfortunate of cities with terror and dismay. The services which they had rendered the State under that Arch-Lazzaroni Cardinal Ruffo, had raised their consequence in their own estimation. They now considered themselves a corporate body of the realm, and so mingled with its interests, that without waiting, as they had before done, for the arrival of the King, to hail him with shrill loud Vivats on the shore, they sent out a deputation, with their chief in the ancient costume, to wait on his Majesty on board the English man of war, which brought back the royal fugitive to his twice abandoned capital, (for the English are the royal *portantini* of Europe!) Upon this occasion the Lazzaroni affected a solemnity that evinced their conscious importance; and in their loyal address of congratulation none of those *Lazzi* were suffered to escape, which were wont on former occasions to amuse their King. His Majesty received this address, as all royal addresses are received by Majesties, with "gracious smiles!" But when the Lazzaroni discovered, that these meant as little as royal "gra-

cious smiles" usually do mean; that the scenes of ninety-nine were not to be re-acted; that Jacobins were not to be burned, nor Muratists plundered; and that the minister took wise and efficient precaution to prevent a sanguinary insurrection;—then Ferdinand the Fourth became as unpopular as Joachim the First; and the Lazzaroni declared the King was worth nothing, and fit for nothing, but "*mangiare maccaroni,*" (to eat macaroni,)—a passion he is said to possess in common with themselves.

These Ultras of Naples, however, like the Ultras of France, whom in many respects they resemble (the first being the dregs, as the last are the scum of the people) have, it appears, recently found reason to be again satisfied with their paternal King; since, according to public report, their loyal indignation was roused at the vain attempts made by their enlightened compatriots in the cause of constitutional liberty;—and a tendency to re-action was unequivocally expressed. On such reports, however, it is impossible to depend, and useless to argue. The author of these pages is well aware, that not only all correspondence with foreign countries is now subject to the Italian police, but the *soi-disant* Gazettes of the Continent are the mere engines of a despotism, whose jealousy permits no ray of truth to pass. A dark dense cloud now hangs

over devoted Italy, which time must lift: how soon, or late, is the only question at issue.

Between the people of the kingdom of Naples and the higher classes, (including the nobility, the land proprietors, the professional orders of all descriptions, and even a large mass of the ecclesiastics,) the distance is fearfully immeasurable! the gulf seems almost impassable: and in this vast disparity lies the inherent evil, which has lately operated with so fatal an influence.

The kingdom of Naples and the island of Sicily were, from the remotest times, distinguished by a race of the true, pure Ionian mould and temper: subtile, acute, rapid in their perceptions; and philosophical, or sophistical, according to the character of the age in which they flourished. Pythagoras, a bold, but in some respects a wise reformer, adopted these people as the fittest agents of his great scheme of universal regeneration; and he found even the women enthusiastic admirers of his doctrines, and able and active disciples in disseminating and teaching principles, which aimed at overturning the sanguinary superstitions, the moral corruptions, and political despotism of his age.*

* The great dogma in the religion of Pythagoras was, that God did not desire the shedding of blood, and that the pomp of sacrifice was against the moral government of the Deity, to

It is an undeniable fact, that the character of the Southern Italians, the Neapolitans, and Sicilians, is much what Pythagoras found it—the same tone of intellect, the same intuitive acuteness, the same tendency to metaphysical disputation, the same love of ardent inquiry, and the same resistance to imposition, and hatred of unfounded pretension.* That class to whom the

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whom virtue and truth were the best offerings. One of his maxims was, that those are equally culpable who deny the existence of God, or who seek to bribe him by offerings. This was "a palpable hit" at the imposition of the Church in that day. On his arrival in Italy, he preached temperance and justice: and all that has been added to this was exaggeration. The silence he recommended was in allusion to the noted *bavardage* of the Tarentine people. Pythagoras was, in fact a reformer of ancient abuses; and when he visited Italy, luxury and corruption had reached their acmé under the despotism of the Sybarite tyrants, and of Aristodemus of Cumæ.

* Pretension and charlatanism find no refuge in Naples, even among the common people. A famous sleight-of-hand man arrived at Naples from Paris: two days after his first exhibition all his tricks were played by the Lazzaroni in the Largo di Castello. After the incombustible man had displayed his anti-inflammable properties, half Naples was composed of incombustibles, and every street had its salamander. The invisible girl is said to have shewn her invisibility on one night only; for on the second, the Marchese *** invited all the fashionables to see his invisible girl; who, as she performed for nothing, took the *pas* of her prototype, and forced her to retire. The good Bishop of Tarentum had a sort of entertainment performed at his palace, which was peculiar to Neapolitan talent. It was called the

benefits of education have been given, the younger and rising generation of the nobles, the professional men, and many of the higher ecclesiastics, are among the most enlightened men of Italy. Philosophical and unprejudiced, they are versed in the theories of political science, and devoted to liberty with enthusiasm. Their ardour, indeed, has out-shot their means; and their ignorance of the habits of a free government has contributed, with the corruption and the timidity of the populace, (without whose agency they could effect nothing,) to prevent their success in the various attempts they have made to arrive at a constitutional government.

The press, rigidly shackled under the Bonaparte dynasty, both in France and Italy, as to all political subjects connected with the personal interests and ambition of the Emperor, was freely open to every other; and philosophy and science never had a wider range than during the last twenty years. The educated classes found themselves once more in their own element. The days of their Pythagoras seemed to return, and their fine and subtile intellects were again thrown into activity.

"Oracle." Questions were proposed to a magician, who gave the wittiest and most prompt replies. This intellectual *improvisatore*, who substituted sense for sound, is said to have been Signore B——.

The *Carbonari** were at first a private association, formed for the cultivation of political science on the principles of constitutional liberty; and their resistance to a particular counter-revolutionary party was encouraged by their foreign chief Murat (as the old Queen of Naples affected to sanction the freemasons, and became herself the grand mistress of a lodge). The *Carbonari* soon grew to be a generic name for all that was

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* After the terrible re-action which marked the return of the King of Naples in 1790, a secret combination was set on foot by Cardinal Ruffo, called the Society of the *Santa-Fede*, or the Holy Faith. The object of this was to maintain the ascendancy of a sect, to watch over the old systems of power, and to guard against all reformation. It was composed of the old ultra courtiers and the rabble, ancient placemen, and *ex-employés*. It flourished at the commencement of Murat's reign, to the perpetual division and anarchy of the people. The liberal, who were neither Muratists nor Bourbonists, but who naturally inclined to the former, as by much the least of the two evils, associated by the name of *Carbonari*, to oppose the *Santa-Fede*, in particular, and all favourers of despotism, in general. Murat gave them his countenance, and is said to have been, *au fond*, a good Carbonaro. On the restoration of the King, the Marchese Canosa revived the *Santa-Fede*, with the new name of the *Calderoni* (or Tinkers), in opposition to the *Carbonari*, or Coalmen. As soon as this association was discovered, it was discountenanced. The arrogation of exclusive loyalty, by a party, was not admitted, nor the principles of religious intolerance sanctioned. The *Calderoni* were put down; and the agitator who thus endeavoured to divide the people, and disseminate the elements of religious discord, was banished.

enlightened and liberal in the kingdom; but it long represented rather an opinion than an organized society. In its original formation there were no mysteries to conceal, no forms to celebrate, no dogma, no secret.* The league was that of intellect, of spirits ardent in the cause of liberty and of truth; and like the league of Lombardy it soon embraced all that desired or deserved to be free.

The apparent tendency towards old forms and institutes, under the restored government of Ferdinand the Fourth (now too old to learn), gave a new spring to the original principles of the *Carbonari:* they had begun by resisting; they were now called on to defend; and they ended by reforming, or by an effort to reform. The unfortunate result of their patriotic and constitutional efforts is now before the world; but praise, at least, is due to those disinterested and brave individuals, who undertook the defence of their independence, and lost not their confidence of success, when the kings of Europe stood in battle array, to oppose to their hundreds of raw, inexperienced, and inefficient forces, the disciplined,

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* The *Carbonari*, we were assured, subsisted for a long time without lodges; one member enlisting another, independently of any point of union. It was, however, very difficult to arrive at the facts concerning this political association; whose members, being much calumniated and watched, were very cautious.

organized thousands of royal and imperial standing armies. The poltroonery of the brute mass of Neapolitan soldiery (even unequally opposed, as it seems to have been,) can never be excused or palliated; but the intrepidity, the spirit, the devotion, with which the noblest, the wealthiest, and most enlightened men in Naples, came forward in the cause of their country and their rights, deserve immortal glory; and from history and future generations they will obtain it, even though contemporary prejudice, and indolence, confound their heroic and virtuous struggles with the feebleness of the instruments they were forced to employ.

When we visited Naples in the latter end of the winter 1820, no evidence of an immediate crash was visible on the surface of society. The murmurs of discontent, occasionally deep and low, like the ground sea of polar regions, seemed to act as a safety-valve against general and precipitous explosion; giving vent to irritated feelings in those bitter ironies, or generalized philippics against despotism, which the toleration of society, and the government of Naples, freely permitted, and which are so consonant to the satirical intellects of all the Italians, but most of the Neapolitans. The book-shops, and private libraries, were filled with liberal publications, French, English, and Italian. To have written an *anti-ultra* work on France (however light and

trivial), was found a sufficient introduction to Neapolitan society, of almost all ranks: and the author of these pages was indebted to a composition which has drawn upon her the persecution of the ultra press of France and England, for admission into circles whose illumination and urbanity will long be preserved among the most gracious impressions of her journey to Italy. It is in vain that reviewers calumniate! and journals denounce! that Quarterlys and *Quotidiennes* fulminate bulls, and utter anathemas. Their briefs of condemnation (like other briefs) are now but waste paper; while days and nights passed in the societies of Geneva, Milan, Florence, Bologna, and Naples, are entered in the records of the heart, and are at once the reward and stimulus of exertions, which, however inadequate, have never been made, but in the full conviction that they tended to forward the cause of truth and of virtue.

The approach of spring, as we arrived in Naples, was marked by the first flittings of "*Les Hirondelles.*" The multitudinous English, who had very literally occupied Naples during the winter, were now "ready furnished for their flight." Many were gone, others were going; some to niche themselves in Rome, while yet a pigeon-hole was left them to roost in, others to embark for Greece, Turkey, or the Ionian Islands—

"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:"

a few were bound for England, in an English frigate; and many were returning to the banks of the Tweed or the Shannon, by the slow sure process of the Neapolitan *vetturino*. The few, however, who remained and were stationary, continued the hospitalities of the winter, by dinners and evening parties*; following the example set them by their ambassador†. The house of the Russian ambassador, one of the most splendid and elegant in the diplomatic circles of Italy, was also still open; and notwithstanding its brilliant entertainments, the greatest attraction to the guests were the amenity and graces of the accomplished hosts, the Count and Countess Stakleberg.

In Naples, as throughout Italy, the Carnival is the season of gaiety, and of whatever hospitality the Italians may be disposed to offer. We found the city in all the retirement of Lent: the court

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* Among the principal *agrémens* of society in Naples were the private theatricals of the Margravine of Anspach: the best private acting I ever saw.

† The weekly assemblies of Sir William and Lady A'Court were brilliant and crowded, and we have to acknowledge with gratitude their polite and hospitable attentions. The English merchants established at Naples do not mingle with the society of the upper classes: some of them complained to us bitterly of their position, and of the annoyances to which they were subjected, from the government of Naples, and the neglect of their own. Ships from England were obliged to perform quarantine: one only was exempt from this penalty—from its having on board a parrot, sent by an English minister to the Duke of * * *.

was closed; the King, to shew his piety, had abandoned drawing-rooms and levees for the sports of the field, and passed his days in hunting boars, instead of receiving them.*

The *Accademia Nobile* was however open, and the first pleasant impression we received of Neapolitan society was in its elegant and crowded circles. The *Accademia Nobile* of Naples is the *Casino* of other Italian cities: it is the court of the aristocracy, where that numerous class do the honours of the capital to strangers; and no where in Italy are they more graciously done. The establishment is, indeed, infinitely superior to any other of the same description on the Continent. The *locale* is a spacious and handsome palace, brilliantly lighted, and well attended; the various suites of rooms are elegantly furnished; the grand saloon, where the orchestra stands, is a noble apartment; and the order and good taste

* The King never goes forth for the chase without arming himself with a heron's foot; which he places in his button-hole, as the most effective charm against the *Monacello* (the Neapolitan hobgoblin), or against the ill-luck of meeting an old woman or a priest, as he crosses the threshold—both ill omens for the day! When Lord * * * came to an audience to take leave of his Majesty on his return to England, the King told him he had a little *bouquet d'adieu* for him; and when his lordship probably dreamed of a gold snuff-box with the royal face set round with brilliants on the lid, he was presented with the heron's foot, as a spell against all accidents in an English fox-chase, and a remembrance of royal friendship and Neapolitan field sports.

which prevail over all, and the extreme attention of the stewards to their guests, unite the freedom of a place of public amusement, with the accommodations and cordial hospitality of a private assembly. The *Accademia* exhibits no semi-illumination and *demi-toilette*, dictated by Italian œconomy and Italian indolence; every thing is brilliant and complete, as in an English rout; and all sorts of amusements take their turn, according to the season—cards, billiards, balls, and concerts.* When we attended its assemblies, they were confined, in consequence of Lent, to music; and some of the principal performers of the best Opera in Europe, vocal and instru-

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* There was a literary *Accademia* held here while we were in Naples, given in honour of Tasso, to which we were invited. The bust of Tasso was crowned with laurel, and the usual number of sonnets, *canzoni*, and odes produced upon such inspiring occasions, were addressed to the author of the "*Gerusalemme.*" It was curious to remark upon this occasion that the greater part of the poems were philippics against the debasing patronage of Princes, and the conduct of the D'Este to one of the greatest poets Italy ever produced. Immediately opposite to the spot where we were placed sat the hereditary Prince of Denmark and his suite; and when there was any thing particularly severe against despotism, the reciter frequently turned round and addressed himself to his Royal Highness with great emphasis; while one of the canzonetteers addressed him personally: observing, that he had opportunities of studying mankind, laws, and governments, in the course of his travels, rarely enjoyed by Princes; and that, on his return to his own kingdom, it was to be hoped he would benefit by the results of his experience.

mental, contributed their talents to its fine concerts. The music is followed by a promenade, enlivened by the symphonies of a military band. This most liberal establishment is supported by the subscriptions of the nobility; many of whom, though they never attend, are extremely desirous that it should be well maintained, and every attention lavished on the guests: and foreigners find it a very delightful resource against the tedium of long unoccupied evenings, of which they so often complain in Italy. The entertainments are weekly, and every person presented at the ambassador's is invited. Of the private houses open in Naples during that season, those which most interested us, and which we most frequented, were the palaces of Monsignore Capecelatro, Ex-Archbishop of Tarentum; of the Marchese Berio; the Princess Belmonte, and a few others.

The venerable, the excellent Ex-Archbishop of Tarentum is one of the most distinguished characters which modern Italy has produced, or the eventful circumstances of the last fifty years called into public observation. While still in early youth, he obtained great celebrity by the boldness and talent displayed in a very ingenious work, written to prove the illegality of the tribute (the famed *Haquenée*) which the Neapolitan crown paid to the See of Rome, through the vileness of its foreign conqueror. A work still more extra-

ordinary for an author who had rapidly obtained the first dignities of the Church, was one written with great learning and eloquence, to prove that the celibacy of the clergy was a crime against nature and good morals, unwarranted by the Scriptures; and that much of the odium which had fallen on the Catholic Church, and had urged on the Reformation, was due to an institute which had in Italy proved so favourable to every species of profligacy. The upper orders of the hierarchy rose in arms against a doctrine which tended to substitute matrimony for concubinage; but the inferior orders of the Church (always the best) read it with avidity, and agreed to it with sincerity.

Although for a time the personal friend of the Queen of Naples, (and frequently her unheeded Mentor) the Archbishop had the courage, on the eve of the Revolution, to declare, that if that event succeeded in Naples, it would be owing to the mal-administration of public affairs, the crimes of the ministers, and the misery of the people. He was, during its operation, forced forward by his popularity into public life, and elected to an office of high importance, without his consent or knowledge. On the return of the royal family, Ruffo marked him out from less distinguished victims. He was thrown into a dungeon, without any form or process of law, or even colour of accusation; and was to expiate his crime, of not

having (like his King) abandoned his country in the moment of her greatest need, on the scaffold. On the suggestion, however, that the people of all parties would unite and rise to the rescue of the most popular and revered of their prelates, his reprieve or deliverance was announced to him as a grace on the part of his sovereign. He was on the threshold of his dungeon when this clause in his pardon was repeated to him—he turned back, and refused to stir until his innocence was fully acknowledged, and that which was offered in mercy was granted in justice. To satisfy the people, or his own conscience, the King pronounced the acquittal of the Archbishop, and generously made his excuses for what he was pleased to call his unjust arrestation.

The talents, experience, activity, and universal popularity of the Archbishop of Tarentum, soon attracted the notice of the French government, and he was made Minister of the Interior; a situation for which his genius, experience, and knowledge, eminently fitted him. Most of the numerous and munificent public works, undertaken by Murat, were commenced at the suggestion, or during the ministry of the Archbishop. But the best and most wanted of his works, was an establishment for the education of female youth, forwarded by the zeal, and even personal superintendence, of Madame Murat, whose last words to all the Neapolitans whom she saw previous to her embark-

ation on board the English frigate, were—"Watch over the Miracoli!—preserve my school."*

The palace of this noble ecclesiastic has been already alluded to, in reference to its gallery and collections; but among the chefs-d'œuvre of its pictures, among its gems and medals, impressed with the portraits of Grecian heroes and Roman emperors, there is no head in the whole collection so well worth seeing as his own. It is one of

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* The Pensionat of the Miracoli, in its importance, extent, and magnificence, so closely resembles that of Milan and Lodi, that it were but repetition to enter on its details:—the same attention to the health of the children, in the purity and arrangement of the apartments; the same useful and elegant acquirements lavished on the pupils, from the making a gown to playing the harp and reading English.

The convent of the Miracoli must have been one of the most important in Italy, to judge by the *locale*. It looks larger than the royal palace, and its tremendous walls resemble those of a fortified city. As we stood at the windows of the Lady Directress's apartments, upon the fifth story, a scene of magnificence presented itself, in the Bay, Vesuvius, &c. &c. wholly excluded from the lower part of the building, which once shut out for ever the unhappy victims who "withered out their bloom" in the good old times. Since the Restoration, the children never pass these walls till they leave the school, except twice a year, when they parade the town in job-coaches. The King, we were assured, refused to see this admirable establishment, because it was the work of the Murats, and is purely revolutionary. Great changes have taken place in it since his return. Children can now only see their friends at the grate, as before the Revolution; but parents are admitted beyond this frightful barrier—as yet.

the finest illustrations of benignity that Nature, in her happiest mood, ever struck off to reconcile man to his species! These are the heads which Greece and Italy only produced, and which made, at far distant epochs, the inspiration of a Phidias and a Raphael!

Since the Restoration another has been appointed to the see of Tarentum; but the title remains, and will remain for ever, with one who has rendered it so celebrated in the annals of Church history. Since that epoch, the Archbishop has bid a final adieu to all public interests, and is closing his arduous active life in the mild sunset of domestic retirement. Still attached, with all the enthusiasm of youth, to letters and science, his mornings are given up to his books, his medals, and his engraved gems; his early and hospitable dinner-table is seldom without some polished or literary guest; and his afternoons and evenings are devoted to successive circles of friends, (whom habits of long and reverential attachment congregate round him) and to some few well-recommended foreigners, who, in the desire of knowing one of the most celebrated characters in Italy, solicit permission to attend his *prima sera*. To this very pleasant Italian season of reception, which begins and ends early in the Palazzo Capecelatro, succeeds the *crocchio ristretto* of his intimate friends of both sexes, including

the first persons of rank and talent in Naples; when one or two card-tables, where the stake is next to nothing, vary the resources of the evening.

It was occasionally our privilege, during our residence in Naples, to be admitted at different hours by the Archbishop of Tarentum, to have enjoyed mornings in his cabinet of medals, to have had our cover at his elegant table, to have seen him the centre of his afternoon circle, and to have found him, at night, making one in his little card-party; but at all hours and seasons, we have observed his beautiful and benign countenance irradiated by that spirit of benevolence which extends itself to all that live, and breathe, and suffer, and his manners, governed by a mild and unvarying cheeriness, the never-failing result of

> "That sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever."
>
> MILTON.

The saloons of the Marchese Berio present another aspect of society equally favourable to the impressions previously received of Neapolitan intellect and education. In Rome a *conversazione* is an assembly where nobody converses, as in Paris a *boudoir* is a place "*où l'on ne boude pas!*" The *conversazione* of the Palazzo Berio, on the contrary, is a congregation of elegant and refined spirits, where every body

converses, and converses well; and best, (if not most,) the master of the house.

The Marchese Berio is a nobleman of wealth, high rank, and of very considerable literary talent and acquirement, which extends itself to the utmost verge of the philosophy and belles-lettres of England, France, Germany, and his native country. He has read every thing, and continues to read every thing; and I have seen his sitting-room loaded with a new importation of English novels and poetry, while he was himself employed in writing, *al improviso*, a beautiful ode to Lord Byron, in all the first transports of enthusiasm, on reading (for the first time) that canto of Childe Harold, so read and so admired by all Italy.* Time, and a

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* The fourth Canto.—This elegant Ode is at once poetic and patriotic; and the last stanzas, inviting the noble poet of England to celebrate Naples, as he had done Rome, are so descriptive of the classic topography of Naples, that I trust I may be forgiven by the author, if I cite here what I believe has never gone beyond his own circle.

Ma poichè sparso tu t' avrai su quella
Urna, deh! lascia la città di Marte,
Qui vieni in questa dell' Italia bella
Più bella parte.
Ove sepolta per tant' anni, e tanti,
Pompei risorge nuovamente al giorno,
Odi . . . ancor suona d' ululati, e pianti
L' Eco d'intorno,

Ove

long and patiently endured malady, have had no influence over the buoyant spirit, the ardent feelings, the elegant pursuits, of this liberal and accomplished nobleman; his mind and manners are beyond the reach of infirmity; and the *ci-devant jeunes hommes* of other countries might purchase his secret at any price, were such a secret (which Nature only communicates) purchaseable.

Of the *Conversazioni of the Berio Palace*, it is enough to say, that its circle comprised, when

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Ove di Stabia sol col nome resta
Sconvolto avanzo che la valle ingombra,
E ancor ne cerca la cagion funesta
Di Plinio l' ombra.
Vieni ove s' erge la magione Augusta
De' Rè, cui sempre primavera arride,
Sotto cui giace la città combusta
Sacra ad Alcide.
Vieni ove Maro spesso a Mergellina
Che in mar si specchia dall' opposto lido,
D' Ilio cantava l' ultima rovina,
Gli amor di Dido.
U' di Sincero la silvestre avena
Concorde a quella del cantor d' Enea
D' Arcadi accenti risuonar l' amena
Spiaggia facea.
Qui ancor di Baja l' incantato seno,
Caro alle Muse, caro a Roma intera,
Del piacer t' offre, sotto un ciel sereno,
L' immagin vera.

we were at Naples — Canova*, Rosetti† (the celebrated poet and *improvisatore*), the Duke de Ventignano (the tragic poet of Naples‡),

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* Canova was then at Naples, for the purpose of finishing his famous equestrian statue in the portico of the Strada Medina. The horse is superb—the rider is now destined to be Don Carlos the Third. We heard, that that noble piece of sculpture has been successively bespoke by three kings; originally by King Joseph, for the colossal figure of his brother Napoleon; then by Murat, for the same person; and now by King Ferdinand, for his father.

† Rosetti is one of the best, and certainly one of the most amusing *improvisatori* in Italy. He assured us, that having once uttered his inspirations, he could not write them down, nor even remember a word; he is also a very good poet. Next to Rosetti, one of the gayest, and most entertaining *improvisatori* that we heard in Italy, was Signore Giacomo Ferretti of Rome. One night, at a party at the Baroness de B.'s, an Hanoverian lady of distinguished acquirements, some of the company having quizzed my passion for pulchinello and puppet-shows, which I constantly attended, Ferretti took it as a subject for an *improviso*, and not only treated it with infinite comic humour, but gave a very rapid and learned *précis* of the " *Sette Maschere Italiane*," " The seven Masques of Italy." He did not pause for a moment, and sang to an accompaniment on the piano-forte.

‡ Cesare della Valle, Duke di Ventignano, author of "*Ippolito*" and "*Ifiginia*," both dedicated to his friend the Archbishop of Tarentum. These tragedies have been printed and published at Naples (since the return of the King) by Trani; but the correspondence, at the end of the volume, between the publisher, and the Chancellor and Secretary-general of the *Cancelleria* and the *Regio Revisore*, &c. &c. &c., previous to permission being obtained, are curious documents, and are recommended to the perusal of the Church and State publishers of London. Were

Delfico * (the philosopher, patriot, and historian), Lampredi,† and Salvaggi (two very elegant writers,

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the principles they advocate in their journals and reviews established, it would a little lessen their profits as booksellers; and, instead of making fortunes by the works of Byron, Moore, and Scott, they would be selling the twopenny ballads of "Robin Hood," (the Mastrelli of England,) and begging leave, "in humble supplications" to Royal Revisors, to be permitted to reprint the "Sacrifice of Iphigenia," and the disastrous "Loves of Phædra and Hippolytus,"—like poor Angelo Trani.

* The Cavaliere Melchiore Delfico, sometime minister of the interior. His writings, if in a language more generally diffused than the Italian, would place him among the most spirited and independent inquirers of the age. His "*Ricerche su la sensibilità imitativa,*" a quarto of about 100 pages, abounds in philosophical views of society and laws; and his book upon the Roman jurisprudence, in which he shews the imperfection, vices, and barbarity, of that far-famed system of legal obscurity and injustice, is perhaps the most original work extant on the subject. Signore Delfico is likewise author of a History of the Republic of San Marino, of which state he is a citizen; and by a singular coincidence, he has published a volume on the inutility of history, in which, amidst some apparent and perhaps real paradox, there are to be found many important and disregarded truths. Signore Delfico is advanced in life; but he is eminently possessed of that cheerfulness and sociable cast of mind, which distinguishes the simple and unpretending philosopher of all countries. His zeal for science and his love of liberty are still unabated. To his persevering kindness we were indebted for many advantages during our stay at Naples; and his expression of friendship and regret at our departure will dwell in our memory amongst the most flattering and pleasurable recollections of that delightful residence.

† Signore Lampredi, by birth a Tuscan, has already been

and accomplished gentlemen), Signore Blanc (one of the most brilliant colloquial wits of any country, which the author of this work "ever coped withal"), and the Cavaliere Micheroux, a distinguished member of all the first and best circles of Naples. While *Duchesse* and *Principesse*, with titles as romantic as that which induced Horace Walpole to write his delightful romance of "Otranto," filled up the ranks of literature and talent,—Rossini presided at the piano-forte, accompanying alternately, himself, Rosetti in his *improvisi*, or the Colbrun, the *prima donna* of San Carlos, in some of her favourite airs from his own Mosé. Rossini, at the piano-forte, is almost as fine an actor as he is a composer. All this was very delightful, and very rare!—but there was something in these refined circles, still more delightful—the most perfect picture of domestic virtue and domestic happiness!—a grandsire and grandame, but just turned the autumn of life; two young unmarried daughters, lovely and well-educated, as young ladies of the same high rank in England; and a married daughter, the excellent and

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mentioned in the course of this work. Of his journal "*Il Poligrafo*," which he edited in the year 1811, M. de Stendhal says, "*C'est l'auteur du seul bon journal littéraire depuis Baretti.*—Signore Salvaggi has written very learnedly on music, and composed some excellent canzonetti, &c. &c.: his collection of ancient music is supposed to be one of the finest and most valuable in Italy.

amiable Duchess d'Ascoli, always accompanied by her little girls, whose tender age would almost exclude them from society, even in child-loving England.*

Such are the scenes of domestic virtue to be found in Naples, the result (it cannot be too often repeated) of those institutions which put down monastic orders, and closed the cells where youth submitted to incarceration, in obedience to

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* The patriotic part taken by the Duke d'Ascoli, in the recent public events of Naples, has been frequently alluded to in the public prints. In speaking of patriotism and talent, as connected with high rank in Naples, it would be unpardonable to pass over unnoticed the family of the Prince Pignatelli Strongoli. There are circumstances in the recent history of this excellent and illustrious family, which would furnish the deepest subjects to the genius of tragedy. At the breaking out of the first Revolution in Naples, there were four brothers Princes de' Pignatelli—all young, ardent, and patriotic. They all took an interest in the temporary changes to which the Government of Naples submitted. On the return of the King, the Queen ordered some of her ministerial *Sbirri* to catch any two of the Pignatelli, and hang them up; she was obeyed to the letter. One of the two, the youngest, when the moment of execution arrived, was found playing and singing a beautiful canzone, his own composition, and descriptive of his fate and feelings. This composition is well known in Italy; and I never heard it sung there without its drawing tears from the auditors. We had the honour of knowing the present Prince Pignatelli, the surviving brother. He unites the fine qualities of his brothers to very distinguished political and literary talents;—his domestic virtues and habits of life are in unison with his patriotism and public principles.

that political and religious system, which obliged parents to rend the holiest ties of nature, and sacrificed children to the interests of a sordid ambition. Long and often may such circles as that presented in the house of Berio congregate in the palace of the Neapolitan noble!—and may the late infliction, which has fallen so heavily and so terribly on that devoted country, spare such groups, though it forbid their example to others! May the horrors of the royal and imperial re-action stop at the gates that inclose virtues and feelings so mild and so beautiful;—and may no Acton or Vanni of the present day, no Ruffo or Canosa, drag to the tribunal or the scaffold the members of those illustrious families, who have again stood foremost in the ranks of patriotism, seeking to redeem their country, and preserve its newly acquired virtues, in despite of that league of invading dictators, to whom virtue is but a name!

The assemblies of the Princess Belmonte struck us to be very French. The Princess, once a celebrated wit and beauty, and long the ornament of the Neapolitan court, is now advanced in life, and is naturally surrounded by friends, whose conversation and reminiscences recall those splendid days, when the Favorita was all revel and festivity. The Princess has lived much in France, and more resembles, in her manner and conversation, the ladies of supreme ton of the Parisian circles, in the days of the beautiful and unfor-

tunate Marie Antoinette, than the Italian lady of any day! Besides the kindness with which she received us at home, we stood indebted to her for many useful attentions; and, above all, for procuring us an introduction to a family of the second class in Naples, a class, as elsewhere in Italy, more difficult of access to strangers than the first. The term "second class," however, is here only applied to those distinctions respected in red books; for the family of the Avocato **** was of the very first class in taste and education. At an entertainment given by this eminent lawyer, at which we were present, we found all the rank and talent of Naples: a very fine concert, to which the exquisite vocal powers of his fair daughters eminently contributed, was succeeded by a ball, which, for the execution of French quadrilles, would have done honour to a Paris ball-room. Among the amusements of the evening, that which afforded his foreign guests most pleasure was the inspection of a fine collection of Etruscan vases and antiquities, upon which *il Signore Avocato* has laid out immense sums, painfully earned over briefs, in causes which the Neapolitan barrister finds it so difficult to finish.

In capitals where such circles abound as these, (and they are merely chosen for delineation as fair but not rare specimens,) much illumination, and much private worth and home virtue, must exist; and the consciousness that they do exist

in a very eminent degree, calls forth the sympathy of all who think and feel in behalf of a people, who, having laboured at the difficult steep of protracted civilization, and nearly gained its summit, are again thrown back to groan and grovel in hopeless, endless, degradation.

"Cours, *vole à Naples!*" (says Rousseau in raptures at the idea of Neapolitan music) "*Cours, vole à Naples! Ecoute les chefs-d'œuvre de Leo, de Durante, de Jomelli, et de Pergolese!*" and one, whose pleasant rhapsodies sometimes resemble Rousseau's, has observed apropos to the musical genius of Naples, that the opera "*est décidément une affaire de partie pour les Napolitains, l'orgueil blessé s'est réfugie là.*" The "*orgueil blessé,*" however, of the Neapolitans has long found another and less secure vent: when we visited that ancient city of the Syrens, music was no longer the prevalent "*affaire de partie,*" and the scores of Leo and Pergolese were much less studied by the most ardent amateurs, than the "Minerve" of Paris, or the "Morning Chronicle" of London *.

* Two papers imported by as many of the reading class of the first rank in Naples as had the means of procuring them. We were constantly lent the Examiner, while we were at Naples—a curious fact; and what is still more curious is, that there were few among the Neapolitans who visited us, that did not read it with avidity; being, from their knowledge of the English language (now almost as much studied as French in Naples), perfectly capable of doing so.

Still the country which has given birth to Sacchini, Piccini, Guglielmi, Jomelli, to Cimerosa, and Paisiello, and to the finest vocalists, as well as the finest performers of Europe, must produce a race whose organization is peculiarly adapted to the most delicious and influential of all the arts: and in fact, even now, when the public mind is directed to subjects of infinitely more importance than music, Naples is still the great mart of the musical genius of Italy; and its grand national opera of *San Carlos* (taken in all its combination of architectural and ornamental beauty, its adaptation to sound, its principal singers, fine choruses and scenic illusions) is certainly superior to all other theatres in the world. As a *salle de spectacle*, less imposing, perhaps, than the *Scala* at Milan, it is infinitely more brilliant; and on the nights of illumination, its fairy splendour has no parallel in the whole range of theatrical effect. To this pure, bright, fresh, temple of harmony and taste, the grand opera of Paris is a filthy den.

During the Lent in Naples, though Kings may spend their days in hunting wild boars, and stringing little birds, as children string daisies, yet no dramas are permitted but such as are "appointed by the Church," and taken from the Holy Scriptures; and while patriarchs and prophets compose the whole *corps dramatique*, while Pharaoh is forfeited for non-attendance at rehearsal, and Elijah is translated at so much per night, the

people acquire through their theatres the greater part of the little they know of the history of their religion; and are duly edified through the cantabiles of Davide, or the graces of the handsome Dardinella.

But whether the opera of Naples be sacred or profane, serious or comic, the only composer still received with endless applause is Rossini. His Mosé was performed at San Carlos during the whole of our residence; and though we heard it almost as often as it was played, we attended to its splendid *scenas* with unabated delight and gratification.

The opera of "*Moses*" is strictly conformable to the most noted events of that warrior-prophet's mission, as related by himself; but is told with such amplifications as may tend to heighten the dramatic effect of the several characters. When the curtain rises, the divine mandate has just gone forth, by which the heart of Pharaoh was hardened; but in a royal theatre every possible delicacy and indulgence were shewn to the King of Egypt, as if he were rather the victim, than the enemy of that power, which withdrew from the sovereign his divine right of volition. While the heart of Pharaoh hardens through a fine solo, the heart of his son softens in an exquisite duo with a pretty Israelitish girl (an episode introduced *à plaisir*, and one rendered exceedingly affecting

by the struggles of the young Egyptian prince and his Jewish love, who is a *protegée* of Moses). The *gran scenas* are all between the prophet and the king. Moses is always stern, despotic, and audacious, and threatens, in his deep double bass, the obstinate Pharaoh with those plagues, which are exhibited from time to time in the scene. The Israelites, however, are at last permitted to depart; and as they range themselves at the gates of the city to commence their miraculous march, they really exhibited a most affecting sight. Haggard, woe-worn, ragged, and wretched, they recalled to my Irish mind the emigrating *spalpeens* of my own poor country; and perhaps the sympathy they excited would have been too deep for opera sensibility, were it not for the little knapsack, which each had strapped upon his shoulders, and which reminded the audience of the plunder of the unsuspecting Egyptians. The scenery and choruses at this moment were magnificent and melodious beyond description; such as the harps of Sion never surpassed, and the waters of Babylon never flowed to. At the moment that Aaron is about to give the word, and Moses has secured his fair young ward (whom he forces to accompany her unhappy compatriots), the young, enamoured Prince of Egypt rushes forward—seizes his mistress—and, by his father's orders, arrests the flight of the Jews! Moses, who "never knew what love was," as the Prince

tells him, enraged beyond further endurance at this new act of tyranny, falls on his knees, invokes the wrath of the Most High, and calls down fire from heaven, which consumes the devoted Prince under the eyes of his mistress, who goes instantly mad, and sings a frantic requiem over the body of her lover. Moses listens to her with the composed air of an amateur; then gives the word to march, and moves his wand—the sea opens, and he leads his followers over the dry sands, amidst the plaudits of an audience, who retire from this fine opera, vociferating through the streets, "*Mi manca la voce**," the popular quartetto of the piece, and a chef-d'œuvre of Rossini.

That the royal theatre of the Church and State, visited by the sovereign and presided by a duke, should be bound to a rigid observance of Lent, did not surprise us; but that the interdictions of the Church should have reached even to the theatre of *Pulchinello*, who, after the King and the Madonna, is decidedly the most powerful personage in Naples, did both disappoint and surprise us; and the more so, as we were seated in our box, prepared for the due exercise of "broad grins," before we were aware that *Pulchinello* † had submitted to that power which

* "My voice fails me."

† It is, I believe, scarcely necessary to observe that the Pulchinello of Italy is not, like the Polichinel of Paris, or the Punch

sovereigns had not resisted, and that his place on the stage of the *San Carlino* was taken by the prophet Elijah!! The play was the "*Commedia Sagra*" of "*Acabe*," which opens with a dialogue between the prophet and the widow, whose child he restores, and with whom the son of Jezabel is in love. The scene of Elijah in the king's court is extremely curious. Acabe accuses him of heresy and sedition—in a word, of being a Radical reformer, disturbing the ancient laws and religion of the state, which, confirmed by ages, had covered the land with unceasing prosperity. To all this Elijah replies, that his mission is from heaven; that he is sent to overturn the reigning religion; and that he will work miracles to prove the truth of his assertions, which shall leave no doubts on the mind of the king. Upon this the high priest of the idolatrous Acabe is called in to back his master, at whose sight Elijah cannot contain his ire, and a dialogue ensues which called forth the rapturous plaudits of the audience: Elijah, in a threatening attitude, calls his antagonist "*un*

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of England, a puppet; but a particular character in low comedy, peculiar to Naples, as *Pantalone* is of Venice, *Il Dottore* of Bologna, &c. &c. &c. Their name of *Maschere* comes from their wearing masks on the upper parts of their faces. They are the remains of the masques of the Greek and Latin theatres, and are now devoted to the depicting of national, or rather provincial vices and absurdities.

scelerato impio;" the high priest terms him "*un scelerato ingannatore;*"* and nothing remains for them but to proceed to blows, when the king, to save the Church a scandal, with difficulty parts them, and it is agreed that both are to meet in a certain cavern, and decide their superiority by miracles. This scene discovers the impositions of the false prophet, who is "*tutto confuso,*" when his materials for miracle-making are found in the cave, consisting of sticks, matches, pitch, &c. &c. &c.; while a long prayer of the true prophet's not only brings down fire from heaven, which consumes the king, queen, and heir-apparent, but at the same time brings down a fine full-grown angel, vibrating in the air between four pulleys, while the prophet settles himself in an arm-chair for the purposes of translation: first, however, as he was about to ascend, he stepped forward and gave out the play for the following evening; then re-seating himself, he threw down an old cloak on his successor's head, who was in look and garb the very image of a Jew clothesman in the streets of London.

We observed upon this occasion, that the theatre was filled with women and their children;

* "An impious rascal"—"A rascally impostor"—phrases which, I am sure, more than half the audience took to be scriptural. Each of these personages accused the other of priestcraft, and between them let fall such secrets of the trade, as were not very well calculated to edify the applauding public.

and that many of the boxes included the whole family of the lower *cittadini* class, even to the livery-boy and the baby; for it seems to be a sort of duty to attend these sacred dramas in Lent; and all that appears so singular and even profane in these exhibitions to the foreign spectator, is by them attended to with reverence and interest. When the false prophet was praying to his false gods, and Elijah kept crying in a taunting tone, "*più forte!—non t'ascoltano!*"—("Cry louder!—they don't hear you!") the audience clapped their hands and exclaimed, "Bravo, Elijah! bravo!" and our Tuscan servant, who stood in the back of our box, and who had taken it for granted, that he had come to see the Neapolitan Pulchinello, did not discover his mistake till Elijah's long prayer, in the last scene, undeceived him; when he observed to me as he announced the carriage, "*Credo, Signora, che c' è una commedia più tosto sagra.*" ("I fancy, Madam, that this is rather a sacred comedy.")

CHAP. XXV.

ROUTE FROM FOLIGNO TO VENICE.

Colfiorito. —Serravalle. (Pilgrims.) —TOLENTINO.—MACERATA. —LORETTO. (The Church and House of the Virgin.—Offerings since the Revolution.)—ANCONA.—SENIGAGLIA.—FANO. —PESARO.—RIMINI.—SAN MARINO.—CESENA. (The Rubicon.)—FORLI.—FAENZA.—IMOLA. — FERRARA. — PADUA. — Banks of the Brenta.—VENICE.

THE route from Naples to Venice (two of the extreme points of the Peninsula of Italy) lies, as far as Foligno, through the road already passed in the journey from Florence; but when the lovely valley and antique town of Foligno are passed, a new line of country is entered by those who take the mountain-road, and proceed by Bologna. A branch of the Apennines is then ascended, in aspect and elevation wilder and steeper than any link of that stupendous chain we had yet crossed. This Alpine way, rude, rutted, neglected, and carried through the most terrible and savage elevations for forty miles between Foligno and Tolentino, though called an "high road," was, when we passed it, just not impassable; and the

scenes it commanded of sublimity and boldness, of picturesque desolation and moral misery, surpassed all we had yet seen, even in the Pope's dominions. To the fertility of one of the richest vales in Italy, instantly succeed the most sterile deserts; and in the gradual ascent, bare cliffs and a rocky soil, with floods carrying destruction in their course, exhibit few traces of humanity, except the miserable village of *Case Nuove*, whose inhabitants profess to have no other mode of existence than the charity of travellers. Here the tremendous ascent of the *Colfiorito* presents itself, so difficult, and so out of repair, that we were obliged to perform much of it on foot, though our light carriage was drawn by four mules and three oxen; but the inordinate fatigue was almost repaid by the terrible sublimity of the prospect: rocks piled on rocks, precipices to shudder at even in remembrance, torrents springing from the cliffs, and dashing down into the misty valley beneath, were the great features of these frontiers of Nature's own erection; and when the summit was passed, undulations equally wild, but less precipitous, succeeded; then habitations again presented themselves, still more saddening to the mind, and influential on the feelings. Clusters of grey and formless hovels teemed with a naked and starving population! The carriage of the traveller with difficulty passes these artificial defiles; the wheels on either side grate against the habitations of the

wretches who run the risk of being crushed to death, or of slipping over a fathomless precipice, as they run along with upraised eyes and hands, begging for charity in the name of the Madonna, to whose bosom they promise to consign the "*buono Cristiano*" who may do for them what the Madonna never did—prevent them from famishing. The road leads to the perilous defile, and frontier village, of the Serravalle.*

The village of *Serravallè* (the narrow valley) seems scooped out of the two overhanging mountains, which are but at an hundred and fifty toises distance. It is the landmark which separates Umbria from Ancona. That it was once of military importance, is still intimated by the ruins of walls and castles said to have been raised by the Goths†. Mountain mists, and occasional torrents

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* Fortunately we had overtaken a very agreeable party of English gentlemen and ladies, and in their cheerful society dissipated much of the gloom of this savage journey. A day or two before our arrival at Serravalle, two young German noblemen, whom we had been in the habit of seeing in all the gay circles of Rome, having imprudently trusted themselves to the post-horses kept on this road, with a boy for a driver, were overturned on the edge of a precipice, at the entrance of the village. We found one of them lying in a most dreadful state at the *Spezeria* (a poor little apothecary's shop), which happened luckily to afford something approaching to accommodation, where he remained for many weeks.

† This ancient castle was inhabited by the Pope's legate for the Legation of Romagna, so recently as the year 1739. It was

of rain, added to the horrors of this cavernous site: as we entered it, a huge dog, like the Irish wolf-dog, stood on the top of a cliff, with a lamb in his mouth, dripping with blood, and formed no inappropriate image. The late Kingdom of Italy stopped short at Serravalle; and Ambition seems to have drawn her boundary on the precincts of possible civilization.

The wild way continues, over rock and precipice, to *Valcimara;* and when the foaming torrent which boils along the shelving road is passed at the *Ponte della Trave,* the scenery softens without losing any thing of its romantic aspect; and nothing in picturesque effect was ever more striking than the castellated ruins topping the perpendicular cliffs of *Belforte.* Here we met a group that suited this scene of feudal recollections—a band of pilgrims of both sexes, returning from Loretto to their native mountains, the Abruzzi. The well-known acute Neapolitan countenance, the richly-coloured dresses, jackets of scarlet, and petticoats of many-tinted borders, the staff, and scallop-shell hat, the shewy rosary and glittering cross, gave a most fantastic appearance to these devotees, who were trudging on merrily and noisily, absolved from all their sins, and (by the fierce looks of the men, and the looks not fierce

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thence Cardinal Alberoni marched at the head of his Sbirri, to take possession of the Republic of San Marino.

of the women,) disposed to open a new account with the Virgin, at whose shrine they had been so lately purified. Our driver, a humourist and a Florentine, looking after them, observed drily, "Not a man among them but has wiped off three murders at the lowest calculation." During the French occupation, a pilgrimage to Loretto was almost as rare as a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury. One of the first pilgrimages made there since the Restoration was by the late King and Queen of Spain, and the Prince of Peace!!!—As yet the pilgrimages to Canterbury have not recommenced.

TOLENTINO is a small but rather handsome town, standing on the river *Chiento*. The church of the Augustinians is famous for the sepulchre of Saint Nicholas, a celebrated saint and miracle-worker. Tolentino is now notable for being the site of an event brought about by another miracle-worker, who was no saint—for here the treaty was signed between Pope Pius the Sixth and Bonaparte, by which his holiness not only ceded to the French the Apollo Belvedere, and other idolatrous images of the Gentiles, but even the riches of the shrine of Loretto and the toilette of the Virgin, to which every sovereign in Europe had at various epochs contributed. The treaty of Tolentino has already its place in story, among the most notable events of the most notable times history ever was destined to record.

The scenery which succeeds, gradually improves in cultivation, from the well-wooded Valcimara; and assumes every possible aspect of richness and fertility as Macerata is reached. Already the approach to the "Legations," to the ancient and modern Kingdom of Italy—in a word, to Lombardy and civilization—is visible; and the spirits and enjoyments of the homeward-bound traveller rise and multiply with the conviction. The Pontine Marshes, the Campagna, Itri, Fondi, Otricoli, and Serravalle, and all the terrible monuments of the misrule and ignorance, despotism and superstition, of the Neapolitan and Papal territories, recede from the mind; and "every step seems lengthened," as the prospect once more presents itself of visiting Bologna and Milan.

There are, however, still some stages to pass of incivilization, and Church and State penury and error; which are for a moment forgotten at MACERATA*, one of the prettiest and most prosperous

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* Macerata, Ancona, and the whole of the *Departimento del Metauro*, were ceded by the treaty of Tolentino; but the Pope declared, that whoever bought the church lands as national property should be excommunicated. The lands, however, were sold and bought too, and the advantages arising out of this sort of agrarian law are among the most efficient causes of the prosperity of the town. We saw there no superabundance of monks and beggars—but several well-dressed citizens walking on a fine planted road, (made by the French,) and crowds of peasantry, in their gala dress; for it was Sunday, and one of the most cheerful-looking Sundays I ever saw, even in Italy.

towns in the Pope's dominions. Its well-built and handsome houses, commodious streets, and cleanly English-looking inn, are worthy its enchanting site; for it covers the brow of a hill, overhanging a rich and picturesque valley, spotted with the cottages of little "*possedenti*," and commanding a noble view of the Adriatic. Macerata was once the capital of the Marc of Ancona, and was included in the Kingdom of Italy. It still bears the impression of its once flourishing state.

The road from Macerata to the town of RECANATI, as we saw it in all the bloom of a spring more rich and ripe than a northern summer, exhibited the most enchanting views of natural fertility improved by cultivation. Recanati was approached by one of the most perpendicular ascents we had yet climbed, even to the Etruscan cities; but though rather a well-looking town, there was nothing to induce us to stop, or to attract our notice, except the monument in bronze, raised in honour of the *Madonna di Loretto*, before the Palazzo Pubblico, an ordinary edifice; and we hurried to Loretto with pilgrim's impatience, to reach the most noted shrine of the Christian world, after St. Peter's and Jerusalem.

The rich lovely hill and valley scenery through which we had been pursuing our route, since we had left Macerata, terminated as Loretto was approached; and as we ascended the steep hill

on which it stands, the same forms of penury and wretchedness, the same cries of beggary and distress, as had blasted our sight and wrung our hearts among the hovels of the Apennines, again presented themselves: mendicity, in this region of heaven's own special providence, assumed a dramatic character, unknown even to the histrionic beggary of Naples. A young mendicant, sometimes in childhood, starts from a hovel at the first sounds of the carriage-wheels; she throws up her eyes and head, spreads out her arms, half covered by a ragged drapery, which floats on the wind as she appears to fly along the road; dropping prostrate at intervals on the earth, which she kisses with devotion, and again raising her squalid face, covered with dust or mud, she continues to supplicate with a pious vociferation, which consigns the charitable traveller to every region of Paradise, and Saint in the calendar, for the value of a few pence! It is thus the dark narrow streets of Loretto are entered; and such are the subjects of the Madonna, though dwelling on the verge of the most fertile valleys in Italy!

LORETTO, the holiest and poorest of cities, consists almost entirely of little shops and vast ecclesiastical edifices: the former, the toy-shops of the church, are exclusively devoted to the sale of religious trinkets, rosaries of every quality, texture, and value, from the string of wooden or

glass beads, to rows of amber, and other precious materials; crucifixes in tin, copper, or gold, and reliquaries and relics of flowers, feathers, of eyes or noses; in a word, whatever can please or pacify Heaven, in a material form, or supply the craving of the devout pilgrim and curious traveller.

The Church edifices, the *Chiesa della Santa Casa,* and its circumjacent buildings, occupied by the bishop, prelates, canons, priests, monks, penitentiaries, and the governor, are all vast and handsome: they are of the Doric and Corinthian orders, and are raised after the successive designs of Bramante and Sansovino. The piazza, which they decorate, is ornamented with a fine fountain.

We had scarcely arrived at the inn, at a late hour in the evening, when several boxes of rosaries were sent for our inspection by the innkeeper, who keeps a magazine himself of such holy ware, for the accommodation of his guests, and the increase of his own profits. They were all sparkling and pretty; and I told our host that I regretted my heresy rendered me unworthy of becoming a purchaser. He said quickly, "*Non importa, Signora mia, se non per devozione, compratene per la toiletta!*"* I took the hint, and pur-

* "That makes no difference. If you don't buy through devotion, you may for the toilette."

chased a dozen very smart necklaces, if not very efficacious talismans; and suiting them with silver amulets or golden crosses, made out a very pretty selection, which I was consigning to my dressing-box, when a Cicerone *per la Casa Santa* (who had forced his services on us as we alighted at the inn-door) entered the room, and insisted that I should not pack-up my wares until they were blessed in the "holy porringer;" without which ceremony, he assured us, they were worth nothing at all. For this purpose we were to visit the Church at five in the morning, when all the pilgrims assemble at their devotion. I agreed to his proposal, without hesitation; and loaded with my pious finery, we proceeded, a little after sun-rise on the following day, to the far-famed Church of Loretto, the shrine of many a royal pilgrimage and sumptuous offering.

The Church of Loretto, a vast and stupendous building, resembles so many other great churches already noticed, in all its details of art and splendour*, that its description might well be spared, even if it had not been reiterated in almost every book of travels, ancient and modern, that has been written on the worn-out subject of Italy. Still, the cottage that rises beneath the sumptuous dome of this most gorgeous temple, gives it a

* The peculiar feature of this Church is its Asiatic character, and approximation to the architectural forms of Venice.

feature peculiar to itself; though bad taste and an ill-understood piety have deprived it of much of its original simplicity. The history of the "*adorabile Albergo*" is inscribed on the walls of the Church in almost every known language; and is now re-published in a small volume, and sold at Loretto, by Rossi, "Printer to the Holy House," *con permissione*, that is, with license of the government, and with irrefragable proofs, (*irrefragabili provi,*) that the house is the same in which "the Virgin-Mother of God was born;" which occupied a lane in Nazareth, where Christ resided; and which after a long flight of years was transported by angels to Loretto, to form "the most beautiful boast of Italy,"

"Il più bel vanto della nostra Italia."*

The *Santissima Casa di Nazarette*, standing in the middle of the church, is not above 19 palms† high and 42 palms long: it must originally (as it stood in Nazareth) have resembled an Irish cabin; but as it now appears—

"None but itself can be its parallel."

The exterior is encrusted with marble, wrought

* Relazione Istorico, &c. Third edition, corrected and amplified.

† The palm is 8 French inches and 3 lines long.—See Lalande.

into bas-reliefs, and adorned with Corinthian columns, and with statues of Prophets and Sibyls; most heterogeneous groups, and not less ill-assorted than an alliance between the Muses and Martyrs. The doors are of bronze, and the whole exterior and interior blazes with silver lamps—all offered to the Virgin since the Restoration. In the centre of the interior stands the high altar, so dazzling in gold and precious stones, that the officiating minister looked, as he celebrated his rites, rather like the presiding priest of Plutus, than of one, long the inmate of so humble a hovel. Around the Holy House, and at its sacred threshold, kneeled the Pilgrims; their staffs and scallop hats lay beside them. Considering how short a time has passed since the Restoration of the Madonna, the gathering, in point of numbers, was far from contemptible: they were mostly poor-looking creatures, and, as they are lodged, and (if required) I believe fed, while they remain, their vocation is not difficult to explain. Behind the great altar there is a space that seemed to my dazzled eyes (not quite open at so early an hour) to be sheeted with gold*—or the golden lamps and

* In the History of the *Santa Casa*, by *Don Vincenzo Murri*, (1820) it is asserted that this "*Vaga Nicchia*" is lined with plates of gold—*ricoperta di lama d'oro*. It was thus it appeared to us: on either side of the Virgin were two colossal Angels,

their vivid flames deceived me. Here, in a niche where the Virgin herself placed it, stands her miraculous statue. It is evident that sculpture had not made great progress in Nazareth, when this statue in cedar-wood was carved, though St. Luke himself is said to have been the sculptor.

The crown of diamonds, formerly worn by the Madonna and Child,* were a present from Louis the Thirteenth; they were the accomplishment of a successful vow made by that pious Bourbon to the Virgin, in case she should favour him with a son; and Louis the Fourteenth was thus purchased of Heaven by his father at the price of three thousand three hundred diamonds (the number of jewels in the crown)—a dear bargain! in which the Madonna had clearly the advantage; as France had reason to know. The crowns, however, with all the trinkets and jewels, presented by other vow-making kings, which had not previously been taken, disappeared on the treaty of Tolentino; and such was the blindness of the French, that having taken, as an object of curiosity, the mi-

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apparently of the same precious metal, holding superb candelabras with lights:—the effect was most splendid.

* The *Bambino* holds up his hand, as if to sport a superb diamond ring on his finger, presented to him by Cardinal Antonelli: it is of a single diamond, and weighs thirty grains.

raculous statue itself, whose "price was above rubies," they returned it in 1811, at the instance of the present Pope, who kept it for ten months, and then returned it to Loretto, where it remains to guard the sanctuary, which few have violated for the last quarter of a century.* On the Restoration, however, the Madonna of Loretto was re-instated in all her ancient sumptuosity, and was crowned by the hands of Pope Pius the Seventh. Many a gallant Englishman was left on the field of Waterloo, that she might once more blaze in diamonds in the centre of her pilgrim votarists, who, but for that day, had probably never congregated round the shrines of Loretto. When we saw her, she was dressed in a spick and span new black velvet gown, powdered with jewels†—her necklace, ear-rings, and diadem,

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* The Reverend *Don Vincentio* observes in his *Relazione Istorico*, p. 25, that the whole object of the French conquests was to get this Virgin, and that its miraculous recovery was a particular intervention of Providence, "*che altro mai dimostra tutto cio, se non una cura particolare e distinta che di essa ne ha presa sempre la Providenza, e che l'occhio di Dio sta sempre firmo sopra di lei*"!!! "What can all this denote but a special and particular care, which Providence has always taken of the statue, and the constant fixture of the eye of God upon it?"

† Two crowns are of pure gold, richly studded with brilliants, pearl, and coloured gems; the necklace is of every description of gem, with nine immense pearls, and a large ruby heart. Besides these gallantries on the part of the Pope, the *Santa Madre*

with the jewels heaped on the Bambino, (a shade less black and a degree less frightful than his mother,) would have fed for years or provided for ever for those miserable wretches, whose cries of want usher the stranger in and out of the holy city. Let not the followers of Luther and of Calvin turn scoffingly from this ancient image of popular superstition, and exclaim against the errors and folly of the Catholic faith!—let them remember that they have been the foremost to forward and to revive an order of things most favourable to the perpetuating of these errors;—let them remember that the Protestant government of England, more than any

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wears a superb sapphire cross and buttons set with diamonds, given her by Cardinal Calcagnini—a diamond ring, the gift of the Bishop of Loretto after the battle of Waterloo, 1815 (for all the presents are dated and registered in Don Murri's book)—two topaz rings and one brilliant, with several rosettes of diamonds, presented, 1818, by Signora Bastianello of Leghorn, Signora Theresa Crivelli of Milan, and Signora Fannetti of Loretto, ultra ladies of rank, and intimate friends of the Madonna—a superb spray of diamonds for her head, a present from His Highness Prince Hompesch—a string of emeralds and garnets, with an immense golden heart, the gift of an Austrian Noble in 1819. An hundred other ornaments of precious gems, recent gifts of Church and State devotion, encumber her mummy-like figure; and double the number of gold and silver lamps, &c. &c. all the gifts of rich Prelates and Nobles, are hung over the walls of her sanctuary, which looks like a jeweller's shop.

other in Europe, has assisted to replace the Madonna of Loretto on her shrine; and, by the blood and the wealth of the people, has confirmed that league of sovereigns, whose members have, to a man, made offerings to her image, in order that their example might serve the cause of ignorance, and plunge back humanity, now turning towards the light of truth, into that fearful darkness, without which their system is but "the baseless fabric" of a despot's "vision."

Beside the Virgin, niched in the wall, is her cupboard*—just such a cupboard as might have stood in the humble and holy dwelling of Joseph of Nazareth. The priest who presided over this sanctuary, opened it, and displayed a little earthen porringer†, set in a shrine. "It made (he said affectingly) the whole of the simple *layette* of the Mother of God, who fed the infant Christ out of this homely utensil." He asked me if I had no rosaries to be blessed: I presented him the purchases of the preceding evening: he

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* A prayer is prescribed to those who enter this sanctuary. It begins thus—"*Vergine Santissima! Bella Madre di Dio! Madre bella di misericordia, e dolce mia speranza! Voi che con una sola di vostre amorose occhiate,*" &c. &c.

"Most holy Virgin! beautiful Mother of God, and beautiful Mother of Pity, my sweet hope! you, who with a single one of your amorous glances," &c. &c.

† This porringer was of the modern delph of Faenza, which adds much to the miracle.

took them, and having placed them in the porringer, prayed over them for a second, and then returned them, shut the cupboard, and conducted us to the treasury or wardrobe of the Madonna; furnished within the last five years, and contained in armoires round a spacious and rich apartment. This apartment is called *la grande Sala del Tesoro*. The walls of the adjoining little galleries contain some precious pictures; but the contents of the *armarj sacri*, the holy wardrobes, lead the spectator from the works of Parmigiano and Zucchiro, to the donations of the present kings and princes of Europe to the Virgin, or, in the technical phrases of Loretto, "*li doni dei Fedeli alla Santa Madre.*" Among these we remarked:

A golden chalice, offered by Pope Pius the Seventh, on his visit to Loretto, 1814.

A rose-coloured gown, from the Nuns of Inspruck.*

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* As a *pendant* for the rose-coloured gown of the Nuns of Inspruck, is the offering of Signora Lavinia Liberali, of Gaeta. I give the account of it in a literal translation.

"On the 27th of May, 1819, was presented to this blessed Virgin, the generous spoils of Lavinia Liberali, of Gaeta, for an instantaneous cure, consisting of a silk gown, with three rows of gold; three turquoise rings, set in gold; the same in rubies, pearl, and garnets; a chain of gold, a coronet, with silver medals, and a pair of silver buckles."—This *was* a fee for a speedy cure!! But no such cures had been effected under the recent jacobin government of Italy: of course no such offerings were made; and the Signora Lavinia's of Italy are now brought back

A silver-gilt chalice, set with rubies, and one of acqua marina, a silver censer, and other articles, offered, in 1819, by the Prince Eugene Beauharnois and his consort, the daughter of the King of Bavaria. A silver chalice set with brilliants, from the same royal daughter of Bavaria, 1815.

Diamond rings, and ruby ear-rings, from the noble ladies Massarotti and Sassoferrato.

A bouquet of diamonds, offered, in 1815, by Maria Louisa, Ex-Duchess of Parma and Queen of Etruria, sister to the King of Spain, and now Duchess of Lucca.

A great cross of gold and diamonds, and seven smaller ones, offered by the late King Charles the Fourth of Spain and his consort, on the occasion of their late pilgrimage to Loretto, and received by the Madonna in February 1816. Also a coronet of amethysts, rubies, and diamonds, from his Majesty of Spain, received on the same day.

A superb pearl necklace, chain, and heart of gold, and crosses of the same, offered in person at the shrine of the Madonna in July 1817, by her Serene Highness Maria, Princess of Wittenberg.

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to those good old times when the English Countess of Warwick offered her cast-off garments to our Lady of Worcester—*faute de mieux*.

Two vases of jasper and gold, a basin and urn of crystal and gold, with other precious objects, sent from the court of France in 1815, (supposed to be part of the spoil carried off by the French.)

A large jewel, containing the picture of the Holy Mother and Child, sketched by Nature (*della Natura medesima così formata*"), set with gems, suspended from three golden chains, restored by the King of France through Pope Pius the Seventh.

A pair of candelabras of amber, offered by his eminence Cardinal Quarantotti, July 10th, 1819.—But it would be in vain to enumerate the offerings of precious stones, the gifts (to judge by their value) of anonymous Kings and Princes, under the title of "*dono di una pia persona,*" &c. &c.*; and this little extract from the brilliant catalogue may be concluded as the list of offerings is sum-

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* For instance, in 1819, a noble Austrian (*al incognito*) presented the Virgin with an immense heart of the purest gold, with a precious stone in its centre, hung from a chain of emeralds and amethysts, set in gold, together with a chain of gold and two fine amethysts, &c. &c. &c.

It is supposed, that the heart with a stone in its centre, and the other pious and princely offerings here enumerated, were made by the Emperor of Austria to the Virgin on the occasion of his third marriage. What tributes may not the Virgin now expect, since his Imperial Majesty's victory over the Neapolitans!!!

med up by the reverend historian of Loretto—"We should notify here other gifts, of silver clocks, rings, offerings in silver, in priests' robes, surplices, table-cloths, &c. offered by the piety of the faithful to the great Mother of God; which not being qualified to do, we shall omit the description."*

Doctor Moore, and other travellers in the latter end of the last century, described Loretto as shorn of its beams; the contents of its treasury not more valuable than Estifania's casket of jewels, and all that once great shrine of pilgrimage, hastening to decay†. In the natural course of things and progress of illumination, this was inevitable! Under the present temporary reaction of ignorance, superstition, and despotism, however, our Lady of Loretto is re-instated; her treasures are replenished; and the history of her miraculous house republished

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* P. 49. Relazione Istorico, &c.

† It is difficult to ascertain how far spoliation had been carried before the Revolution; but there is no doubt that a considerable quantity of the jewels had been taken on different occasions, and replaced with false stones; and public report very currently accuses Pius the Sixth as an extensive dilapidator of these treasures of the Church. Whatever remained, however, at the Revolution, became spoil: and it is said, that some of the jewels, after figuring awhile in the circles of Paris, were pledged to a banker, and have again found their way back to Italy.

by a reverend doctor and dignitary of the church *.

The descent from the mountain-site of Loretto to the ancient city of Ancona verges gradually towards the Adriatic, which bursts most nobly on the view from one of the pending acclivities; a flat sandy sea-coast succeeds. The traveller who wishes to visit Ancona, the capital of La Marca, must turn a few paces back upon his steps. The Mole and the triumphal arch of Trajan are the objects best worth seeing; for though the town has a most imposing aspect when seen at a little distance, either from land or sea, it is (within its walls) one of the gloomiest and poorest, that bears the name of city, in Italy. Even the main street can scarcely admit a second carriage abreast, and the decayed and ruinous state of the whole is increased in the traveller's eyes by the difficulty of admission within its gates. To be permitted to walk through it, (for we left our carriage at the inn without the walls,) was a ceremony of great delay. Passports were to be viewed, and other forms gone through, which turned this *porto franco* of ancient and mo-

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* It is curious to follow Eustace through the whole of this journey, and to detect his veiled plagiarisms from Addison and Lalande. His most jesuitical theft from Addison will be found in page 302, chap. viii. vol. I. if compared with Addison's Travels, pages 63 and 64, "on Loretto."—(Mavor's edition.)

dern times into the least free port in Europe. Of all that is said of Ancona by travellers and guide-books, we found nothing so true as that it was "*città fortificatissima ed inespugnabile, tanto per terra, quanto per mare.*"* Its port was without shipping, and its population had the usual papal proportions of monks, beggars, and custom-house officers.

The route from Ancona to Senigaglia lies along the strand on the Adriatic. On one side the calm sea reflected the deep blue sky, on the other gentle acclivities were covered with spring verdure; here and there an old dismantled building, inhabited by fishermen, exhibited its hardy tenants, spreading their nets, or launching or anchoring their barks; but the coast was, generally speaking, bare and depopulated, until the suburbs of Senigaglia were reached.

SENIGAGLIA, though rather a second-rate town, has an air of gaiety and order rarely found in the larger cities of Italy; and is well described in its own *Itinerario* as being "*una piccola ma florida e ridente città.*" It has a handsome though small port, at the mouth of the river Misa; and a little commerce in corn, hemp, and silk, supports and encourages the industry of the inhabitants; but its chief source of opulence lies in a fair, which

* "A strongly fortified city, impregnable by land or sea."

is held in the town for the sale of every species of merchandize, which supplies the whole interior of this part of Italy, and brings traders and agents from nearly every mercantile town in Europe. Like Ancona, this town formed part of the late Kingdom of Italy; and the inhabitants complain heavily of the falling off of commerce since the Restoration.

The streets of Senigaglia are rather spacious, and they exhibited in the balconies of their well-built houses many cheerful and some pretty faces —better worth seeing than the churches; which, with the exception of the cathedral, are poor and mean for a Papal town. While we were at supper at the inn, two or three parties of serenaders passed the windows with their guitars: they struck us as being superior to the general run of street musicians in Italy; and we asked the waiter who attended us if his town was very musical? He said, "So, so; but that the choruses which we heard were sung by the young tradesmen of the town, who always serenaded their mistresses on moon-light nights." We asked if Senigaglia had produced any celebrated public singers: he paused to recollect, and then coolly replied, as he changed a plate, "*Sì, Signora, una certa Catalani, ed altri,*" ("Yes, Ma'am, a certain Catalani, and others.") The house of Catalani's father, who was a humble tradesman, stands at a short distance from the inn. She had been early in

life adopted by some ladies of Senigaglia, who placed her in a musical seminary, from whence she went forth to associate with Emperors and Kings; while at home, like other prophets, she is still "*una certa Catalani!*"

The road continues along the sea: the country is sometimes wild and rude, but, generally speaking, extremely enjoyable from the beauty of the coast, sheltered by the acclivities of the Apennines, and the amenity of the land scenery. FANO, though partly ruinous and neglected, yet seen in a bright sunshine on the edge of the blue waters, near its classic river the *Metauro*, (the site of Asdrubal's defeat by the Consuls Livius Salinator and Claudius Nero,) and taken with its ruined fountains, its tutelar statue, and broken arch of triumph, realizes altogether the image of an old Italian town, and repays the traveller who does what so few travellers do—viz. descends from his carriage, walks through its streets, and visits its library. Fano was once celebrated for its superb theatre, supposed in earlier times to have been the finest in Italy.

At one post distance from Fano, between the sea and the rich hills which skirt the coast, rises PESARO, one of the most ancient cities of the *Urbinato*. Although its streets are tolerably spacious, and one of them is exclusively devoted to the large gloomy palaces of its nobility, still it

has a provincial air; and its market-place, filled with peasantry (for it was a market-day) in their holiday garb, gave it an appearance of rustic bustle and gaiety, which evidently was not its ordinary character: its streets were elsewhere silent and deserted, and many of its houses appeared to us uninhabited, or at least, from their neglected state, uninhabitable. Pesaro was, in the fifth year of the French Republic, the head-quarters of the Italian army, and, for a time, the residence of General Bonaparte and his Etat Major. This town has its show churches, its palaces, and its opera, its pictures and antiquities, its aristocracy and its *popolaccio*. Of its society, however, we had no opportunity of judging. The family of Perticari, who would have been most likely to have detained us there, was at Rome, and we staid but a day. Pesaro has contributed its due proportion of talent to the sum of Italian reputation, at all times: in modern days, it has produced a Passeri*, a Perticari, and *il Maestro* Rossini!

From Pesaro the route proceeds to Bologna, through scenes of increasing beauty and civilization: the ancient stamp of the always comparatively free Legations, and the modern impress of

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* Signor Passeri, a celebrated philologist and naturalist; one of his best-known productions is a work on fossils.

French improvement, are obviously visible on every side. The immediate outlets of Pesaro are enchanting. The rural prosperous scenery of England, under the bright lustre of Italian skies, presents itself at every step; and to us the illusion was completed, by the appearance of a pretty *ferme orné*, which caught our eye to the right of the road, between Pesaro and Cattolica, on the high road called *La Pantalone*. This elegant farm crowns a very gentle acclivity on the road-side; on its bright green-sward, shelved by plantations, spread the white walls, green verandas, and tent draperies, of a cottage building, with flower-knots and ornamental gardening, rarely seen in Italy. An English carriage and out-riders passed us rapidly, as we drew up on the road-side to look at this elegant rural retreat. The carriage entered the gates, and a lady alighted at the cottage-door—it was the Queen of England; and this, her dwelling at Pesaro, so often quoted on a late occasion.

The little town of *Cattolica* takes its name from having served as a place of refuge to the orthodox prelates, who, in the time of the Council of Rimini, separated themselves from the Arian, or heterodox bishops: it is a mere village. At its entrance from Pesaro ends the *Ducato* of Urbino; Romagna begins, and the shores of the Adriatic are again joined on the road to Rimini.

Rimini, rich in historical and poetical recollections, from Dante to Pellico, the seat of the feudal sway of those brave bold *Condottieri*, the Malatestas, bears every symptom of its great antiquity and former military importance, both in the Roman and middle ages. The two consular roads (*Æmilian* and *Flaminian*) terminate at its further gate. The triumphal Arch of Augustus, which adorns its *Porta Romana*, and its marble Bridge, finished by Tiberius, are both monuments of great classic interest; and are followed up by the evidences of the power and wealth of the feudal chiefs, who, in Italy, succeeded to dictators and emperors.

The *Malatestas*, Signors of Rimini, were bustling princes. When not employed in war and plunder abroad, they were occupied in building and improving at home; and the numerous churches and fabrics of Itrian marble, ruinous or still in preservation, which crowd the long straight-lined streets of Rimini, are principally of their construction.

The old sepulchral Church of San Francesco, where repose the tombs of the Malatestas, is of the fifteenth century, and is one of the most ancient and interesting edifices of Rimini, next to the castle and citadel, which were raised in the year 1446, under Sigismund Malatesta. To this chief is attributed (by a celebrated historian and architect of Rimini, *Vallurio*,) the useful inven-

tion of bombs and cannons; and the frowning aspect of his vast and formidable Gothic fortress certainly testifies his skill in military architecture. This "*Gran Capitano*" had, however, other claims to notoriety: he was a sort of philosopher—such as Nature sometimes strikes out; and his heresy, respecting prevailing tenets, obtained the honours of excommunication from Pope Pius the Second. Malatesta, having first turned his arguments against the Church, soon turned his arms; and, *en revanche* for the fulmination of the Papal thunders, directed the thunder of his bombs and cannons against the Pontifical armament. His enterprise was, however, without success; though, in the service of Venice, he had previously laid Sparta, and other places of the Morea, at the feet of the proud merchants of the Adriatic. This brave and hardy race of the "wrong heads" degenerated in times less bold and more corrupt; and one of the last of the name, of any note, was a monk of the order of Minimes, in Palermo, who published a Sicilian Vocabulary in the year 1665.

The fine old Castle of Rimini, romantic as it looks, (even though now a Papal barrack) was not that dwelling, where the "*Francesca*" of Dante passed the "*tempo de' dolci sospiri,*" (the season of sweet sighs). It was not the site of that refined frailty, which leaves even the eloquent pages of Goethe and Rousseau, with all their

sentimental sorcery, far behind. The voluptuous delicacy which Dante, in his short episode, has thrown over the loves of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo dei Malatesti, has often been imitated, but never equalled, and still less surpassed.* It is among the great master-touches of original genius,

"Few and far between,"

which, belonging exclusively to no precise age, are but rarely found in any. The whole of this passage, in the fifth canto of the Inferno, is contained in six short verses; and yet they serve to check the traveller's impatient step, as he reaches Rimini, and give to that ancient city an interest far beyond what the Arch of Augustus, or the Bridge of Tiberius, have conferred on it.†

The mistress of the unfortunate and gallant Paolo, however, seems less known, or at least her memory is less popular in Rimini, than that of the learned mistress of Sigismund Pandolf

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* To this observation Signore Pellico, the author of the Tragedy of Francesco da Rimini, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, who has rendered the episode of Dante familiar to the mere English reader, in his well-known poem of "Rimini," will doubtless be the first to subscribe.

† Pellico, though he has managed his plot with exquisite delicacy, has varied from the fact: he preserves the innocence of his lovers without weakening the ardour of their passion. The scene between the two brothers is finely conceived.—(Scene iv. act iv. page 42.)

Malatesta—the *Donna Isotta,* whose picture stares on the walls of the Library of Bologna, and whose bust, with that of her fierce lover, fills a medallion among the architectural ornaments of the Castle. She is, however, quite as ugly at Rimini as at Bologna; but is cited even still, and among the lower orders, as having done much good, and raised some splendid edifices. Of the *Palazzo Signorile dei Malatesti,* in which Pellico has laid the scene of his tragedy, no vestige remains—the *Collegio delle Celibate* now covers its site!

At Pesaro and Rimini we observed that the police had become more strict and troublesome. We were not only detained by the unnecessary delays of Papal *doganieri* in both places, but in the latter town were obliged to pay for being at the trouble of writing down our names, &c. &c. &c. —a form gone through in every Italian city, but no where accompanied by a tax, except in approaching these confines of the Papal dominions.*

At ten miles distance from "*La cortese Città di Rimini,*" and to the right of the high road, rises a bold, bleak, perpendicular rock. It was anciently designated by the classic appellation of the Titan's Mount; a name once common to all very high

* The flight of the Governor of Rome, discovered in some peculations, became known at this time, and increased, for the moment, the vigilance of the police.

places, in reference to the wars of the Titans, who sought a Babel in every height, from which they attempted to defy the power of Jove! This *Monte Titano* is now the site of the only remaining Republic in Italy—the Republic of San Marino!

The foundation of the freest and most virtuous of known political combinations, is ascribed to a simple, honest stone-mason of Dalmatia, of the name of Marino; who, in the fourth century, having undergone some persecution at home, came an adventuring artisan to Rimini. In the course of his recreative wanderings in its neighbourhood, Marino was struck by the solitary altitude of *Il Titano*, where he found retirement from future persecution, and abundant materials for pursuing his ancient occupation. Marino hewed for himself, out of these savage rocks, a house and garden; and his skill and hermit virtues attracted the notice of the Bishop Gaudentius, of Rimini, who employed him in pious missions, and through whom he became proprietor of the rude and unfertile mountain which finally took his name. The rock of Marino soon became frequented by the devout and the peaceable; who followed the active example of the Dalmatian mason, built houses, made gardens, and said their prayers.

Such were the primary elements of that free and tranquil society, which, founded on arduous industry and moral probity, has maintained itself

unchanged through a series of thirteen centuries, while mightier empires, and more magnificent republics have fallen around it: and such the commencement of that Republic, which, however diminutive its territory, and limited its means and population, has proved, in the virtue, simplicity, and happiness of its people, the powerful influence of institutions founded in the true interests and unalienable rights of humanity.

The city of San Marino (for the memory of the mason's virtues procured his apotheosis) crowns its isolated rock, in the heart of the Papal territory, calling itself a free state, and enjoying all the benefits of a free government, with "Liberty" inscribed above the gates of its little capital, and the portals of its cathedral. It is at once a miracle, and an anomaly in the order of things. The wars of Italy raged from century to century at its base; but the Guelph and the Ghibeline left it undisturbed as they passed under its summit; the Condottieri and Masnadieri rarely scaled its cliffs; or if the necessities of warfare sometimes brought the armed slaves and powerful tyrants of feudality to the heights of San Marino, still it is remarkable that its rights were held sacred—not excepting that right which powerful sovereigns so often violate in their contests with each other —the right of nations to choose their own government.

The smallness and insignificance of a territory

(which resembled Rome "when it covered but one of its seven hills," and was only worth what the industry of its virtuous inhabitants bestowed on it,) must have been its great protection. Still this did not always suffice for its preservation; for what is there so small that ambition will not covet, or power grasp at! There was a moment when the rock of San Marino became an object of cupidity even to Rome; and it nearly owed its ruin to the delegated sway of a petty tyrant, Cardinal Alberoni, the Pope's legate in the Legation of Romagna, in which the Republic of San Marino is situated.* This haughty "*Porporato*" conceived, in his fortified castle of Serravalle, an unconquerable hatred to the little Republic, which alone, within the pale of his holy jurisdiction, refused to acknowledge his influence, or do homage to the churchman's pride of one of the proudest princes of the Conclave. His first act of injustice was to offer and afford protection to a band of malefactors condemned by the government of San Marino for the commission of crimes it was rarely called on to punish. He demanded their pardon; and the people of San Marino refused it.

* See the very interesting History of the Republic of San Marino, by the most distinguished of its citizens, the Cavaliere Melchiore Delfico, from whose hands the author of this sketch had the gratification of receiving it, 1820. It was published in Milan, 1804, with the title of "*Memorie Storiche della Republica di San Marino*," &c. &c.

It was then, that imposing on the feebleness and credulity of Pope Clement the Twelfth, he suggested the policy of uniting San Marino (which he represented as another Geneva, the natural enemy of God and the Pope,) to the Holy See; and he found little difficulty in obtaining permission to place the Republic under the protection of the Church, and to add its rock to the vast territory of the pontifical dominions. With this brief of conquest, Cardinal Alberoni marched from his castle of the Serravalle, October 1739, at the head of his troops, composed of the outlaws and bandits of the neighbouring mountains, with some Roman sbirri and papal soldiers; and having bribed a peasant to conduct him by an unguarded pass up the rock of San Marino, he suddenly appeared at night with his troop in the heart of the little city, to the utter consternation of its unsuspecting and unprepared inhabitants; took possession of the few strong-holds it possessed, and on the following morning summoned the council and heads of the people to the great church; or, as they expressively term it, the "Church of the Holy Protector of Liberty," San Marino.

It was in this temple, dedicated to God and liberty, which was then surrounded by an armed troop, that the Cardinal, in the midst of an unarmed congregation, called on the inhabitants to acknowledge the Pope as their sovereign, to renounce the forms of their ancient government,

and to take the oath of fealty he dictated to their new sovereign. The Capitano Giangi, one of the principal persons of the state, stepped forward from the mass, and having listened to the form of this new vow of allegiance, cried aloud, "I swear fidelity to the legitimate prince of the Republic—to San Marino!" His oath was repeated by the friends who surrounded him, and "*Evviva San Marino!*" "*Evviva la Libertà*!*" (echoed through the ailes of the venerable cathedral) found a deathless repetition from the people without the walls. The national cry of a free people, heard for the first time, stunned the minister of despotism—consternation was succeeded by impotent rage—and Alberoni realized the old distich of the "King of France and his twenty thousand men;" for, having

"March'd up the hill, he then march'd down again."

The ill success of Alberoni left him without one advocate! The Pope, the Cardinal-Secretary, the Curia Romana, were ashamed of an infamous enterprise which had—failed!! Apologies were sent to the citizens of San Marino for the conduct of the Legate, on whom the whole odium of the transaction was thrown; and Alberoni, removed from the Legation of Romagna to that of Bologna (his native place), published whole

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* "St. Marino for ever!—Liberty!"

volumes in defence of his conduct, or in vituperation of the *San-Marinese*, which few read and nobody believed.*

From that moment the little Republic was left undisturbed to the exercise of its virtues and the enjoyment of its liberties; till, at the close of the last century, the arms of France overran all Italy, and glittered even under the rocky heights of San Marino. The oldest republicans of the known world looked down from their rock on the hosts of the new Republic of France; and undisturbed by the revolutionary invaders, San Marino (so long an isolated shrine of freedom in the heart of the most powerful despotism in the universe) now beheld itself—a Republic within a Republic!

When the commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy marched a conqueror into Romagna, it is said, that, catching a view in the distance of a high bare rock, lighted by the sunshine—a land-mark in the immensity of space! he demanded its name. He was answered, "It was San Marino!" Bonaparte halted, and gazing on the rude site, where, for thirteen hundred years, liberty had found refuge amidst barren rocks—he who had warred

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* The Roman scribblers, paid by Alberoni to defend this shameful aggression, justified his conduct by asserting that Constantine and Charlemagne had made a present of San Marino to the Holy See, and thrown it in, as a make-weight, with greater dominions.

upon all the despotisms of Europe, and was soon to lay them prostrate before his own, resolved to respect a Republic, whose example, bright but uninfluential, through successive ages, appeared little more than a beautiful abstraction! It was a fact still more singular, that Napoleon, who passed not in Italy the confines of Romagna, and refused to visit Rome, resolved to visit San Marino, and to visit it in the name of that great nation (for it was then great), which apparently was hastening on to universal empire! In the mean time, while the exigencies of his peculiar situation detained the general-in-chief at Pesaro, the head-quarters of the army in Italy, in his impatience to testify his respect for the Republic, and even (it is said) to obtain the suffrages of its worthy citizens, he wrote to its government, both by Berthier and with his own hand; and as a flattering compliment to the intellect of the people*, he sent them, in the name of the French Republic, a deputation, headed by the celebrated Monge, of the National Institute, and of the Commission of the Arts and Sciences in Italy †. The discourse pronounced

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* "I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning: the present physician" (the fourth man in the state) "is a very understanding man, and well-read in our countrymen—Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, &c. &c."—*Addison's Italy*, p. 61.

† The notes which passed between Bonaparte and the Republic of San Marino are too curious and too characteristic of the style and manner of the first and best days of the French

by Monge was answered by the representative of the Republic in terms of enthusiastic admiration

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Revolution to need an apology for inserting them, even at the close of a work so cumbrous as the present.

ARMEE D'ITALIE. ETAT MAJOR GENERAL.

Au Quartier-général de Pesaro, le 19 Pluviose, en l'an V. de la République Française, une et indivisible.

LE GENERAL DE DIVISION, CHEF DE L'ETAT-MAJOR.

Le Général-en-Chef Bonaparte depute le Citoyen Monge, Commissaire du Gouvernement Français, pour les Sciences et Arts, auprès de la République de San Marino, pour l'assurer de la fraternité et de l'amitié de la République Française.

ALEX. BERTHIER.

DISCOURS PRONONCE' DE LA PART DU GENERAL-EN-CHEF, ETC. ETC. A' LA REPUBLIQUE DE SAN MARINO.

La Liberté qui dans les beaux jours d'Athènes et de Thèbes transforma les Grecs en un peuple d'héros, et qui dans les temps

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ARMY OF ITALY. GENERAL STAFF.

Head Quarters, Pesaro, 19th Pluviose, year V. of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

THE GENERAL OF DIVISION, CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

General Bonaparte, Commander-in-Chief, deputes Citizen Monge, Commissary of the French Government for the Arts and Sciences, to the Republic of St. Marino, to give assurances of the fraternity and friendship of the French Republic.

ALEX. BERTHIER.

ADDRESS DELIVERED ON THE PART OF THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, &c. &c. TO THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

Liberty, which, in the glorious days of Athens and Thebes, transformed the Greeks into a nation of heroes, which in the

of the French nation and the chief of its armies, (an admiration then shared by the liberal of all

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de la République fit faire des prodiges aux Romans ; qui depuis, et pendant le court intervalle qu'elle a luit sur quelques villes d'Italie, renouvella les sciences et les arts, et illustra Florence; la Liberté étoit bannie de l'Europe presqu'entière: Elle n'existait qu'à St. Marino, où par la sagesse de votre gouvernement, Citoyens, et surtout par vos virtus, vous avez conservé ce dépôt précieux à travers tant de révolutions, et defendu son azile pendant une si longue suite d'années.

Le Peuple Français, après un siècle de lumières, rougissant de son long esclavage, a fait un effort, et il est libre. Toute l'Europe, aveuglée sur ces propres intérêts et surtout sur les intérêts du genre humain, se coalise et s'arme contre lui. Ses voisins conviennent entr'eux du partage de son territoire; et déjà de toute part ses frontières sont envahies, ses fortresses et

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ages of the Republic made the Romans perform prodigies; which, during the brief interval of her reign in a few towns of Italy, revived the Arts and Sciences, and shed a lustre over Florence ; was almost entirely banished from Europe :—Liberty existed only at St. Marino, where, Citizens, by the wisdom of your government, and particularly by your virtues, you have preserved that inestimable treasure, through numerous revolutions, and have defended the sacred deposit during a long succession of years.

The French people, enlightened by an age of knowledge, blushing for their long slavery, have made an effort, and are free. All Europe blind to its own interests, still more blind to the interests of human nature, has leagued and taken up arms against France. Her neighbours are concerting together respecting the division of her territory, and on every side her frontiers are already invaded, and her fortresses and ports in the power of the enemy; but what is most lamentable, a

countries!)—but they refused the extension of territory offered them by the conqueror of Italy; resolved to keep within those narrow boundaries,

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ses ports sont au pouvoir de l'ennemi; et ce qui l'afflige de plus, une partie précieuse de lui-même allume la guerre civile, et se force à porter des coups dont il doit resentir toutes les atteintes.

Seul, au milieu d'un si grand orage, sans expérience, sans armes, sans chefs, il vole aux frontières: par-tout il fait face, et bientôt par-tout il triomphe.

Parmi ses ennemis, les plus sages se retirent de la coalition; les succès de ses armes enforce successivement d'autres à implorer une paix qu'ils obtiennent. Enfin, il ne lui en reste plus que trois: mais ils sont passionés, et ils n'écoutent de conseils, que ceux de l'orgueil, de la jalousie, et de la haîne. Une des armées Françaises entre en Italie, anéantit l'une après l'autre quatre armées Aûtrichiennes, ramène la liberté dans ces belles contrées, et se couvre presque sous vos yeux d'une gloire immortelle.

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valuable portion of her own people are kindling civil war, and are striking blows, the whole weight of which must fall upon their common country.

Alone amidst this great storm, without experience, without arms, without chiefs, the French people fly to the frontiers, every where present an undaunted resistance, and are speedily triumphant.

The most prudent of the enemies of France withdrew from the coalition; her victories successively obliged others to implore that peace which they obtained. Finally, her enemies are reduced to three in number:—but these are led away by their passions, and will listen only to the dictates of pride, jealousy, and hatred. A French Army has entered Italy, annihilated, one after the other, four Austrian Armies, is restoring liberty to that fine country, and before your eyes, is crowning itself with immortal glory.

whose limitation had been in part the cause of their protracted freedom.

The Army of Italy, which had already "passed

La République Française, qui ne verse tant de sang qu'à regret, contente d'avoir donné un grand exemple à l'univers, propose une paix qu'elle pouvait dicter.

Le croyerez-vous, Citoyens? par-tout les propositions ont été ou rejettées avec hauteur, ou éludées avec astuce.

L'Armée d'Italie, pour conquérir la paix, est donc obligée de poursuivre ses ennemis, et de passer près de votre territoire.

Je viens de la part du Général Bonaparte, au nom de la République Française, assurer l'ancienne République de St. Marino de la paix et d'une amitié inviolable.

Citoyens, la constitution politique des peuples qui vous environnent peut éprouver quelques changemens. Si quelques parties de vos frontières étoient en litige, ou même si quelque partie des états voisins non contestée vous était absolument nécessaire,

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The French Republic, beholding with regret this effusion of blood, and content with having set a great example to the universe, proposed a peace, when it might have dictated its own terms.

Would you believe it, Citizens? these propositions have every where been rejected with pride, or evaded by artifice.

The Army of Italy, therefore, in order to obtain tranquillity, is compelled, in pursuing its enemies, to pass near your territory.

I come from General Bonaparte, in the name of the French Republic, to give assurance to the ancient Republic of St. Marino, of peace and an inviolable friendship.

Citizens, the political constitution of the nations which surround you, may undergo some changes. If any part of your frontiers should be the subject of dispute, or even if any uncontested portion of the neighbouring states should be absolutely neces-

the Rubicon," marched on—it soon hoisted the tri-coloured flag on the ramparts of St. Angelo, and the dome of St. Peter's!—it drove back the

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je suis chargé par le Général-en-Chef de vous prier de lui en faire part. Ce sera avec le plus grand empressement qu'il mettra la République Française à la portée de vous donner des épreuves de sa sincère amitié. Quant à moi, Citoyens, je me félicite d'être l'organe d'une mission qui doit être agréable aux deux Républiques, et qui me procure l'occasion de vous témoigner la vénération que vous inspirez à tous les amis de la Liberté.

MONGE,
Membre de l'Institut, etc.

A St. Marino, le 19 Pluviose, de l'an V. de la
République Française, une et indivisible.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-EN-CHEF, ETC: ETC.
AUX REPRESENTANS DE LA REPUBLIQUE DE ST. MARINO.

Le Citoyen Monge m'a rendu compte, Citoyens, du tableau intéressant que lui a offert votre petite République. Je donne ordre

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sary to you, I am charged by the General-in-Chief, to beg that you will inform him thereof. He will feel infinite pleasure in enabling the French Republic to give you proofs of its sincere friendship. For my own part, Citizens, I rejoice in being employed on a mission, which must be agreeable to both Republics, and which affords me an opportunity of expressing the veneration with which you inspire all friends of Liberty.

MONGE,
Member of the Institute, &c.

St. Marino, 19th Pluviose, year V. of the
French Republic, one and indivisible.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, &c. &c.
TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE REPUBLIC OF ST. MARINO.

Citizen Monge has described to me, Citizens, the interesting picture which your little Republic presents, and I give orders

royal Bourbon of Naples, at the head of his Lazzaroni, to the shores of the Mediterranean!

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que les Citoyens de St. Marino soient exempts de contributions, et respectés dans quelqu'endroit des états de la République Française qu'ils se trouvent. Je donne ordre au Général Sahuguet, qui a son quartier-général de Rimini, de vous remettre quatre pièces de canons de campagne, dont je fais présent au nom de la République. Il mettra également à votre disposition mille quinteaux de blé, qui serviront à l'approvisionnement de votre République jusqu'à la récolte.

Je vous prie de croire, Citoyens, que dans tous les circonstances je m'empresserai de donner au peuple de St. Marino des preuves de l'estime et de la considération distinguée, avec laquelle je suis,

BONAPARTE.

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that the Citizens of San Marino may be exempt from contributions, and respected in whatever part of the states of the French Republic they may happen to be. I give orders to General Sahuguet, who has his head-quarters at Rimini, to transmit to you four pieces of field cannon, which I present to you in the name of the Republic. He will likewise place at your disposal, a thousand quintals of corn, which will serve for the supply of your Republic until the harvest.

I beg you to believe, Citizens, that under every circumstance I shall be anxious to give to the people of St. Marino proofs of the esteem and distinguished consideration with which I am,

BONAPARTE.

I will not add more to this long note, than simply to state, that the little Republic had the wisdom to refuse both the territorial

and to the asylum of a British fleet!—but it left the Republic of San Marino undisturbed! The coalesced sovereigns of Europe have not as yet blown up this rock, nor quoted its gift by Constantine and Pepin to the Holy See: they can indeed deprive it of little but its liberties; and out of shame or negligence they have left them inviolate. The government of this tiny state once realized the proposition of universal suffrages, and every house sent a representative to the great council of the Aringo—it has, however, undergone some modification; the "multitude of statesmen" was found too numerous for order and deliberation—the council was reduced to sixty—and the Aringo, or assembly of the people, was reserved for great exigencies. Whatever form, however, the government has borne, its leading principles have been always found favourable to virtue and independence—"Honest and rigorous in the execution of justice," (says Addison,) "the people of San Marino seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do, in the pleasantest valleys of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural

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aggrandizement and the cannon. "*Contenta de la picciolezza, non ardisce di accettare l' offerta generosa che le vien fatta, nè entrare in viste di ambizioso grandimento che potrebbero col tempo compromettere la sua libertà.*"—*Risposta del Repubblica a Monge.*

love that mankind have for liberty, and of their hatred to arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campagna of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants *."

CESENA, rather a handsome town, beautifully situated at the foot of a hill, near the river Sairo, stands at the distance of two Italian posts from Rimini. It is in approaching this city, that one of the streams to which the name of the much-disputed Rubicon has been given, is passed, and an ancient inscription, quite as disputed as the stream, stands at its shore, forbidding "all centurions or military commanders to pass that stream in arms, &c. &c. &c."

Above this classic or non-classic stream, on the summit of a delicious hill, covered with vines and poplars, is situated the convent and church of *La Madonna del Fuoco*. Here the present Pope passed his noviciate as a novice of St. Benedict; and even then may have seen a visionary tiara glitter before his eyes. For it was among the great secrets of this powerful religion, to place in possibility the most splendid of all human thrones, within the grasp of even the lowliest of its sons; and the principle of democracy which lurked in this despotic Church was among the most influential causes of its greatness. Our "Lady of the

* Addison's Travels through Italy, p. 61.

Fire" having been sold, during the Revolution, as well as our "Lady of the Snow," the Pope, on his return, purchased back her beautiful demesnes on the Rubicon; and future Popes may again be cradled in her cloistral groves, among the aspiring novices of the re-instated Benedictines.

Cesena, long governed by petty military chiefs, fell by the chances of predatory warfare, to the enterprising *Malatesti*. The last of its seigneurs of that name, *Malatesta Novello*, bequeathed the city by will to the Roman See; to which it had the honour of giving a pontiff in the person of the late Pope Pius the Sixth, whose statue decorates the Palazzo Pubblico. Cesena, therefore, on the restoration of the Pope, became the centre of many ultra attempts to bring back the old order of things; the priests preached openly against all who should retain the church lands sold at the Revolution; and they not only withheld absolution from the sacrilegious who resisted, but promised those who should conscientiously restore the vineyards and corn-fields wrested from the saints, an accession of territory—on the other side of the Styx. As, however, the Cesenese were not ambitious, they continued satisfied with their worldly possessions, and the discontents became so fierce, between the clergy and rebel flock, that the Pope was obliged to interfere to restore order; and the people have as yet so little

benefited by their Legation being once more placed under the protection of the Holy See, that an old priest, whom we chatted to in a bookseller's shop, assured us the youth of the town frequented the coffee-houses and billiard-tables more than the Church, and read the Gazette oftener than the rubric. He added, "Fortunately the government has prevented the entrance of all papers into our city, except the Diario di Roma, and the Milan Journal:" this good fortune, however, did not prevent the news of the Revolution in Spain from arriving there before it was officially announced; and though we had been witnesses to the joy which this news had excited in Naples and Rome among all classes, we were surprised to find it a subject of such triumph in a remote provincial town like Cesena. But, in passing through the cities of the Legations, we had reason to know that the political feelings of the Bolognese are universally prevalent through every part of these beautiful provinces.

The LIBRARY of Cesena, the only thing worth seeing in the town, occupies a long range of fine old monastic-looking apartments in an ancient edifice. It was founded by Malatesta Novello, in 1450—a strange foundation for an unlettered condottiere. The Librarian, a *frate*, I think, of the Benedictines, seemed a very erudite person; but with manners of such hermit-like meekness, and a countenance so expressive of benevolence,

that even independent of the great trouble he took in shewing all that was best worth seeing among the ancient illuminated MSS. in which the library abounds, he interested us very much. Some observation having escaped us to that effect in English, a slight flush passed across his face, he smiled and bowed, attempting a few faltering words in English: but he observed, "I have almost forgot my English, and my Irish too!" The *frate* of the Benedictines of Cesena was an Irishman, a native of Kilkenny. When I claimed our common country, his first question was, "What hopes have the Catholics of emancipation?" He said, "he had left his country forty years back for religion's sake;" and it was evident his vocation had not deserted him; for when we offered to stay to receive his commands for Ireland—he hesitated; then said, in some emotion, "My poor old father, he was a respectable farmer near Kilkenny, of the name of Cooke; he may still be alive!" but, after a pause, he thanked us, and declined troubling us with letters—with a look that seemed to say he had done with the world and all its ties. He wrote down our names, and gave us his. His last words were, "I pray daily for the emancipation of my Catholic countrymen."

From Cesena to Forli—to Faenza—the scenery is enchanting. But, fertile and lovely as it is, its

physical aspect does not render it so delicious to the passing traveller, as the progressive improvement in the moral position of the people, and the same order, industry, and civilization, that strike and charm in the Bolognese; while cottages, well-stocked farm-yards, roads wide and well-planted, evince the susceptibility to improvement, which existed in the once free Legations, and which, under the late government, received every advantage and encouragement. Every thing in this district (as a farmer told us at Forli) was done by the public, "*La Communità*." The noble spacious bowling-green road laid down by the French is repaired, and kept in order by "*La Communità*;" and to our inquiries relative to the foot-paths shaded by poplars, public gardens, and little temples for recreation, outside the town of Forli, and other testimonies of prosperity and comfort, the answer was always, "*Roba della Communità*." In a word, the remote Roman government had nothing to do here, but raise taxes, and send Legates. The district was charged, as under the late regime, with all the arrangements of its own internal œconomy; and the flourishing state of "*La Roba della Communità*" proved the absence of jobs, and the blessed effects of public spirit, however narrow its sphere of operation. Well might Pope Pius the Seventh purchase from Austria, the arbitrator

of Italy, his beautiful Legations at any price*; though it is hard that amidst general restorations Rome should pay Austria for reigning over her own possessions.

Forli, the ancient *Forum Livii,* is an extremely pretty, cheerful town, neither antique nor Italian, except for one or two of its palaces and churches; for the streets were clean, the people bustling, and the rural inn, outside its gates, looked so English, that we were half tempted to stop and pass a day there!

Corn, hemp, and flax fields, with abundance of vineyards, skirt the fine broad road to Faenza, sprinkled on either side with cottages and farms. Faenza is a considerable city built on the *Amone.* The Piazza, the centre of four handsome streets, contains all the objects which guide-books, and the ragged cicerone who waits at the inn-door to seize on the last arrival, point out as worthy notice; namely, the Palazzo Pubblico, the Theatre *(Teatro Nuovo),* the *Torre dell' Orologio,* the Fountain, and the Duomo, which all resemble

* The secret article of the treaty of Vienna, which annually makes over a considerable portion of the Pope's hard-wrung revenue to Austria, is no longer secret. It is spoken of by the Romans with unqualified reprobation, and renders the Pope as unpopular, as the Emperor is detested. By this subsidy the Pope purchased the possession of his three Legations; but the hard bargain has not exempted him from seeing Ferrara, his frontier town, garrisoned by the Emperor's soldiers, and his whole territories thus opened to invasion.

the similar edifices of other great towns of Italy.

But the celebrity of Faenza is founded on a much more brittle ware than towers, palaces, and duomos—its long-famed and ancient manufacture of Delph, and which, say the statistical historians of Faenza, in the pride of their hearts, "*merita una speciale attenzione pel credito che ha questa manifattura anche presso gli Oltramontani, che la conoscono sotto il nome Francese Faïance:*"* "merits special attention for the credit which this manufacture has obtained among the Ultramontanes, who know it under the French name of Faïance." Notwithstanding, however, its celebrity and antiquity, the delph of Faenza is coarse and tasteless; though some of the *Vasellame* of Gasparo Ferniani are worth seeing.

Faenza, I know not why, is called the Florence of Romagna!

IMOLA stands between the Legation of Romagna and that of the Bolognese, one post distant from Faenza. It is a very ancient-looking town, occupying the site of the *Forum Cornelii*, and distinguished by those gloomy but picturesque porticoes or arcades, which so peculiarly characterize the Bolognese towns. The Benedictine brother, Cardinal Chiaramonti, Bishop of Imola, Pius the Seventh, preached here, while

* Faïance, by the usual French tendency to corruption, comes from (very far from) Faenzese.

lord spiritual of the diocese, his famous Republican Sermon, already alluded to.

Imola being on the confines of Romagna, we were delayed for a considerable time by the revision of our passports—a delay we felt in proportion to our impatience to reach Bologna, where we arrived through scenes of such prosperity and rural beauty, as well disposed our minds for the hospitable welcome we received from those whom, but some months back, we had met as strangers, and whom we now gladly sought and met as friends!

The direct and high road to Ferrara from Bologna is a new and noble causeway, struck out under the late Government, near the old road. It is well preserved, and lies through a plain which, though flat and uninteresting, is fertile, and susceptible of the highest cultivation. At a little distance from the post-house of Malalbergo, the necessity of crossing the Reno on a float is the first of the many *desagrémens* which multiply between Ferrara and Venice, through the flatness of the country, and the enormous quantities of water which the Alps pour through its plains into the Adriatic sea.

Ferrara, the "*Città ben aventurosa*" of Ariosto's adulating muse, spreads far and wide in the midst of its uninteresting plain, whose bleak aspect renders it an appropriate site for this an-

cient seat of princely feudality, and for its still formidable and frowning fortifications, which are now manned with Austrian troops. It is thus the prophecy of Ariosto is fulfilled,

"*Ch' anco la gloria tua salira tanto,*" &c. &c. &c.

The first view of Ferrara, as its great square (the *Piazza Nuova*) is approached, is extremely imposing. The long and spacious streets, silent, solitary, and grass-grown, give it the solemn air of a deserted city: and that superb and vast Gothic structure, the Castello of the Dukes of Ferrara, with its towers, and dungeons, and stagnant moat in the centre of the Piazza, in the very heart of the city which it dominates, well belongs to the ancient capital of the D'Este. This vast palace, or castle, was the scene of much crime, and much festivity. It contained the dungeons where the followers of Calvin* perished; and the theatre, where the dramas of Ariosto, and Tasso, and Guarini, were performed. Here Lucrece Borgia†, with a name and life conse-

* Calvin having been forced, by persecution, to quit France, sought shelter in Italy (a curious fact). Through the agency of Marot, the Duchess of Ferrara's secretary, he obtained considerable influence over her mind, and completely converted her, and many of the Ferrarese, whom the Duke Hercules persecuted with relentless fury.

† Lucrece Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara, the worthy daughter of Pope Alexander the Sixth. The only good that can be said

crated to infamy, held her learned coteries; and the convert Renée, of France, maintained her disputatious councils, in spite of her orthodox husband.* Here, at every step, as we paced through endless corridors and damp stone-passages, the images of Ariosto, of Tasso†, of Eleonora, might almost be said to flit before us. There was not a spot we trod but had been trodden by them; there was not a room we visited, but Cellini ‡ might have loitered in, or Calvin prowled

of this learned, but generally supposed infamous woman, is, that she has found a defender in the elegant biographer of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

* Renée, daughter of Louis the Twelfth, by the famous Anne de Bretagne, Duchess of Ferrara. She was equally profound in mathematics and theology; and set the Court of Ferrara in a tumult of religious disquisitions, which hitherto had only busied itself with pastoral dramas and poetical eulogiums on its own splendour. Brantome ascribes her protection of Calvin to her personal hatred to the Holy See: "*Se resentant peut-etre des mauvais tours que les Papes Jules et Leon avaient faits au Roi son père, en tant de sortes elle renia leur puissance, et se separa de leur obéissance, ne pouvant faire pis, étant femme.*"

† Tasso, on his return to the Palace of Ferrara from Turin, in the year 1579, found every one occupied in preparing for the arrival of the Duke's young bride, Margaret di Gonsago. All was bustle and splendour: none of the courtiers seemed to recollect him—he wandered about this vast palace from room to room, unable to find a spot in which to lay his weary head. When the nuptial festivities were over, the Duke had leisure to send him to a madhouse.

‡ Benvenuto Cellini, brought from Rome to Ferrara by Cardinal Hippolito, (the Duke Alphonso's brother), was long a

through; for the castle of Ferrara is a monument of recollections, at once terrible and delightful, and scarcely to be passed without strong, though very mixed emotions. It was from the sumptuous domes, from the voluptuous but semi-barbarous splendours of this fortress-palace, that Ariosto, worn out by persecution, blasted by neglect*, and steeped in poverty, after a life dragged out under princely patronage, withdrew to that humble roof, beneath which he inscribed a distich, so expressive of his innate love of independence, and of the bitter consciousness of having rarely enjoyed its supreme blessings!† When the Emperor Joseph the Second passed through Ferrara, in the year 1799, he only stopped to visit the tomb of Ariosto, in the church of the Benedictines‡; and there are few travellers,

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loiterer in the anti-rooms of the Palace of the D'Este, whom he never could get to pay for his works.

* When he retired from this Court, where he had long worn out his favouritism, his whole fortune was a hundred scudi, or crowns, per annum. Such was the liberal recompense of the D'Este for years of service, and ages of immortality.

† Ariosto's Latin has been prettily translated by the late M. Ginguiné:—

"Petite mais commode, elle est faite pour moi,
Rien de honteuse ne l'a souillée,
Personne ne m'y fait la loi,
Et de mes propres fonds enfin je l'ai payée."

‡ In the year 1801, the remains of Ariosto were removed from the mouldering cloister of the Benedictines to the Library of Ferrara. "The transfer of these sacred relics," says Lord

who, knowing the history of the detestable D'Este,

> "Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
> Of petty power impell'd*,"

will not eagerly rush from their "splendid trough," and all the painful remembrances it awakens, to that mouldering little edifice, which is still inscribed with the immortal name of Ariosto.

FROM the Palace of the Alphonso's and Hippolito's, who persecuted poets and plundered artists†—from the humble and precious home of Ariosto—the steps naturally turn to the Hospital

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Byron, "was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic; and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the famous fallen *Intrepidi* were revived and reformed into the Ariostæan Academy." Besides replacing his own inscription over the door of his house, the French added another, done, I believe, by that great inscription-founder and literary enthusiast, the gallant General Miolis.

* Byron.

† Cellini having finished a fine medal for the Duke of Ferrara, the patron of Tasso, the "*magnifico Alfonso*" sent him a diamond ring as payment, with an elegant compliment; but, notwithstanding the Duke's *maravigliose parole*, as Cellini calls them, by the morning light he discovered the diamond ring to be a false stone, a "*diamantaccio sottile.*"—The Duke threw the mistake on his treasurer, whom he affected to punish; and sent Cellini another ring, worth one quarter of the sum he owed him, but ordered him not to leave Ferrara. Cellini ran away, "*sempre trottando,*" delighted to find himself, as he observes,—"*fuora del Ferrarese.*"

of St. Anne and its consecrated cell. The hospital, though partly rebuilt, presented much the same aspect in 1820, as it might have done when Tasso was condemned to its dungeons in 1579. It is a gloomy and vast building; its principal ward, still devoted to mental and physical infirmity, lay open to our view, as we passed on to a stone passage and flight of steps which lead to the little yard, high-walled and dark, which incloses the cell of Tasso! The guide threw open its double doors; once ponderous, now worm-eaten and shattered. The cell, dank and slimy, was lighted by one small grated window. It was occupied but for a moment by us; for the suffocating emotion it produced was too powerful to endure.* Here ended the patronage of the D'Este; and here commenced the madness of him, "their glory and their shame." The inscription above the door was placed by the direction of General Miolis.

THE house of Guarini, where his pedantic Pastor Fido was first acted, calls up no deep reflections, nor excites any powerful emotion. It is, however, visited in the course of the topographical *giro* of Ferrara. The library of the

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* Mr. Hobhouse says of the dimensions of this cell, "it is nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high."—It is no great assumption of sensibility to say, that the heart sickens as this cell is entered, and that a melancholy curiosity is gratified, at the expense of a most painful sensation.

University (or the Lycée), in spite of its inscriptions and collections of medals, has nothing so precious to exhibit as the manuscripts of Tasso and Ariosto; though the prudish eyes of the Emperor of Austria, in his late visit, turned revoltingly from their pages.* The chair and ink-stand of Ariosto are also preserved among the most precious relics of the library, with a portrait of his singularly beautiful head.

After a long and splendid despotism, (for mere Provincial Princes,) which had succeeded to the Republic, the ancient house of D'Este were deprived of their Ferrarese dominions by the imperious Clement the Eighth, in the person of Cæsar D'Este, on the plea of his illegitimacy; and this legitimate illegitimate became a feudatory of the Holy See, while his territories were circumscribed to Modena and Reggio, where his descendants now reign. On the 8th of May, 1598, Pope Clement the Eighth, at the head of

* Poor Ariosto! his first patron, the Cardinal Hippolito D'Este, seems to have thought as little of his Orlando Furioso as the Emperor of Austria himself; for, enraged at Ariosto's having neglected some one of the many offices he performed for him in quality of "his gentleman," he reproached him bitterly with losing his time over his poem.—*Il Cardinale disse che molto gli sarebbe stato più caro che Messere Lodovico avesse atteso a servirlo, mentre che stava a comporre il Libro.*"—"The Cardinal observed that he should have been much better pleased if Ludovico had spent the time in his service, which he had given to the composition of his book."

his victorious army, made a solemn entry into Ferrara, and received there the homage of the Dukes of Mantua and Parma, and other petty sovereigns, who kissed his feet and acknowledged his supremacy. Ferrara, governed by a military prefect under the French, and by a governor during the existence of the late Kingdom of Italy, is now under the sway of a cardinal as the Pope's Legate. The *Porporato* resides in the ancient palace, where he had lately ordered the picture-gallery to be closed against strangers; and seemed, for this and many other better reasons, to be sufficiently unpopular with all classes.

The French here, as every where, did much good, and are infinitely regretted: a magnificent street and public walk, which they laid out as a Corso for the Ferrarese, is still called by many Strada Napoleana, or Bonaparte.

The journey from Ferrara to Venice assumes a very singular character, from the frequent embarkations and disembarkations in crossing the different rivers and canals, which perpetually intersect the country, and contribute to its fertility without adding to its beauty. *Rovigo* is rather a pretty town; though the beauty of the women, whom we met in crowds issuing from vespers, formed its most striking feature. Rovigo has given a title to one of Bonaparte's dukes, whose elevation by distinctions so inconsistent

with the system which had caused his own fortune, was the fore-runner of his own ruin.*

Of PADUA, the most ancient, once the most learned city of Italy, and still (to judge by the few whose acquaintance we had the honour to make) one of the most agreeable cities in Italy, it is almost presumptuous to speak—too little time having been given to its observation. Circumstances over which we held no control, left us scarcely more to say in these pages than what every book of travels may have marked, and every itinerary detailed. We cannot, however, forget, that it was here, though *en passant*, we made the acquaintance of the Countess Albrizzi,† (who most kindly and cordially waylaid us on our arrival), of the Professor Gallino, who accompanied us in our *giro* through this venerable city,

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* Bonaparte was bestowing his Italian titles on his worthless Marshals, who now line the anti-chamber of Louis the Eighteenth: an Italian Prince came in a rage to Talleyrand, to complain that one of his most ancient titles had been given to the son of a cook or a tailor: Talleyrand expressed his regret, and after hesitating a plaintive "*Voyons, voyons,*" added suddenly—"*Le Bacciochi est vacant; le voulez-vous?*"—"*Le Bacciochi*" had just been exchanged for the Duchy of Lucca!

† See Appendix to Marino Faliero, page 204. Madame Albrizzi, a Greek by birth and talent, is the author of a very *piquante* work, as yet only known in the circle of her intimate friends. Whoever has enjoyed a visit to the Saloon of the Baron Denon at Paris, has seen a fine portrait of this lady, called "Picture of a Greek Lady."

and of some Mantuan gentlemen, whose ready invitation to their houses recalled the uncalculating hospitality of the Paduans ascribed to them by Shakspeare, and the heart-whole invitation of Hortensio to Petruchio,

> "Alla nostra casa ben venuto,
> Molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio."—*Act* 2. *Sc.* 1.

Whoever would judge of the mere *materielle* of a city, should avoid visiting its public buildings in the society of agreeable people; and I confess that after some hours given to the perambulation of Padua, with the sole exception of its singular and Gothic hall in the *Palazzo della Giustizia*, the magnificent Church of its patron Saint, and the venerable cloisters of its ancient University, I have carried away a most imperfect impression of the city of Antenor and Livy, and a most gracious one of the amiable persons who accompanied us.

The *Palazzo della Giustizia* was begun in 1172 by Pietro Cozzo, and finished 1306; it is, therefore, one of the most ancient fabrics in Italy, and has all the air of being so. The *Salone*, or Great Hall, is a monument of the manners of the middle ages. It was a sort of change for the Paduan merchants, a bazaar for the people, who came there to make purchases of such glittering foreign wares as were exposed to sale on either side of this immense covered space. Its roof, three hundred feet long and one hundred wide, is supported only by its own massy walls, which have

stood the proof of nearly six centuries, and are still illustrated by the frescoes of Giotto, on which so many successive generations have gazed. A monument raised to *Titus Livius* completes the interest of this forum of the middle ages, whose vastness, when we visited it, was only occupied by scene-painters painting some decorations for the opera.*

The Palace of the University is of much more modern date. It is by Palladio, and contains the Public Schools, the Theatre of Anatomy, and the Museum of Natural History, collected by Vallisnieri: attached to the establishment there is a handsome botanical garden.

The dim gloomy court of the University, and its successive tiers of arcades or porticoes, have but little of the usual cold Greek character of Palladio's architecture, or else the inscriptions and basso-relievoes with which these walls are decorated, take from their antique severity; for it is in these porticoes that the effigies, names, countries, and ages, of several of the students of Padua, are registered, who came here to—

"happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies,"

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* Padua is the native town of the ingenious Belzoni. Some Egyptian monuments, which he had sent to Padua as tributes of his own amor patriæ, occupied a part of the hall. The worth and talents of this ardent and enlightened Paduan are duly estimated by his townsmen, who spoke of him with eulogium.

from all parts of the world. Here many an Italian "Lucentio," with "his man Tranio," arrived

"For the great desire" he had
"To see fair Padua, nursery of arts;"

and here even many a British youth, abandoning the *alma-maters* of England or Edinburgh, has come thus far

"To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy"

under Italian skies. Among the names which we ran over, inscribed on these old walls, under youthful, but ill-painted heads (long laid low), we read some well-known Scotch and English names—one was "Thomas Erskine, Scotus," another, "A. Henley."

Immediately after the Reformation in England, the fashion of sending young Catholic gentlemen to be educated at foreign universities increased, for very obvious reasons: almost all the Catholic gentry were educated abroad; as the Irish still were when the Revolution broke out.

St. Anthony of Padua is one of the most notorious saints in the calendar, and his church is one of the most splendid in Italy. We visited it in a happy moment, during the celebration of high mass on a Sunday morning. It was the first time I ever saw a great Italian church filled with an Italian congregation, one third of which seemed composed of the higher classes: for the

women were elegantly dressed *à la Française*, and yawned, pointed their glasses, and looked about them, with such an air of fashionable *ennui*, that I almost fancied myself in an English Protestant church; while, as we returned, family groups, with prayer-books and parasols, followed by footmen in respectable liveries, completed the delusion.

The old part of Padua, "*la città vecchia*," with its dark narrow streets and high old palaces, however gloomy and incommodious, has an interest of its own, well worth the more spacious avenues and Palladian façades of the modern town. Here doubtless, stood Gremio's house "within the city," which was

> "Richly furnished with plate and gold,
> Basons and ewers to lave the dainty hands,
> And hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:"

In the inventory of his rich furniture he observes—

> "In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
> In cypress chests my arras, counter-points,
> Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
> Fine linen, Turkey cushions, 'boss'd with pearl,
> Valance of Venice, gold in needle-work,
> Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
> To house or house-keeping."

This was the genuine catalogue of an Italian noble's house, in the age of Shakspeare, authenticated by all which time and change have spared

in Italy; there is not an article here described, that I have not found in some one or other of the palaces of Florence, Venice, or Genoa—the mercantile Republics of Italy—even to the

"Turkey cushions 'boss'd with pearl."

It has been the fashion to dispute the learning of Shakspeare; but his knowledge was overwhelming—like the frenzied eye of his own poet,

It "glanced"
"From heaven to earth,"—

and such was its exquisite and appropriate application, that from the Roman Capitol to the house of the Paduan merchant, the details were facts, indisputable as they were minute. This is the knowledge of genius, acquired by the rapid perception and intuitive appreciation which distinguish the highest and finest order of physical and moral organization. It is not, indeed, learning; but the pictures it leaves behind it, will be shrines for the adoration of posterity, when all that the *Sorbonne*, in its profoundest erudition, has produced shall have mouldered into oblivion. It is among the most exquisite delights of a journey through Italy, that Shakspeare and Milton are the inseparable companions of the tour, to those who, like the author of these pages, make their works the missals of daily meditation!

There is nothing of beautiful or sublime, in Italian scenery, that may not be found more beautiful and more sublime in the scenic descriptions of the Paradise Lost! There is nothing characteristic in habit or manner, or in the natural and national physiognomy of the Italians, that is not touched off with a master's hand in the delightful Italian comedies of Shakspeare! From the voluptuous and true Venetian softness of Desdemona, to the academic freshness of the young pedant Lucentio and his man Tranio, and through all the traits of Italian humour and Italian passion, scattered over his "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Merchant of Venice," and "Romeo and Juliet;" all is truth and national idiosyncrasy!—Shakspeare and Milton!, the Reformation and the Revolution!, all "followed close." Humanity was then in great vigour—its shoots were powerful—its bursts magnificent! This was England's great day!—what is her present?

It is a delightful thing to roll along the banks of the Brenta, from Padua to Fusina, on a fine, bright, sunny holiday morning! not one cloud to shadow the living scene—not one image to sadden or to sink the buoyant spirits and exhilarated feelings—the canal to the right lying through a laughing, lovely, fertile champaign; where fields and vineyards *will* yield and bloom, and suns *will* shine and ripen, though fifty Emperors of Austria ruled the soil with heads of lead and rods of iron!

—the elegant marble villas to the left, with their Palladian façades, their green verandas, and parterres of orange-trees, inducing the belief that they are still lorded by the Foscarini and the Bembi of the great and free days of Republican Venice! The *barca-corriera*—the gondola (first seen)—the ponderous *barchiello*, heavily freighted, glide, pass, and repass, and all to the tune of the "Carnival of Venice," which the traveller has borrowed from the opera at Paris, and hums in symphony during the whole of the delicious little journey! But most delightful of all are the groups that strew the way, with their festive habits and festive faces; the women all pretty, the men all *gaillard*—the sounds all lisping, and the laugh all melody!

It would have been pleasant to have closed the journey of Italy on the banks of the Brenta! and, giving thought to the breeze that sighed on its waters, to believe that no care could nestle beneath the frescoed domes of its airy pavilions, and that the prosperity of sun-beams and Nature, every where so cheering, were not defeated and rendered worthless by the false combinations of policy, and the overthrow of national independence! But the great Dogana of Fusina, that stands like a temporary prison on the edge of the Adriatic, filled with German faces and guarded by Austrian arms, dispels the vision of the Brenta! Here, form after form of jealousy and distrust is

to be gone through; and the disheartened traveller embarks from the bleak solitary coast in a black gondola, with the look, if not with the feeling, of a prisoner of state. As the bark however glides on, as the shore recedes, and the city of the waves, the Rome of the ocean, rises on the horizon, the spirits rally; memory, no longer deadened by external impressions, sends forth from her "secret cells" a thousand fanciful recollections; and as the spires and the cupolas of Venice come forth in the lustre of the mid-day sun, and its palaces, half-veiled in the aërial tints of distance, gradually assume their superb proportions, then the dream of many a youthful vigil is realized; and scenes long gloated over in poetic or romantic pages, gradually form and incorporate, and take their local habitation among real existences—objects of delight to the dazzled eye, as once to the bewildered imagination.

In the gradual approach an islet is passed, with one solitary tree shading a fortified wall; another is glided by, but scarce a glimpse of vegetation is discernible; a little insular fort is here and there sketched on the waves as the shadows lengthen; a suburb is entered—a street of waters. Dilapidated buildings rise on either side, odd, grotesque, but evidently the abode of humble indigence, not of fallen wealth! As there is no causeway, there are no passengers; not a face appears from the curious casement or hanging

balcony; and not a sound disturbs the death-like silence which reigns on every side, but the plashing of the waters to the oars of the gondolieri. The impression is, as of the apparition of a city that had survived the universal deluge!—its inhabitants all gone, and their dwellings but slowly emerging from the "deep of waters."

CHAP. XXVI.

VENICE.

First Impressions.—RIALTO.—Streets.—Shops.—Piazza and Church of ST. MARK.—Coffee-houses.—Casinos.—Festivals. (La Sensa.)—Canova's Dædalus.—Restoration of the Horses.—Piazzetta.—DUCAL PALACE.—Armenian Convent.—PALACES.—Ca Barbarigo.—(Tomb of Titian.)—CHURCHES.—St. Sebastian.—(Tomb of Paul Veronese.)—San Giovanni e Paolo.—Santa Maria della Carità.—(Collection, Titian's Assumption.)—ARSENAL.—SOCIETY.—Present State of Public Affairs.—Conclusion.

EVERY pre-conceived idea of Venice, as a city or a society, belongs purely to the imagination. One is apt to consider it as the seat of some giddy authority, whose councils are debated amidst the orgies of "midnight mirth and jollity," where time consumes itself in endless revels, and love is the religion, and pleasure the law of the land! where the nights are all moonlight, the days all sunshine; and where life passes in perpetual carnival, under the fantastic guise of a domino and mask.

There was a time when the exterior aspect of things in Venice did present to the stranger's view a vision of society scarcely less brilliant

and fanciful! and when the gay regatta of the day, and the dissipated assemblies of the night, hid out that dark system of policy, by which an aristocratic faction, under the name of a Republic, trod down the liberties, and vitiated the morals, of the people. But if the foreign traveller once departed from the Lagunes, and the revels of St. Mark's, with the same illusions as he first arrived, that moment is now over; and such images of desolation and ruin are encountered, in every detail of the moral and exterior aspect of the city, as dissipate all visionary anticipations, and sadden down the spirit to that pitch, which best harmonizes with the misery of this once superb mistress of the waves. Yet if the character of interest with which Venice was once visited is changed, its intensity is rather increased than lessened; and in a picturesque point of view, it never perhaps was more beautiful, or more striking, than at the present moment.

In gliding along its great canals, its patrician palaces rise on either side from their watery base, in such majesty of ruin, in such affecting combinations of former splendour and actual decay, that their material beauty is heightened by deep moral touches; and in gazing on fabrics, beyond all others, singular and imposing from their peculiar architecture, we feel that we are reading a history!—a history un-

paralleled in the annals of humanity! Venice, in all her relations, stands alone: unique in her origin, her prosperity, and her fall. As a city, even when seen, it still appears rather a phantasm than a fact; and the reality of a spectacle is doubted, which, coming "not within the prospect of belief," just verges on the precincts of impossibility!—a gorgeous construction of marble, resting on the undulating surface of the ocean, whose waves impress the tessellated pavements of its mightiest fabrics! *

Of all the cities of Italy, Venice has been the most frequently and accurately described, both by the pencil and the pen. The impression which its matchless originality is calculated to make even on the most obtuse mind, the graphic features of its general architecture, its having been for ages the great object of foreign visitants of all nations, and more particularly of the English, who have given volumes to its details†—all have contributed to leave

* This curious fact is particularly observable at St. Mark's church, where the Mosaic floor is rendered uneven by the pressure of the water in high tides.

† By far the most animated and faithful picture of the topography of Venice, given by modern tourists, is to be found in the late Mr. Scott's beautiful Italian Sketches. He has left nothing to say on the general aspect of that city, but what may serve as a relief to his own exquisite descriptions. The death of this gentleman is a loss and an epoch in the literature of the day.

it, both in an historical and a picturesque point of view, an exhausted theme. Upon its material and political existence, even in the present day, two men of talents and extensive resources have been diligently and successfully occupied; and the magnificent national work on Venice and her Edifices, by the Count Cicognara, which was hastening to its conclusion when we were in Italy, and the "History of Venice," now in the hands of every liberal reader, by M. Daru,* leave nothing to be said on either subject, that can claim originality, or escape the imputation of presumption. The slight, rude sketches copied literally into these pages, from the journal into which they were entered, *à trait de plume*, are perhaps more than sufficient; nor will it be considered otherwise than as matter of mutual congratulation, both to author and reader, if at the end of such cumbrous volumes as the present, the usual routine of sight-seeing is rapidly passed over; and if from the long list of churches and palaces, described so often and so well by more able tourists, two or three only are selected.

* See also a recent work by a native historian, Signore Sebastiano Crotta, "*Memorie Storico-Civili sopra le successive forme del Governo di Veneziani.*"—Venice, 1818. When Amelot Houssaie, secretary to the French Embassy at Venice, published his "History of the Republic," the Venetians complained to the French Government, and the unfortunate historian was shut up in the Bastile.

Even those are not perhaps always chosen for their superior merits, but from the impression they chanced to convey to the imagination, too often influenced by the accidents under which it operated; varying as the sun shone, or the sky lowered; as the Cicerone of the morning's *giro* was *Giovannini*, the valet-de-place, or one calculated beyond all others to throw an interest upon the architecture and arts of Venice*, to whose illustration and encouragement he has so greatly contributed.

It was our fortune to arrive at Venice by one of the least frequented and least interesting of her four hundred canals; and at a season of the day when a hot sun and the dinner-hour had left all the exterior of this wondrous and half-inhabited city in dreary stillness.

A few of the gondolas of the nobility (and they are now said to be very few) were anchored to the poles, which are erected before their palaces to protect the façade, and are decked with armorial bearings. Those at the service of the public, were laid up in their ordinary stations, all draped alike in black, as if in waiting to join some funeral procession, which was to convey

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* At Venice an opportunity was afforded us of renewing our acquaintance with the Count and Countess Cicognara, and of benefiting by the hints of the former as to what was best worth seeing, where time was rigidly measured, and curiosity was almost worn out.

the dead to the tomb of the deep. The gondolieri were housed, or slept in the bottom of their barks; and business and pleasure seemed alike suspended, as if to give full effect to a scene, to which silence and solitude were most appropriate. Our leaving the dark and narrow "*Rio,*" for the broad serpentine *canale grande,* was notified by the shrill melancholy cry of the gondolieri, (a usual and necessary warning in turning a sharp angle, to guard against the shock of an abrupt rencontre with other barks); and we entered on the most superb and original scene that any city in the world presents, gliding in silence, which not a breath disturbed, through rows of magnificent, but decaying palaces, which with their light and beautiful arabesque balconies and casements, their marble porticoes and singular chimneys, looked as if they had been transported from some metropolis of the East, the former abode of Moslem chiefs! There was one whose dark façade was spotted irregularly with casements; the anchorage poles before its portico were surmounted with an English coronet and arms: it was now silent and deserted like the rest—"*Palazzo di Lord Byron* *," said the chief of our gondolieri, as we rowed by it. The next object he announced was the Rialto; and we

* Lord Byron, at the period of our visit to Venice, was at Ravenna.

landed at a little "*campo*," but a few paces from its single and noble arch, before a fine old palace, marked with strong features of its ancient splendour, once the palazzo of one of "the ten," now the hotel of *La Grande Bretagna*.

Imagination had so often dwelt upon the aquatic habits of a Venetian life, and books had rendered all the details of canals and gondolas so familiar, that curiosity in its first flush directed itself rather to the streets of Venice than to its lagunes; and ere we resigned ourselves to the exquisite indulgence of a gondola life (and there are few modes of existence more agreeable), we resolved to go over as much ground as the artificial *terrein* of Venice would admit. We felt on the evening of our arrival no want of a siesta after an early dinner; and we began our pedestrian tour by the Rialto, to which "many a time and oft" my eyes had been directed. The form of this bridge, and its architecture, are themes of general admiration; but its picturesque effect by no means corresponds with expectations derived from books and prints. It is incumbered by two rows of wretched bulks for the use of tradesmen; and the mean rears of these dilapidated edifices being turned to the water, give a poor and paltry air to the whole. The width of the bridge is sufficient to allow three spaces for passengers; one between the shops, and two between them and the parapets. At the further extremity, at

the left-hand side, resides at present a "Signore Antonio," a "merchant of Venice," who, if he possesses not the argosies of his theatrical ancestor, drew upon the imagination for riches well worth them all. There was likewise no want of figures that might well pass current for Shylocks; and the gentle Jessica is to be traced in almost every sunny female face that passes in the streets, and glances her dark eye from beneath the becoming *zendaletta*. So far our valet-de-place, who had already engaged a gondola for our use by the week, made no opposition; but when we bade him lead on, his Venetian indolence and routine habits of Ciceronism evinced the shock they had received, by broken exclamations at our want of taste, in preferring a fatiguing walk between the narrow sun-baked walls, to the fresco of canals and *rios*, and the luxurious repose of the gliding gondola.

The streets of Venice, sometimes formed on piles*, sometimes founded on the scattered rocks or islets, and united at every step by little bridges, where they are crossed by canals, resemble in

* Chi mai percorrendo oggidì le strade di Venezia potrebbe sospettar di premere un terreno fondato dall' arte, e non come altrove, dalla Natura? E chi non rimane sorpreso della grandezza dell' impresa, osservando queste splendide e immense moli di marmo che s'inalzano sopra masse di suolo avventizio? Origine delle Feste Veneziane, di Giustina Renier Michele.

dimension the Parisian *passage*, or the alley of London: they are perhaps something narrower, and infinitely cleaner, than either. As man is the only animal that passes them—as no vehicle ever tracks them, their neatness and their silence are extremely characteristic; the latter is only disturbed by a few cries never harsh in the Venetian dialect, or by the murmur of conversation in the shops and coffee-houses, where people talk as if they were lisping nonsense to children, and every name is pronounced in the familiarity or endearment of a diminutive*. The shops look like baby-houses, and are dedicated to good eating, or to the sale of toys, jewellery, and ornaments in glass; the Venetian pearl, called "*conterie*," or "*margherite*," being now almost all that remains of that superb "*arte vitraria*," which first rendered Europe independent of the sands of Tyre, and established at Venice a manufacture which, in spite of Nature, had supplied the world with one of its most brilliant luxuries. The Venetian shops no longer sparkle with girandoles of seeming diamonds, with flowers more brilliant and frail than the blossoms of a spring shower, which they imitated; and with mirrors, which first replaced the dimness of metal with the reflecting lustre of crystal! Still the pretty trifles

* As Nene (for Elena), Zorgi (for Georgio), Tonino (for Antonio), and Catte (for Cattinetta.)

in glass which they display, and which are executed* for the gaudy childish taste of Oriental markets, give a gay effect to the streets: and the whole, when lighted at night, resembles the metropolis of some tiny empire, over which Tom Thumb, or Prince Titty, might have reigned, in the pleasant times of "Faerie."

The sun had not yet set, and its crimson lights were still falling on domes and spires, and breaking, in rich specks of colouring, on façades and pavements, when we suddenly emerged, from the twilight of these closely clustered lanes, into the most striking, the most magnificent Piazza in Italy—the *Piazza di San Marco!* As we passed the great central portal, the Church of St. Mark lay immediately before us, resembling none other ever seen before. A mosque! a temple! a cathedral!—it might have been dedicated to Mahomet, to Isis, or to Christ!—it looked a sort of abstraction of religious architecture!—venerable, mystic, and gorgeous;—and its mixed orders, Greek, Arabesque, or Gothic, all blended so barbarously, and yet so beautifully, as to set all preconceived notions of harmony and proportion at defiance. The porches, the domes, the minarets, the Moor-

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* The Venetians prided themselves so much on the mystery of their art of working these beads into Mosaic, that the laws watched with vigilance over its preservation, and a heavy penalty awaited the faithless workman who should betray the secret.

ish tracery and Gothic arches and Greek columns, were all tinted and dazzling with their own splendid incrustations of gold and ultra-marine, their mosaics of gems and marbles of every hue and region! The round arches, which rise in glittering succession over the principal entrance, are all wrought in ornamental sculpture, grotesque and minute as the figures of saints and nondescripts which gleamed on the pinnacles above them. Resting on pedestals, over the first of these arches, stand the four horses of Lysippus, the spoil of every conqueror, glorifying successively the triumphal arches of Rome and Constantinople, the portals of St. Mark's, and the gates of the Tuileries!—hitherto always a trophy! but now, replaced, an *item* in a bargain!

Above the second arch, (which is filled with a large casement of stained glass,) on a ground of blue and gold, fierce and fearful, stands St. Mark, the patron of the city; not, however, in his character of Apostolic mildness, but, as he appears in the mystic vision of Ezekiel—as a lion rampant!—and, with his flowing mane and glittering wings, looking something between a sign over a menagerie, and the dragon of Wantley at St. Bartholomew's fair. The interior of this ancient temple is enriched with the spoil of conquered nations, the plundered treasures of the East!—but its gloomy splendours are but dimly visible, even by day; and its mosaics of onyx and eme-

rald—its pavement of alabaster and turquoise*—are scarcely distinguishable by evening-lights, except where the glimmer of a votive lamp is concentrated on some shrine, or where tapers blaze on altars, before which the Ambrosian rite is now duly celebrated; though on their Egyptian marbles the sacred cats of Isis might once have been fed by attendant priests. All within, as without St. Mark's, is an heterogeneous mixture of the imagery of all faiths, and nothing recalls the purely Christian and Catholic church, except that little porphyry spot in the portico, where the Emperor Barbarossa prostrated himself to kiss the feet of the Pontiff, who thus represented the humility of him, who never trod on porphyry, nor spurned at Emperors.†

On either side of the Piazza of Saint Mark is a range of architectural buildings, rising above porticoes or arcades, which are the marts of business and of pleasure, of thrift and dissipation.

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* We observed a piece of turquoise in one of the compartments of the mosaic pavement of the nave. The cicerone, who accompanied us, remarked, that there were many pieces of that precious material scattered through the church.

† Pope Alexander the Third, in the year 1177. The Pope placed his foot on the neck of the Emperor, who, stifled with shame and indignation, endeavoured to lessen the humiliation, by observing, "*Non tibi, sed Petro!*" "*Et mihi, et Petro,*" replied the haughty Pontiff. This scene is represented in a fine picture in the Ducal Palace.

The Coffee-houses, which they shade from the sun, are numerous, and well furnished for recreation or repose; and they might answer equally well for the *palais-royal*, or the city of Bagdad; they were said, when we visited Venice, to be like the piazza itself, dull, dim, and abandoned, in comparison to what they once were, even in the memory of thousands still living*. Yet when they were all lighted up, when the spread awnings before them were furnished with lamps, and peopled with guests, the scene, to us at least, was novel and brilliant. Like every thing in Venice, these caffés were more Eastern than Italian, and they are always pleasant to the foreign visitant, from the mildness and characteristic courtesy of the natives; for in Venice the malady of *il duro di schiena* (stiff-neckedness) is less obvious than in any other part of Italy. The striking features of the Piazza are the Oriental foreigners who still resort to it, and who, even now, when their ranks are so thinned, seem to leave it little more of European character, than the Pera may be supposed to preserve, in spite of its diplomatic guests from western and northern cabinets.

* The lamps of the shops and coffee-houses (which are well lighted) are now the only illumination of the Piazza San Marco, which, during the French occupation, exhibited a brilliant spectacle, being purposely illuminated nightly, at the expense of the government. One who has put out all lights wherever he could drop his imperial extinguisher, has put out these also.

Here we found Turks lounging under tents that resembled their own garden kiosks—Moors that reminded us of Portia's lover, wearing

> "The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun"—

Greeks and Armenians, some of whom were even then perhaps dreaming their dream of possible emancipation, over the Mocha coffee of their barbarous masters; and Sclavonians, whose figures and costumes fixed the eye of curiosity, beyond the term of scrutiny licensed by good breeding:—some whispered over a marble table, spread with papers—others lay happily absorbed in opium or in mercantile speculation; some disputed or remonstrated in various dialects, but the greater number sipped their sherbet, or ices, in tranquil silence—then departed, brandishing a long pipe, instead of

> —— "The scimitar,
> That slew the Sophy, or the Persian Prince,
> Or won three fields of Sultan Solyman,"

which seemed better to belong to forms so noble, and movements so dignified! These sons of the East, whatever be their rank in life, always look like the aristocracy of Nature! But such visitants are now comparatively few in Venice; and if here and there a galiotte or an argosy lie anchored in her port, they but recall the gallant fleets of commercial barks, which, from Egypt and the Levant, once crowded her Lagunes, and

bartered the spices of Arabia, or the gems and gold of Asia and Africa, for the stuffs and silks, and arms and mirrors, of Venetian manufacture, where pearls were exchanged for beads, and the rich plunder of the mine was given for the more precious results of man's industry and ingenuity.

The numerous and elegant apartments ranged over the shops and porticoes, in the buildings called *Procuratia,* were once devoted to the uses of the nobility—where the gravest senator and the gayest *cavaliere servente,* alike had his Casino, the rendezvous of his intimates, and the true empire of his "*Dama del Cuore.*" Here pleasure knew no restraint, and the license of slaves, (for such, after all, the Venetians were in their latter ages,) the license to be vicious, was freely granted by a government, whose power was founded in the corruption of the people.

The centre of St. Mark's Place, that noble space surrounded by objects so imposing and so gay, was always the theatre of every public festivity—the grand scene of those primeval, simple, and natural epochs of national enjoyment—the *Feste Veneziane,* which originated in the great eras of Venetian grandeur, and were each founded to celebrate some event characterised by glory, or productive of prosperity. Among all these festivals, there was none more splendid or more ancient than the *Fiera dell' Ascensione,* or "*La Sensa,*" instituted in 1180—a period when the liberties

and prosperity of Venice were at their height, and when her commerce and manufactures brought all nations to her markets. This fair or festival, which served at once the purposes of thrifty trade, national pride, and pleasurable pursuit, began on the feast of the Ascension, and lasted* eight days. Temporary shops of the most fantastic architecture were erected in the Piazza of St. Mark; and silken, woollen, and velvet stuffs of Venice, chains of gold and mirrors of crystal, toys and trinkets and jewels, fire-arms and musical instruments, were mingled with all which the arts produced from age to age, till the spectacle of *La Sensa* at last exhibited works no less precious than those of a Titian or a Tintoretto, and the Venetian beauties beheld from under the shade of their *zendaletta*, the reflection of their own charms, in the productions of the artists they had inspired.

But Titian and Tintoretto had long passed away, and works like theirs had ceased to enrich the *festa* of *La Sensa*, when there appeared amidst its objects of art, in a more recent day, a marble group, that recalled the touches of Praxiteles: it represented the story of Dædalus and Icarus. Multitudes crowded to behold the beautiful production, and the name of the sculptor was loudly called for. It was the work of a Venetian youth,

* See "Origine delle Feste Veneziane."

who still laboured, "unknown to fame," in the workshop of his master, Storetti *: and his name was Antonio Canova! This ancient and national festival was celebrated up to the year 1796, when its honours, with those of the *Bucentaur*, fell under the mutilating pressure of revolutionary change. The ducal crown, the golden book, the mask, the revel, all disappeared! It may be lamented that the feebleness and the tyranny which latterly accompanied these remnants of better times, did not disappear with them—but Austria reigns! and Venice crouches!

The first public fête, of any importance, celebrated after a long period, and probably the last for a long time to come, was got up by the Imperial Government, in honour of the return of the far-famed horses. Nothing was omitted that could give éclat and splendour to an event which marked the benefits, conferred by the restoration of legitimacy, and the downfal of usurpation: a magnificent amphitheatre was erected in the Piazza, where the machinery of *La Sensa*, the superb construction of the architect Macaruzzi, once stood. The amphitheatre was for the Venetian nobility, for the descendants of the Contarini, the Morosini, the Rezzonico, the Quirini, the

* This venerable sculptor was still living when we were at Venice. We went to see the workshop where he first taught Canova to wield a chisel, destined to revive the noblest of all the arts.

shadows of the *Pregadi*, the *Avogadori!* and Council of Ten! A space was left for the people of all the inferior classes—such as usually crowded this noble *Piazza*, in former times, upon popular occasions. Near the clock of St. Mark, a magnificent loggia, or balcony, was constructed; surpassing that from whence the Doge beheld the bull-baits, in the days of Republican festivity. Its Imperial crown and arms marked it for the reception of the Emperor of Austria and his family, who came to be present at the re-instalment of these trophies of the conquest of Constantinople, and to receive the homage of Venetian gratitude for this his paternal interference. The cannons of the ports and the arsenal fired! the Emperor arrived! the horses of Lysippus were placed ready to be drawn up to the station they had occupied for six hundred years! and nothing was wanting to complete the imposing splendour of the scene, but—an audience!!! A few idle persons were indeed scattered over the arena; but the amphitheatre remained empty. The music played, the bells rang, the signal was given; the horses were drawn up: not one *Vivat* followed their ascent, or greeted the Imperial ears! and the Emperor and his family had this spectacle all to themselves, undisturbed by plebeian participation.*

* When he went to the Opera, the audience, supposing the Ex-Empress of France was with her father, began to applaud;

The Piazza of St. Mark returns at right angles towards the sea, forming a second not less beautiful piazza, which, from its comparative smallness, is called *La Piazzetta.* It is lined on one side by the exquisite Gothic or Moorish façade of the DUCAL PALACE, and on another, by a range of noble edifices, the work of Sansovino. The Piazzetta opens to the sea, and is terminated by two superb granite columns, the trophies of the Republic, brought from Greece in 1174. They are surmounted by the Lion St. Mark, and the statue of St. Theodore; and when the terrible executions which have taken place between them are forgotten, they are not viewed without a deep historic interest; while they afford noble points of termination to the richest scene of architectural combination that can well be imagined.

It is in vain that the fastidiousness of virtù and the rigour of criticism have discovered innumerable faults in the Ducal Palace of Venice. To the painter and the poet, to the imagination that gloats upon the romantic eras of the middle ages,

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but suddenly ceased on seeing she was not arrived. As soon as she appeared, the plaudits were long and loud. At Padua they went together to visit the University: on coming out, they parted—one to proceed to San Antonio, and the other to the School of Chemistry. The whole crowd, which had hitherto accompanied them, followed Marie-Louise, and left the Emperor with the few who dared not part from the Imperial *abbandonato!*

that wanders from the fields of Palestine and the Roncesvalles to the feats of the Dandoli and the Falieri, this is the edifice, *par excellence*; and the arena of the Coliseum is not a subject of more religious admiration to the classic artist, than the *Cortile del Palazzo Ducale* to those whose associations are made up to the bold, vigorous, and romantic times, which inspired the lays of Tasso and Ariosto, and produced the warrior-merchants of Venice.

The immense fabric of the Ducal Palace, to which the church of Saint Mark was originally a private chapel, is entered by eight gates, and covers a part of the Piazza, of the Piazzetta, and of the grand canal. The principal gate (erected in the fifteenth century) opens into the *Cortile*, and all that there presents itself might be mistaken for a detached scene of the Alhambra! The rich mixture of Arabesque and Gothic architecture, the tier over tier of cloistral porticoes, which would answer equally for the holy retreat of the Mahometan or Christian monk, and yet are marked with the splendour and ornament of a royal residence, are alike magnificent and imposing. When the "Giant's Stairs" are ascended, the terrible lions' mouths present themselves where the fatal "*denunzie secrete*" were once received. From this exterior corridor the state apartments are entered.

The walls of the "*Sala di quatro porte*" (one of

the first of these apartments) are covered with the works of Tintoretto, Vicentino, and Titian; but they chiefly represent cold allegories, allusive to the glory of the Republic of Venice, and to her success in arms and commerce, under the hieroglyphics of fair fat goddesses and golden-haired nymphs—the true Venetian Venuses and Junos of Titian and Paul Veronese, who studied from no *beau idéal.* Various apartments succeed, spacious in dimensions, rich in pictures, and formerly devoted to the business of the state, and the sittings of various councils.

The *Hall of the Pregadi* (where formerly assembled the senate, composed of two hundred and thirty members, who decided on peace or war) is a superb room, and decorated principally with the works of Palma. Its ceiling is painted by Titian—a notable distinction! But the room the most striking from its ancient destination, and terrible importance, is *the Sala del Consiglio di Dieci*—that divan of death! which, under pretence of watching over public safety, and judging state crimes, left no security for life or property, and committed the darkest atrocities against both. The "Council of Ten" were a band of Neros; like him they were the victims of their own intoxicating power, dark suspicion, and lawless position, (beyond the pale of human sympathy, and inaccessible to its influence.) This room cannot be entered without shuddering! The

tribunal remains, and the door where the criminal or the victim (judged here in mysterious secrecy) disappeared—to be seen and heard no more! It is pointed out by the ciceroni of the palace, by the appellation of "the fatal door." What hearts have throbbed to bursting in this horrible den of power! Few left it to be restored to life, or consigned to public execution; but many for the lingering horrors of the scorching *Piombi* above, or the dark, noxious humid *Pozzi* below!! It is impossible to pause here; but passing hastily on, without interest or curiosity, (even through the magnificent *Sala del gran Consiglio*, lined as it is with the pictured fasti of Venetian Doges, and glorious feats of Venetian prowess) the eye and mind escape from these monuments which recall the true causes of Venetian degradation—unlimited power, and insatiate ambition! It is pleasant in issuing from this ponderous fabric, "a palace and a prison on each hand," to launch at once into the Adriatic, to view the lessening of that dark and mighty pile, its "bridge of sighs," and "giant stairs," and (gradually resigning feelings which gloom and agitate, for the influence of sensations which soothe and cheer), to sink on the down of the cushioned gondola, glide with drowsy movement over the placid waters, catching the sparkling of the sunlight through silken draperies, and, in the temporary suspension of thought and care, enjoying existence for existence sake!

It was in such a mood, and such a moment,

that, passing along the *Riva dei Sciavoni*, we suffered the gondoliere, at his own suggestion to row us out to the *Isola San Lazzaro*, the site of the church and convent of the Armenian Monks of the order Mechitarestica. In receding from the shore,

"Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles,"

one of the most splendid views presented by this singular city, gradually developed itself— tower and turret, dome and spire, rose and glittered along the sweep of waters; and artificial gardens blooming from the Castello, to Le Motte,* and looking like floating isles of accidental verdure, give some touch of inland scenery to the watery suburbs of thi ocean capital.

As the bark rowed on, the Arabian palaces of the *Canale Grande* softened into airy fabrics; island and islet were passed, the church of San Giorgio (Palladio's design) elevated its dome above trees and shrubs, planted by the monks on its little isle, and bathed in sea-brine. The domes of the church of *Il Redentore*, the chef-d'œuvre of Palladio, succeeded, as the point of the *Isola della Zueca* was turned; and a fort, or a lazzaretto, seemed to start out of the waters at intervals, and to float on the surface, rather than to stand upon the rocks which formed their base.

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* Raised and planted by the French.

It was, I think, in coasting an *isoletta* occupied by the latter, that an incident occurred which would have been susceptible of much interest from the pen which sketched the story of Le Fevre. As we neared the island for the benefit of shade (for the heat was intense), we came close under a dreary-looking wing of the building of the lazzaretto—so close, that we distinctly heard a young silvery-toned voice frequently repeating, "*Venite per me? Venite per me, cari amici?*"* Directed by the sound, we perceived a pale face pressed against the iron bars of a sashless window, in an elevated part of the building: one hand, that looked like snow in the sunshine, had forced itself through the grating, and accompanied by its impatient motion, the anxious oft-repeated question of "*Venite per me?*" As we rowed on, the voice lost its cheeriness, its tones seemed suffocated by disappointment, and the wind that bore them died not on the waters with a more melancholy murmur, than the last sobbing sound which we caught of "*Venite per me?*"

"*Poverina!*" said the gondoliere in a tone of compassion—"*Poverina!* If we passed twenty times a day, she would ask if it was for her we were coming?" We inquired who the *Pove-*

* "Are you coming for me? are you coming for me, dear friends?"

rina was? He said, he did not know; she was some young maniac,—mad for love, he had heard: she had been for many months confined in that apartment in the wing of the lazzaretto dedicated to insane patients; but in winter or summer, the plashing of the oar of a gondola was sure to bring her to the iron bars of her cell, and elicited that question, repeated in tones so various and affecting, as hope faded into disappointment—"*Venite per me?*" We reached the Isola San Lazzaro, which looked like a little parterre, or flower-knot, in the sea, and landed in a porch of the convent of the Armenians, with our minds more occupied with the maniac, than with the Monks of the ocean we were about to visit.

We stepped from the gondola into the cloisters of the convent, assisted by one of the lay-brothers, who left us in a neat and pretty apartment, while he went to seek for the Monk appointed to do the honours. He re-appeared in a few minutes, and presented us to the librarian, D. Pasquale Aucher, who received us with the ease and address of a man of the world, but with a head and garb that the world rarely furnishes. The one, which no greasy cowl disfigured, was singularly fine; and the other was more graceful and less grotesque than the monastic habit usually appears; a true acute Greek intelligence of coun-

tenance was set off by a colouring of transparent olive, and a beard (like his hair) black and glossy, might have become the high priest of Solomon's temple.

Our Armenian conducted us immediately to the library, which is said to be rich in Armenian manuscripts. But as we stood talking at one of the windows, which commanded no view but the ocean, we almost fancied ourselves on board some missionary frigate, freighted by the Bible Society with rules and salvation for dark and distant worlds.

There is an object in this sea-girt library more extraordinary for such a site even than the library itself—a printing press! and we remained long enough in the printing-room to see several sheets struck off, which were soon to circulate through the remotest parts of Asia. I could not help remarking to *Frà Pasquale*, that if there is one press in the world which might be supposed to be perfectly free, beyond the *dictum* of censors and the law of libel, it must be the ocean press of San Lazzaro. He answered smilingly, "that it was free." I asked him if he would print a book for me, which required a very free press indeed. "Oh! he said, most willingly; he was sure he could with impunity print any book *I* might write." "What," I asked, "if I should even speak ill of the Emperor of Austria?" Frà Aucher's smile vanished—"Certainly not. In

1815, his Imperial and Royal Majesty had honoured their convent with his presence; and perceiving the narrow spot the good monks occupied, he had given them a neighbouring little islet, which they were about to plant and cultivate." "Well then (I said), the Pope; might I make a hit at his holiness?" This was worse still! "The Popes had received their congregation, though an heretical one, under their special protection, from the first establishment of this island convent, in 1715, by their great founder, Mechitar di Pietro, down to the present day." Unwilling to lose my game, I started the Grand Seignor, the "terrible Turk," who was at that moment committing the most atrocious horrors against the Greeks in Constantinople, on a suspicion of some peculation on the part of a Greek family employed in an office of the state; but my Armenian shook his head, and said, "the Grand Seignor was a powerful neighbour!" In a word, it was evident that the press of the Island of St. Lazzaro was about as free as the Continental presses of Europe; and that there, as elsewhere—"*on peut tout imprimer, librement, sous l'inspection de deux ou trois censeurs.*"

The principal object of this press is the preservation of the Armenian language, and the multiplying and circulating works in that ancient dialect, which are forwarded through the East by the caravans of Tocat, Aleppo, Smyrna, and Constantinople. In the course of the year 1818, be-

sides a number of grammars and dictionaries, they printed the Chronicle of Eusebius of Cesarea, in three languages, Armenian, Latin, and Greek (the original Greek copy had long disappeared); and they were now employed in printing from some of their Armenian MSS.—While all Asia benefits by the press of St. Lazzaro, the Monks derive from it a considerable part of their revenue.

As we passed through the cloisters and corridors of the convent, vespers were about to be celebrated in the church. Several young Armenians, pupils on the establishment, passed us with their missals in their hands; to them succeeded the monks; and last the abbot, to whom we were presented, and who stopped politely to address a few words to us; but he forfeited nothing of his habitual dignity and gravity in the exercise of his courtesy, and looked more like a Caliph in retreat, than a Monk of the humble, "*Congregazione Mechitaristica.*" He is in fact a noble Armenian of high birth, of Giorgiova, and was created an archbishop in Rome, in 1804.

When we had seen all that was worth seeing in the convent and library, (where there are a few pictures), we walked for a considerable time with our amiable librarian in the little vineyard which surrounds the cloisters, and dips into the sea; and his intelligent and pleasant conversation, his courteous and cordial manners, combining with

the general order, comfort, and propriety of all we saw in this monastic retreat, tended to leave one of the most gracious impressions on our minds we had yet received of monastic institutions.—Here there was no evidence of disgraceful bigotry, filth, and idleness (the usual inmates of convents); and it is manifest that no "hundred and one tales" are necessary to banish ennui from this society, congregrated from the cities of Armenia and Arabia, in the bosom of the Adriatic, and occupied in the education of the youth of their country, their printing-press, their vineyards, and their truly national library.

The founder of the convent of St. Lazzaro, *Mechitar*, made the education of the young Armenians the leading law of his code. None but Armenians are admitted, and they are taken at the earliest age. Their courses of study extend to grammar, history, geography, mathematics, rhetoric, poetry, philosophy, and theology. Their table is amply served, the Bible is read to them while they dine. They are allowed to work in the little garden; and all sorts of manly exercises that can be taken in so small a space, are permitted. Once a year, during their long vacation, they are allowed to visit Venice and Terra Firma. When all monastic institutions were abolished by the French in 1810, this was, by a particular decree, suffered to remain undisturbed; and the monks of Saint Lazzaro have escaped all the

vicissitudes which scattered for a time their less respected and less respectable monastic brotherhood of the Roman Church.

The Fabbriche Pubbliche, or public offices of Venice, are noble buildings; but their Grecian architecture is less striking than those of many of the private dwellings, with their Moorish-looking façades, such as the Palazzo Bressa, Palazzo Bembo, Pisani, Donado, and many others, which have not felt the chilling touch of Palladio's Corinthian taste.

The old palace *di Ca Barbarigo*, as well as many others of the ruinous residences of the Venetian nobles, contains some fine pictures. Titian is said to have long inhabited the Barbarigo, and the gallery is still called *Scuola di Tiziano*. In its desolate saloons we saw some of his early works, and those of *Giovanni Bellini*, his master. Some of the portraits of the many Doges which this illustrious family gave to Venice, are by the pencils of both. Here, too, still fades Titian's famous Magdalen with her weeping eyes. It is injured by time and neglect beyond all restoration, though an old green curtain is still drawn before it; and the *custode*, who does the honours of the palace, shews it with appropriate observations, borrowed from her predecessors. Here, too, is Titian's first work, "St. Jerome," and his last, "St. Sebastian." The latter remains, as he left it, unfinished; for he was still

occupied upon it when he was struck with the plague, at the age of ninety.

From this cradle of his genius, where he first realized his dream of female loveliness, in his oft re-copied Venus—it is sad, yet natural, to hasten to his tomb, which lies in the church of the *Frari*, or Conventual Friars of the order of the Cordeliers. There, passing by the sumptuous monument of the great Doge Foscari, (in whose reign the Republic made many of her most splendid Italian conquests,) we hurried to the foot of the Altar of the Crucifix, where on a stone of the pavement, without one monumental trophy to adorn the spot, is inscribed

"Qui giace il gran Tiziano."—*

And yet when this immortal artist was consigned to his humble sepulchre, such was the high consideration† in which he was held, that not-

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* "Here lies the great Titian."

† When on some particular occasion a heavy tax was imposed on the Venetians, Titian and his friend Sansovino were exempted from its operation, as a mark of respect for their genius. Charles the Fifth was wont to say, he had received immortality three times from the hands of Titian, for he had thrice painted his picture! To his courtiers, who affected to look down on the painter as a plebeian, he was wont to say, "I can create by a breath a hundred dukes, counts, or barons; but, alas! I cannot make one Titian!" "Nothing," says one of the biographers of this eminent and independent genius, "could induce him to leave his Venice," "*dove viveva splendidamente ed in sua piena*

withstanding the raging pestilence, leisure was found to bury him with all the funeral pomp then given only to the noblest of the aristocracy.

TIZIANO DI VECELLIO, the chief, though not the founder of the Venetian school, the painter laureate of royalty!—the scorner of the domestic patronage of every sovereign in Europe!—the friend of Sansovino, of Michael Angelo, of Bembo, of Tasso, of Ariosto, of Speroni, and of Cellini*—the entertainer of cardinals and the confidant of emperors—united in his character the independence of genius and the industry of mediocrity. As an artist he was a model, both in his art and his life: in the one, few of his profession have surpassed him; in the other, few have followed him. Having painted the pictures of all the princes in Europe, he refused their invitation as a *protegé* or a guest! and he died the master of his own house†, in spite of the successive solicitations of Charles the Fifth, Francis the First,

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libertà!"—"where he lived splendidly, and in his own entire independence."

* Cellini, quite as madly enthusiastic about men of genius, as he was vindictive against pretension, boasts of his cordial and hospitable reception at Venice from "*quel maraviglioso Tiziano.*" Titian, though not a native of Venice, became so early a resident there, as a pupil of Gio. Bellini, that it became the country of his adoption, and the Venetians proudly acknowledge his claims.

† This house stood near the Church of the *Miracoli*, but no one can point out exactly where.

Henry the Eighth, Philip the Second, Pope Paul the Fourth, and Leo the Tenth.

The Churches of Venice are numerous, and even still splendid. That of Saint Sebastian will always be visited with interest, though it contained no other object to lure the stranger's observation than the tomb and monument of Paul Veronese, who has covered the ceiling and walls of this church with his glowing works. Here he painted in his earliest youth; here his obsequies were celebrated in 1588, a few years after the death of Titian.

The church of San Giovanni e Paolo, belonging to the Dominican friars, is a venerable Gothic structure, the great mausoleum of seventeen doges, whose heavy but magnificent monuments are scattered over its gloomy cloisters and sanctuary. On the place before it stands an equestrian statue, in bronze, of a Condottiere chief, one Bartelemi of Bergamo, a general in the army of the Republic. It is said that this is the only equestrian statue in the city of Venice.

In this church is the famous picture by Titian of St. Peter Martyr; from which Domenichino has taken his idea of the same subject in his splendid picture, now in the gallery of Bologna. The originality is Titian's, but the superiority of dramatic effect is Domenichino's whose monk flying with his head turned back, and leaving St. Peter to his fate in the wooded mountains of

Como, is one of the finest things that painting ever produced. We lingered long in this superb old edifice; but we should have lingered longer had we then read "The Doge of Venice."*

The most ancient church at Venice is the CHIESA DI SANTA MARIA DELLA CARITÀ, whose original construction goes so far back as the beginning of the 12th century. It owed its ancient celebrity to the FESTA, and the indulgences granted to it by Pope Alexander, who found refuge with its monks from the power and persecution of Barbarossa. The *Festa di Santa Maria della Carità*, distinguished by the presence of the doge and all his train, continued to be celebrated with splendour, until that year fatal to so many other antiquated and religious festivities, 1796.

The church and convent were suppressed by the French; but the remembrances of the *confraternita delle belle Arti* attached to it, saved it from utter neglect and ruin; and the site of one of the most ancient academies of painting in Europe was chosen by the French government for the re-union and re-establishment of a society which had fallen into total decay, and for the reception of works of art both of antiquity and modern times. Under the special jurisdiction of the Count Cicognara, as president, the school of Titian was again opened; and Venice owes to the intelligence, ac-

* See act the 3d, scene 1st of "Marino Faliero."

tivity, and genius of this accomplished gentleman, and his secretary Antonio Diedo, not only the revival of the arts, but the recovery of some of the most precious treasures which the old Venetian school had produced.

The Assumption of the Virgin, the chef-d'œuvre of Titian, had lain long unnoticed, covered with filth, and devoted to neglect, in the church where it had been originally placed, when the Count Cicognara discovered and removed it to the gallery of the Academy, where, after a very curious and tedious process*, it was restored to its pristine beauty, and to all that unrivalled lustre of colouring for which Titian was so celebrated, and which is said to be conspicuous in this great picture beyond any other of his works.

The vast church of La Carità is converted into apartments for the schools of engraving, painting, and drawing. The convent is laid out in domiciles for professors, the secretary, and

* This process was extremely simple in its means, but tedious in practice. It consisted in washing the surface with a slight alkaline solution. For this purpose small flocks of cotton were used, and the friction was the gentlest possible. Although, from fear of destroying the picture, the cleansing was not pushed to the entire removal of the smoke and incense with which it had been covered, several bales of cotton were expended in the operation. The tints of this remarkable work, even thus partially covered, are more vivid than in any picture we saw in Italy; and the colouring is carried perhaps to the highest perfection of which the art is susceptible.

subaltern officers of the establishment, with halls for the library, the exhibition, &c. &c.; and the ancient edifice of the confraternity is now dedicated to the yearly exhibition of the works of the young artists, and the distribution of the annual prizes. With the exception of the revival of its ancient name, the whole of this establishment is due to the munificence of the French government.

It was observed by Galileo, "that a speculative mind would find great occasion to exercise its powers in the multitude of works of all kinds which were continually carried on in the famous Arsenal of Venice;" and even now, amidst the silent, desolate solitude of this arsenal, the massive fragments, which lie scattered over its vast space, tell of its former greatness, when it was deemed the mighty bulwark of Italy, and even of all Europe, against the Turks and Infidels! Isolated and surrounded by high walls, it looks like a town of towers and forts. The lion that guarded the Piræus of Athens guards its gates; and when it is entered, the immensity of its details, and the ingenuity with which man has applied his powers and means to human destruction, appear wonderful and appalling! But this busy spot, once crowded with sixteen thousand workmen, and the occasional resort of thirty-six thousand seamen—its vast sail-room, formerly filled with hundreds of females, whose industry contributed to

the Venetian conquests—the foundery of cannon (those true and legitimate sovereigns of mankind) —the numerous spacious forges worthy of Vulcan's cave—and the magazines of bombs and bullets, and powder, and every species of destructive engine—all now are still, lonely, and abandoned; and nothing recalls the great Arsenal of the Republic of Venice, and the naval armament launched from her spacious docks, but a ruinous Bucentaur, never more destined to convey the throned doge to his Adriatic bride, an unfinished galley lying on the stocks, and the ancient armoury! Still there is nothing more characteristic in Venice, nothing more worthy to be seen, than the Arsenal, from whence those "floating fortresses" (then unparalleled) issued, which had become the terror of the Arab and the Saracen, and the envy of the equally enterprising, but less powerful Genoese! Hence commerce sent forth her freighted argosy to the shores of Sweden and Spain, and even of Persia; while lesser barks mounted the streams of the Po, the Adige, and the Mincio. Even under the French, five thousand workmen were kept constantly employed in the arsenal of Venice; while a number considerably under eight hundred are now more than adequate to its works:—scattered over its immensity, they leave it a desert.

The State of Society, of morals, and manners in Venice, from the downfall of its greatness,

by the failure of its commerce, and the increasing despotism of its government, has been but too frequently and faithfully pourtrayed in the works of successive travellers and historians, from the quaint Amelot to the impartial Daru; and the sum of its corruption has been philosophically illustrated by the latter (the last of Venetian historians) with an observation that speaks volumes.* The society in which woman holds no influence is in the last degree degraded, and even disorganized; for the influence of woman is a "right divine," derived from her high vocations of wife and mother; and it is only in those false combinations, where the great laws of Nature are set aside, that she can forfeit that immunity, blended with

"Her nature's end and being."

And yet, if there ever was a country, where beauty and blandishment, and warm hearts and kindly feelings went together, that country (to judge by appearances) is Venice! The gentle looks and smiling eyes, the female softness and gaiety, which charm the stranger's observation, whenever Venetian women come within its scope,

* Speaking of the women M. Daru observes—"*La corruption des mœurs les avoit privées de tout leur empire; on vient de parcourir toute l'histoire de Venice, et on ne les a pas vues une seule fois exercer la moindre influence.*"—Hist. de la Répub. de Venice, P. Daru, vol. 5.

bespeak a race of beings, formed for all the best affections—to receive and to inspire the most intense and tender feelings; but convents and casinos, political tyranny and religious bigotry, are dire foes to the virtues which should belong to aspects so bewitching; and the graces, which, if blended with higher qualities, might have fixed the seat of woman's empire among the Lagunes of the Adriatic, have long survived, but to render her a slave or a sultana, destined to serve or to sway by the worst of means. The private society of Venice, such as it was in former times, is now wholly broken up; and the only houses open in that once gay and brilliant city, are, I believe, those of the Countesses Benzoni, Michele, and Albrizzi. It would seem that Venice, in the wreck of her social splendour, had just preserved a few specimens, to efface the injurious impressions circulated to her disadvantage; and in the actual representatives of her former circles, to give an *échantillon* of that talent, grace, and beauty, which were probably the original inheritance of the wives and daughters of the freemen of the Republic.

The midnight conversazioni of Madame Benzoni, for they scarcely begin till after the opera, give no impression of the dissipated orgies of the Venetian casino. We found them composed of very intelligent men, and very pretty women; but the total separation of the sexes (each formed into

a distinct circle) preserved an etiquette and formality, to which the freedom of English manners might be deemed licentiousness. Now and then a gentleman strayed from his hive, and talked over a lady's chair; but this seemed rather an innovation than a habit; and propriety itself might have complained of the ultra-formality of the society of one of the most celebrated beauties in Italy. The charms of the Countess Marina Benzoni have been sung by all who ever tinkled a guitar to the tune of "*La Biondina in Gondoletta;*" but the spell of her Venetian manner, its softness and *naïveté*, are less susceptible of description. Reviving recollections of the brilliant and pleasurable circles over which she once presided, by many a pleasant anecdote well recited, and often recurring to the present sad and hapless state of her unfortunate country, to the last doing its honours by foreign visitants, and still presenting the lineaments and colouring of the portraits of Titian and Giorgione, she resembles the priestess of some desolated temple, still hovering round the ruined altars whose fires are extinct, and festivals eclipsed for ever.

In one of the prettiest Casinos on the canals of Venice, always attractive to the English passenger as the gondola glides near it, by the abundance of shrubs and flowers which bloom on its balconies, the Countess Giustina Michele holds a society which resembles the soireés of Paris, much

more than the conversazioni of Italy. The translator of Shakspeare, the author of the *Feste Veneziane*, may naturally be supposed to concentrate whatever taste or literature the * scattered talent of Venice has left in the city of the Bembos, the Zenos, the Goldoni, the Chiari and the Gozzi. But even in the intelligent circle of Madame Michele, there is nothing to divide the attention with herself. Genius and patriotism, like the soul, are of no sex: and how happily they may blend with woman's softness, the manners and conversation of this lady are irrefragable proofs †.

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* Pindamonte the poet, and translator of Homer, Mustoxethi, the learned and accomplished Greek, (whom we had the good fortune to find at Paris on our return), Casti, the erudite son of the celebrated poet, Pietropoli, the author of several light works, and other literary characters of Venice,—were absent; but there were still there Vittore Benzoni, the author of "*Nella*," a poem replete with as much patriotism and recollections "*delle glorie passate della Republica*," as the present state of the Venetian press will permit, *Alviso Quirini*, his distinguished kinsman, the Count Rangoni, author of "*Orazioni Masoniche*;" and the Count Cicognara.

† In her elegant little work on the *Feste Veneziane*, Madame Michele struggles to hide the degradation of Venice, by a recurrence to its former glory and freedom, and all the primitive virtues that accompanied them. We had to regret the absence of Madame Albrizzi (the "*Saggia Isabella*" of Pindamonte) during our short residence in Venice; for we had heard much of the ease and pleasantness of her conversazioni. Our interview with her at Padua was well calculated to increase and justify that regret.

The passive indifference of the Venetians to the overthrow of their ancient Republic, has armed a large portion of society against the sympathy, which their present fallen and miserable condition is calculated to excite; and public opinion in Europe seems to have taken its tone from that class of persons whose interests have been endangered by the submission of Venice to the French armies, and who are thus impelled to stigmatize as crime, what perhaps calmer judgments might qualify simply as misfortune.

But without pausing to weigh those fatal but inevitable circumstances, which ever accompany an exhausted nation and a worn-out government, and are at once the causes and the consequence of national decrepitude, it is sufficient to remark that pusillanimity, corruption, and the absence of a national spirit, are at least as much an inheritance, as a consequence of personal vices; and that there is no position more wretched and more worthy of compassion, than the having been born under political combinations unfavourable to the developement of independence and public virtue.

However culpable the Venetians may have been, in not burying their wives and children beneath the ruins of their capital, for the service of the enemies of France, and to protract, for a few days, the existence of their Republic; that crime was heavily punished by the cruel and

contemptuous cession of the city and its dependencies by Napoleon to Austria. Beneath the active despotism of France, the Venetians had at least a chance of recovering some of those qualities, of which time and accident had bereaved them; but the leaden sway of Austria, even where its intentions are the purest, is little calculated to better the condition of humanity; —and to Venice all its policy is notoriously sinister.

Conscious that its dominion in Italy is precarious beyond the usual uncertainty of conquests, the Austrian Cabinet, from its first possession of the Venetian territory, has directed all its energies to the destruction of a city whose proximity may one day become dangerous to its other possessions; and every effort has been, and continues to be made, to annihilate its trade, and to force commerce into other channels, more certainly within the grasp of the Imperial eagle.

The Austrian government of Venice therefore is not only a pure and unmixed despotism, but a studied and designed aggregation of every abuse that can tend to desolate and oppress, to break the spirit of the species, to damp industry, and to quench hope. Throughout every department of the state, Germans alone preside. At the period of our visit not a single Venetian was at the head of any one branch of government, save

only the President of the Academy of Arts; who, exclusive of his high reputation and undeniable fitness to continue in office, had the additional merit of doing its duties *gratis*. All the judges were, to a man, foreigners; ignorant alike of the usages and the language of the people to whom they administer.

The criminal processes are conducted in the strictest secrecy: the accused is allowed no defender; he is left in ignorance of his accuser; he may be detained in prison six months without trial; and when acquitted, is turned loose on society, with a consciousness of the existence of a secret enemy, whose future machinations he can neither foresee nor parry. Twenty-four judges (for by the courtesy of language so they must be called) sit round a table in a closed apartment, and, under the pretext of law and justice, decide on the reputation and life of the citizens, unchecked by public opinion, and uncontrolled by the necessity of motiving their judgments. The refusal of an advocate to the accused was by no means an oversight or neglect in the law. The subject was made a matter of formal discussion; and the aulic council of Vienna (that primum mobile of existing systems in Europe) knowingly and wilfully refused as a favour, what the common sense and common honesty of mankind instinctively acknowledge as a right.

But if the silence and obscurity in which the operations of law are conducted, be not a sufficient safeguard to the judges, and allow not latitude enough for every atrocious oppression, a still wider door to injustice is opened to them —in a power to decide in all cases of doubt, or silence of the law, according to custom; or, when that also fails, according to the light of conscience.

While commercial restrictions throw every impediment in the way of making money, a heavy and oppressive taxation has gradually drained the Venetian territory of its currency. The proceeds of taxation are, to the last farthing, immediately despatched to Vienna, and even the public functionaries resident in Venice spend so small a part of their income there, that their salaries do not return into circulation. All the minutest details of the soldier's dress and accoutrements are brought from Vienna, and no employment is given to the Venetian artisan for any state purpose, which can be attained by an importation from Germany.

The consequence of this cruel and tyrannical misconduct is, that specie has almost entirely disappeared; a base and valueless coin is nearly all that circulates; and it existed in such small quantities when we visited Venice, that to change a five franc piece demanded a sacrifice

of three sous. The agio also on gold was considerably higher than in any other town in Italy*.

The Venetians, thus plundered of their last sequin, are rendered incapable of conducting the great public works which are absolutely necessary for the preservation of their city. The Lagunes are gradually filling up, and the houses falling into the canals, from the impossibility of renewing the piles on which they stand. The population, which at the extinction of the Republic was one hundred and forty thousand, is reduced to an hundred thousand. Between the years 1813 and 1817 it fell off two thousand; and it is supposed that the next census will shew an additional defalcation of three thousand souls. Within the last twenty years, twenty-four of the large palaces have been sold and demolished; and the forlorn and dismantled condition of those which remain, but too plainly indicates their approaching fate.

The trade of Venice thus crippled, its resources undermined, and its wealth wantonly ex-

* The ancient coin of the Republic was so exquisitely pure and beautiful, and in such repute, that travellers have found the old Venetian sequin beyond the Ganges, and on the coast of Malabar. Cooper observes, that from the Mediterranean to China, the Asiatics know no other money. Bruce relates, that the Arabs asked him if the Venetians alone of all the Europeans possessed mines of gold.

hausted, it is natural to suppose that the bitterest feeling pervades the people with respect to their lawless oppressors; and that mutual jealousy and warranted suspicion multiply spies, and contribute, with the increasing poverty of the nobility, to break up society and dissolve the links of intercourse and communication. As the sources and the attractions of public amusement diminish with the means of their support and requital, the temptation of the foreign visitor to remain becomes lessened; and a few days expended upon the still interesting and singular *locale,* and a few evenings enjoyed at the only conversazioni now open to strangers, or passed at an ill-attended opera, conclude a visit to Venice, which, in the days of the Evelyns and the Wortleys, frequently extended to months, and sometimes to years! Should the present political influence continue, its fate as a city would be soon decided: it would vanish from the view of its oppressors. Of this monument of a thousand years of glory not a wreck would remain; the waves of the Adriatic would close over the palaces of the Foscari and the Priuli; and the works of Sansovino and Palladio would sink into the Lagunes, where now they already moulder in premature decay.

The story of Venice has obtained the popularity of a legend. It begins splendidly!—A few free spirits, looking round in vain for some asy-

lum against despotism, find not one spot on earth to shelter them. They congregate on the ocean, and are left the undisturbed masters of mud-banks and sea-weed. They are free and poor;—they suffer much, and enjoy nothing—but liberty! They arrive at wealth and national importance under the influence of an energizing necessity! Then come power and foreign dominion; and the gangrene of national ruin already poisons the constitution of the state, and the institutes of society—circulating its infection under the various guise of ambition, luxury, and ostentation,—corruption in morals, licentiousness in manners! Power, centered in the few, weighed on the many—a national senate became a state inquisition, suspicion was the leading principle, and spies the efficient agents of government; until the tyrants, in their turn, became victims of their own system; and none escaped, but through accident or insignificance. Cruelty and effeminacy closed the scene! the "*Piombi*" of the Ducal Palace, and the revels of Saint Mark; and ostentation struggled with indigence to the last! A foreign invasion was scarcely felt as an evil: corrupt and feeble chiefs betrayed a corrupt and oppressed people; and the victorious mistress of Constantinople submitted, without a struggle for independence, to the conqueror of the day. Then came her last stage of misery! She was bartered like a bale of goods; thrown in as a

make-weight in a bargain! ruled with a policy that would disgrace the brute ignorance of invading Huns; and finding something more despicable than herself, was forced to submit to that worst of destinies which can curse a nation or an individual—to crouch to the thing she despises!

At the period of the Revolution, the Venetians had indeed long fallen from that proud elevation to which the spirit, the genius, and the industry of their ancestors had, in former ages, raised them; but such is their hatred of the Austrian Government, that it may yet serve as a source of regeneration—a starting-point of resistance: and the same power, from the same region that forced their fathers from their fertile plains to the Lagunes of the Adriatic, may even still tread on the worm till it turns; may even yet draw the Sybarite Venetian from his ruinous palace; may again rouse the Lion of St. Mark, as in the days of Falieri and the Dandolo; and the descendants of the heroes of Candia, of Cyprus, and of Negropont, joining some future League of Lombardy, may yet assist in the defeat of that "bastard" Barbarossa of the day, who, like his Imperial predecessor, would sooner pass the ploughshare over the cities of Italy, than acknowledge their rights to independence. It is, in the present gloomy aspect of the political horizon, gracious and consolatory to know, that the resources of

men resolved to be free, like the ways of Providence, are inscrutable and exhaustless!—and that nations, like Nature, will right themselves, in the moment of their direst exigency, by laws equally irresistible as those which govern the material world.

But, in gazing on Venice, as the bark of the traveller recedes from the magic of its view—as a last leave is taken of the greatest monument which Liberty has left of its means and its powers—it were well, in recalling the origin of this unparalleled state, to consider the equally miraculous effects of the despotism and misrule which are sinking its mighty structures into the waves from which they sprang. It were wise to ponder on the possible means of meeting and averting the fast-striding evil, which, passing over the capital of the Adriatic and the cities of the Levant, moves on, with the fearful lowering of a thunder-cloud, towards that last site, where freemen are still found rallying round a Constitutional Government. The people of Europe are now, for the first time, coalesced by opinion and illumination. Standing opposed to the force, crime, and misrule, of their antiquated governments, they exhibit the grandest moral spectacle ever given to the contemplation of humanity: for, if "a good man struggling with adversity" be a noble object, what is a great nation (or nations) struggling for rights and independence!!

In hostility to this only league worthy to be called "holy," stands the "Alliance" of Potentates, armed, powerful, and concentrated; in full possession of the exclusive means of prompt and secret communication; surrounded by mercenary legions, and served alike by priests and brigands, by spies and sbirri. The contest (and it is a sublime one) may be long,—its result remote; but the objects, for which it is severally maintained, are no longer doubtful. The people of Europe demand constitutional governments, in place of lawless despotisms: their sovereigns enforce the acknowledgment of their pretended divine right, which renders them amenable to God alone. This is the main dogma of the creed they tender at the point of the bayonet: as the earnest of its practical application, their intentions are fully displayed in the fate of Poland, of Saxony, of Genoa, of Sicily, Parga, Naples, and Piedmont; and in the actual military occupation of the Peninsula of Italy.

APPENDIX, No. 1.

NOTE ON ROMAN STATISTICS.

BY SIR T. C. MORGAN.

It is eminently difficult for the passing traveller to obtain positive information concerning the internal œconomy of the southern states of Italy. Public documents are extremely few, and upon many points absolutely wanting; and it is necessary to obtain the confidence of some educated and intelligent person, to break through the habitual reserve, indolence, and timidity of the Romans, before the commonest questions will be considered with interest, or answered with candour. The financial arrangements of Rome, like every other branch of that government, are very arbitrarily conducted. The principal direct tax is that upon land; its amount varies in different places, as well from the want of a *cadastre*, as from that of any general law on the subject *(il n'y a pas un code de finance)*. The construction of a *cadastre* is among the operations at present carried on by Cardinal Gonsalvi. The indirect taxes are those usually subsisting in the other Italian states: for taxes are a branch of civilization which receives every developement from example of which it is susceptible; and a hint in this department is seldom lost upon neighbouring sovereigns.

All the taxes, both direct and indirect, are placed under the management of farmers-general, who in their turn rent them out to subaltern speculators; and both princi-

pals and deputies make considerable sums at the joint expense of the treasury and of the people.

Among the various bequests of the French, the papal government retains the tax on registration, the stamp duties, the system of *hypothèques*; and that of weights and measures. Of the merits of the *hypothèque* I have already had occasion to speak; its continuance does great credit to the Cardinal Minister who has saved it from the list of revolutionary *proscrits*. The decimal system of weights and measures is also a great advantage, both in respect to uniformity and subdivision.

Since the Restoration, a personal tax has been levied under the name of *Focativo* (hearth-tax); but there is no tax on doors or windows. The air (such as it is) is not taxed even in Rome: that philosophical and benevolent source of revenue, the parent of dirt and typhus fever, being a blessing probably reserved for the subjects of representative governments. In the *motu proprio* published since the return of the Pope, there is announced a diminution of the direct taxes; the total amount of taxation is, however, considered as exceeding that which was levied under the French regime, by at least a fifth; in some provinces the surplus amounts even to a fourth. There being no budget before the public, it is impossible to speak upon this subject with much precision.* The revenue of the state was calculated before the Revolution at about twenty millions of francs; at present it amounts to nearly sixty millions.

The public debt of Rome, which had been considerably increased by the ruinous magnificence of Pius the Sixth,

* One of my notes gives the increase of taxation at $\frac{60}{100}$; but there can be little doubt that this is an exaggeration.

was cleared off at the Revolution, by the sale of national property, which was exchanged against the paper-money at its current value: so that the Pope was, on his return, among the richest sovereigns of Europe. At the period of our visit to Rome, a debt of eight millions had again been incurred, without any ostensible cause, except general bad management; and the annual deficit was then stated as amounting to a million of piastres—five million three hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Rome, in the olden times, supported no standing army, save that of the Church militant; but at present the Pope also does not disdain to employ this main prop of social order. The papal military force consists of a regiment of artillery, two regiments of carabineers, or gens-d'armes; for the police, a regiment of dragoons, and three regiments of infantry; the whole, if complete, amounting to eleven thousand men. In fact, however, there are not more than six or seven thousand actually under arms. The superior officers are either very old or very young men; for of those who served under Napoleon, a very few only have been with great difficulty admitted to serve; the major part of them being placed on a sort of half-pay. Those who were received, were allowed only an inferior *grade* (a wise precaution for insuring the disaffection of the parties so trusted). To complete this picture, it should be added, that the minister of war is a reverend ecclesiastic, who presides in the council or *congregazione militare*. There is something eminently ludicrous in this coalescence of the terms "military" and "congregation;" but the things accord well enough with existing systems for while the court of Rome is endeavouring to make its clergy soldiers, the English Bible Societies labour to consolidate social order, by making the conquerors at Waterloo—monks.

For the command of this formidable armament, there is one General *en activité*; but, in the true spirit of modern administration, the exhausted exchequer of the country maintains several honorary brigadiers and *maréchaux de camp*, who receive the pay of the state, and do—nothing.*

In the provinces there are maintained certain mounted troops, called *guardie provinciali*, some regiments of militia, who receive no pay, and the national guard.

On rural economy there is little to be said. The immediate vicinage of Rome is a desert. In the Campagna, not more than one-sixth of the land is ever in cultivation; partly perhaps on account of the *mal-aria*, which renders the operations of agriculture difficult and dangerous†; but even this evil is increased, by the manner in which property is divided. Almost the entire of this district

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* It is, in fact, by useless expenses such as this, that the military establishment at Rome has become so oppressive. The number of field officers is extremely disproportionate to that of the troops; and the dress and accoutrements of the *guardia nobile* would not disgrace a levee-day, when Napoleon commanded in the Tuileries; and might even pass muster, for lace and finery, amidst the most *crack* regiments of the British establishment.

† Whole villages come from La Marca and Romagna to the Campagna, during the winter and part of the summer. Each colony has a different branch of labour; one party dressing the vines, another managing the corn, &c. &c. The man who can thus realize twenty piastres in a season, is reckoned lucky. They assemble at daylight, in the public squares of Rome, for hire; and their prices vary according to the demand in the market. They are a miserable-looking people, resembling the Irish harvest-workers in England; and they are accompanied by bands of dirty children, who are called *monelli* (little vagabonds). A gentleman high in office at Rome, assured us that every year, one in ten of these wretches dies of the fever; and those who escape, carry the marks of the poison in their swoln and sallow countenances. Very few are able totally to throw off the disease; and repeated exposure to the *mal-aria*, in successive seasons, never fails to destroy: so that, in the end, the whole emigrating population become the victims of the malady.

vests in a few individuals, and those the indolent and ignorant princes of the capital; who find a sufficient revenue in the cattle which are reared upon their estates, and do not look to eventual improvements, which would demand advances of capital, of labour, and mental application.

It is generally stated, that this class of persons has been much impoverished by the events of the revolution; but the fact has been vastly exaggerated. The principal losses which the nobility sustained occurred before the revolution, and originated in the fall of paper-credit, produced by the operations of Pius VI., which amounted almost to an absolute bankruptcy of the state. The French commissioners, in their first occupation of Rome, issued some paper-money; but the quantity was not great. During the Republican era, also, the nobles became indebted to France in letters of change, which were accepted as payment of the forced contributions; but Napoleon, when he came into possession of power, returned a considerable portion of this paper to the issuers. The principal loss, therefore, that the aristocracy encountered was in the expense of maintaining the troops quartered upon them, during the occupation.

The great feudatories, however, did suffer some considerable reduction of their fortunes, upon the suppression of feudalities. The abuse had been carried in Rome to its greatest height. The Dorias alone surrendered at this epoch above ninety fiefs; and the Prince Borghese nearly as many.* By this operation the Dorias were reputed to have suffered a diminution of fortune amounting to twenty thousand piastres.

* In most of these the baronial chief had power of life and death over his subjects.

Still, however, the landed proprietors hold immense districts: almost the whole road from Rome to Frescati, on both sides, is the property of one individual. Not a vine, nor a blade of corn, is to be seen in this district; even the poultry, which is used in Rome, is brought in carts alive, from distances of sixty or seventy miles: and the few miserable inhabitants, who are found within the Campagna, a prey to fever and the extremest misery, rob, or starve, or die, as chance and opportunity decree.*

In the remoter provinces, the land, more fertile and better laboured, is divided into small holdings; and on the side of Tuscany the country presents, in culture and external indications of ease, an aspect more nearly approaching that of the Florentine States. In the three legations, and wherever the French maintained a permanent jurisdiction, the appearances of agricultural prosperity, the neatness and comfort of the dwellings, and the clothing and countenances of the peasantry, are more gratifying to the feelings of the philanthropist. But in general, in advancing southwards, civilization manifestly retrogrades; and from Otricoli to Terracina, nature and society have combined to demonstrate the extremest powers of resistance, which the physical constitution of man can oppose to causes hostile to his nature and existence.

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* See the Baron Bonstetten's excellent work on Latium, which is not to be read without tears.

APPENDIX, No. II.

Note on Roman Law.

BY SIR T. C. MORGAN.

In England the course of justice is so regular, the conjoint effect of the trial by jury, and of the printed publicity of the proceedings is so operative in producing judicial purity, that even under a very coarse, clumsy, and overladen code, both of civil and of criminal law, substantial iniquities in the administration have been rare, of difficult occurrence, and the occasion of great scandal. When the words tyranny and despotism strike upon the ear of an Englishman, the first suggestions of his imagination extend not beyond a packed jury, a prejudiced judge, an arbitrary attorney-general, certain petty vexations in the course of pleading, a verdict on evidence a trifle less than sufficient, and a harsh sentence, something more than proportionate to the quality of the offence. To these homespun notions, a little reading may add a vague impression of a *lettre de cachet*, or of a mandate of the Inquisition; horrible, indeed, in their nature, but from their very violence of less frequent infliction.*

To become acquainted with the marrow and soul of

* The *lettres de cachet*, under Louis XV. were, it is true, multiplied to a fearful extent (having been entrusted to very subaltern authorities): but as they partake of the nature of open force, it is impossible that they could affect the entire population to the same extent, as those villainies which may be practised under the colour of justice. When the laws are obscure their administration is essentially arbitrary.

despotism, to learn how intimately it mixes with and corrupts all the institutes of civil life, where it once takes footing, mere reading will not suffice. It is necessary to study the monstrous combinations on the spot, to watch the playing of the machine as it moves, and to trace, by a course of practical observations, the various shapes of malady, the manifold deformities, the miserable mutilations, it inflicts upon the fair and goodly frame of social existence. Let him who is desirous of perusing this instructive, yet nauseating course, go to Rome; let him examine the vortex of European wealth, sunk into abject poverty; let him remark the silent desolation of the streets, the poisonous solitude of the environs; let him view the fading splendour of the palaces; the accumulating ruins of the meaner edifices; let him mark the total absence of commerce, the hopeless struggle of lingering industry; let him watch the melancholy dejectedness of the lower classes, the complacent satisfaction of look of the prelates, the hypocritical but cunning obsequiousness of the priests, the more timid and servile humiliation of gesture of the laymen; let him observe the destitution of the multitudinous mendicants, and the freezing discomfort of the nobles beggared by the mismanagement of their overgrown properties. In short, let him extend his glance through every rank of society, from the Pope to the mendicant friar, from the senator of Rome to the lay beggar, and let him ask himself in which of the classes of Roman citizens he would willingly and preferably enroll himself.

In no part of Europe has tyranny obtained so durable, so perfect, and so unalloyed a possession as in the Eternal City; and the very longevity of which it boasts, while it has accumulated on its head all the physical evils of a too prolonged existence, has concentrated in its con-

stitution all the social imperfections, all the abuses, errors, and absurdities of authority and prescription. Its wretched code of laws (derived from every epoch, from the rudeness of the Roman Republic to the last corruptions of the expiring empire—from the savagery of the northern invaders to the imbecility of the existing conclave, overladen with expositions and decisions, and administered at the dictates of bribery or of favour,)—presents, both in theory and in practice, the worst system of jurisprudence that can be put into action in a Christian society; and if some semblance of civil polity yet survives within the walls of Rome, if some probity still remains to regulate the transactions between man and man, they must either be attributed to the inherent tendencies of the untaught animal, or to that absolute nullity of the Roman life, which buries alike the virtues and the vices of the individual in inactivity and slumber.

Among the most essential qualities of a system of jurisprudence, is that flexibility which enables it to receive a succession of modifications, to reflect the several phases of society, as they arise, and to accommodate itself to the varying illumination and changeable necessities of the people. This quality, of all others, is necessarily most deficient in the Roman code; for if it be the nature of all political institutions to tend towards the preservation of whatever is established, it is super-eminently the character of the Roman government, to venerate the past, and to tremble at the approach of innovation and reform. Over and above this religious and political peculiarity in the Papal government, there should be placed in account the insulated existence of the Church dignitaries, who are bound by no human ties, and solicited by no social interests towards improvement or illumination. Without wives or acknowledged descendants to be influ-

enced by their patriotism, they can only regard abuses as the instruments of present gratification; and even where good dispositions, a kindly nature, or a sense of duty might prevail against mere egoism, the ignorance and indolence of the priestly character would hardly fail to prevent any protracted and persevering efforts at philosophical amelioration.

In addition to these causes, which have uniformly operated in the Papal administration, there was still one other motive in activity at the Restoration of Pius the Seventh —the dread of the Revolution, with the consequent fixation of all hope in the revival of ancient institutions. The Cardinal Gonsalvi alone, amidst the whole Conclave, seemed alive to the necessity of bending somewhat to the increasing illumination and energy of the people; and he too a churchman and a minister, even if uncontrolled, must still have been too tainted with the prejudices of legitimacy, to go the whole length which circumstances required. It is not, therefore, to be wondered, that with all its absurdities, inconveniencies, and injustice, the old code of laws should have been renewed, and the improvements of the Code Napoleon rejected with horror. The *motu proprio* of the Pope, by which this revolution was effected, it is true, has, in a few instances, remedied an ancient abuse, and corrected an established imperfection. The abolition of torture, more especially, does great credit to Cardinal Gonsalvi, both as a minister and a man; but either his views have been thwarted and neutralized to insipidity, or his inclination or ability to do good are very unequal to the necessities of the age and country which he is called upon to govern.

In the *motu proprio* of the 6th of July, 1816, there is a promise held out of a new series of codes, whose com-

pilation is entrusted to three or four commissioners. But the Romans themselves entertain no hope of improvement from any system based upon the old jurisprudence; and s the commissioners will not work with great rapidity, the probability is, that the death of the Pope, and the consequent change of ministry, will overturn all that may be done;—since Gonsalvi alone, in the whole Conclave, has any credit for views approaching, not to the age in which we live, but to common statesman-like policy and ordinary foresight.

The necessity for a new code is indeed imperative. The inextricable confusion of the Roman laws, rendered still more obscure by the jarring comments and decisions of jurisconsults through so long a succession of ages, is in itself a fertile source for every species of abuse; so that what Gravina has remarked of its earliest epochs, becomes more especially true, as the progress of time gives a greater bulk to the unwieldy mass; *aspera quidem illa tenebricosaet tristis, non tam in æquitate quam in verborum superstitione fundata.** But if the equivocations and violence to which this door is opened were not sufficient, the citizen of the Papal States is exposed to a new danger in the privileges of the clergy, and the facility with which they find a refuge (when pressed by the Roman code) in an appeal to the canon law. By this means they can suspend the operation of any civil sentence, and evoke the cause to Rome; and thus, in the distant provinces more especially, an expense of time, trouble, and money, becomes requisite to support a process, that operates a perfect and absolute denial of justice. It was perhaps an intimate consciousness of the imperfections of this system of jurisprudence which induced the compilers of the *motu proprio* in question, to allude to the "*calunnie colle quale è stata at-*

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* De Ortu Juris Civilis, cap. 46.

taccata"—the calumnies by which it had been attacked,—and to praise it as the means which had recovered Europe from the barbarism in which it had been plunged by the incursions of the northern invaders. But, even if this be admitted (a proposition nevertheless open to positive contradiction*), it does not by any means follow that a code of laws which, relatively to the twelfth century, might be esteemed good, should be adequate to the necessities or to the intellectual illumination of the nineteenth. It is a vain and false imagining to believe that there exists an abstract perfection in any system of laws: for laws, being the regulators of social relations, must change as the phases of society alter. If, therefore, the wisdom of antiquity were as perfect as it is notoriously rude, erring, and incomplete, its results must become daily less and less applicable to the existing contingencies of life.

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* The single introduction of Jurisconsults to interpret obscure laws, and under that pretext to legislate for the people, is a sufficient set-off for all the advantages which modern Europe could possibly have gained from the Roman code. The most severe blows that liberty has received in England, have been struck by judges manufacturing laws, by their decisions, such as even a corrupt parliament would refuse to sanction. An obscure law is no law at all—the interpreter gives it being, and not the legislator, who could not express his own meaning. "*La giurisprudenza che in effetti esiste è la scienza di mezzi proprj per abusare delle cattive leggi nell' amministrazione della giustizia: l' arte di trasformarne e svolgerne il senso secondo le circonstanze, facendole piegare al privato interesse ed alle particolari intenzioni. Tal' è stata la giurisprudenza Romana in tutti i secoli.*"—*Delfico*, "*Richerche sul vero carattere della Giur. Romana.*"

"Jurisprudence, as it exists in practice, is a science indicating the means of turning a bad code of laws to abuse in the administration of justice—the art of transforming and twisting their sense to adapt it to circumstances, and of making it bend to private interests and specific purposes. Such has the Roman jurisprudence been in all ages."

This mutability of relations is most especially a source of danger in all systems of jurisprudence, founded upon precedent and interpretation. For in interpretation and in the adjudgment of cases destined to become precedent, the rule which is followed is that of analogy; and in this there are two fertile sources of error: first, the want of a real agreement in the facts on which the analogy is grounded; and, secondly, the establishment of the analogy upon principles of law, and not upon the natural connexions of the things themselves. Now, when the rules adopted by a society existing in remote antiquity, under another religion, another tenure of property, another military and fiscal system, and allowing the abuse of domestic slavery, are to be applied to a Christian community of the present day, not only are the chief analogies wanting which should govern a decision, but the very grounds of many specific acts of legislation must be obscure, if not absolutely unintelligible. That a certain degree of duration may give respectability to a law, is true; but, abstractedly speaking, the most legitimate prejudice against any such act is founded upon its antique origin.

The principal tribunals of Rome are, the Sacra Rota, La Segnatura, and the A. C. or Auditors of the Chamber. The Rota is composed of twelve judges, called Auditors, who assemble on Mondays and Wednesdays in the Quirinal, and sit in sets of four, for the adjudication of causes. In this tribunal public pleading is not permitted; but three days before the sitting, printed documents relative to the cause are delivered at the houses of the judges; and the day preceding a hearing, the defenders of the cause wait personally on the judges, to instruct them more minutely concerning the matter at issue. The

auditors vote in secret; and if they are divided in opinion, two and two, other two auditors are added; and then, if there remains a similar equality of votes, the affair is submitted to the whole twelve, when, to prevent a like parity of voices, the *ponente*, or judge conducting the process, is deprived of his vote. But even thus, before the Revolution, the sentence was not rendered definite. If the losing party were not satisfied, he might demand a new trial before the same tribunal; to be repeated again and again, as long as the purse and the patience of the disputants lasted. It has occurred that the same case has thus been tried more than twenty times; and that both plaintiff and defendant have gone to their great trial in the world to come, before a definite sentence has been obtained. It is among the reforms introduced into the late *motu proprio*, that two coincident sentences are to be considered as definite; so that the case can now never go beyond the third hearing.

The auditors of the Rota are, *ex officio*, prelates; but their appointment is not bounded either by age or qualification. Not long ago an individual, only twenty years old, was among the number. It is a singular and curious fact, that the election of these auditors does not vest in the Pope, or his government exclusively, but in the governments of many foreign states. Germany elects two; Portugal, Spain, France, and Florence, each elect one. Some others of the States of Italy nominate also one each; and three only are of Roman appointment. The Pope, indeed, retains the right of confirming these elections; but it is rare that he ventures, by a direct opposition, to encounter the wrath of his spiritual children. The intention of this institution is to be found in the sort of jurisdiction which the Popes of old maintained

over the temporal thrones of Europe, and the consequent appeal to the Rota in cases of foreign concernment. Such elections must necessarily depend rather on favour than on merit. The auditors are therefore rarely profound lawyers; and they usually trust considerably to certain jurists, to whom they give the title of their auditors, and who are said not unfrequently to sell their opinions to the highest bidder. When a definite sentence is obtained, it becomes precedent, and is added to the fifty or sixty folio volumes, which form part of the existing legislation.

The SEGNATURA performs the functions of the Supreme Court of Appeal. This Court consists, likewise, of twelve judges, who sit every Thursday in the palace of Monte Cavallo. They judge by sixes, and the senior of the six presides. The appellant has the choice by which of these sets he will be tried. The object of this division of labour is expedition; for, as the judges are limited to the hearing of twenty causes at a sitting, their power of proceeding is thus doubled. The whole twelve assemble in the same hall, and each half is present at the proceedings of the other. The Segnatura has jurisdiction over all the inferior tribunals, and can annul their decisions, when there has been a defect in the citations, an error of jurisdiction, or an error of mandate; but the cause of cassation must be expressed in the rescript of the appellant. The process is then referred either back to the original court, or to the Rota, or to the A. C. As this court is inferior to the Rota in dignity, so also it is in learning; but as it judges only of appeals, and enters not into the matter itself at issue, the evil of their ignorance is the less prejudicial. The debates of the Segnatura are private.

The A. C. (*atché*) is composed of three judges only,

who are prelates. They are in some measure presided by a fourth person, who has the title of A.C. Met. (*Atchémet*, or *Auditor Cameræ Meipse.*) He is a prelate in close expectation of the Cardinalate, and supposed to represent the Cardinal Camerlingo, originally the sole judge of contentious matters at Rome. The A. C. judges, in the first instance, all causes above eight hundred and twenty-five scudi (two hundred pounds), and by appeal, those of less importance. The sittings are public, and are held in the Monte Citorio; and *procureurs* are allowed to debate as advocates for the parties interested.

The mode of procedure in this court is the most intricate imaginable, and affords abundant opportunity for the defendant, however wrong, to escape from the consequences of his position, and to cheat his creditor. The multiplicity of acts, citations, and of papers necessary to be produced, renders it almost impossible that something should not be overlooked, which may be sufficient to vitiate the whole process. To the impropriety of the laws, the ignorance of the judges, the defects in procedure, are still further to be added pontifical bulls, local privileges, the rights of churches, and many other particulars of exception, which, though less numerous than before the abolition of feudal privileges, are still abundantly sufficient to impede the march of justice, and to form a labyrinth inextricable to all but gold and authority.

Of the criminal procedure absolutely nothing is known, since the whole process is conducted with the greatest secresy. The governor of Rome* is the president of the

* The day we left Rome, this public officer fled from the Papal States, under an accusation of forgery and peculation.

sittings, which are held i[illegible] the *Palazzo di Buon Governo.* While the new criminal cod[illegible] is completing, the criminals are tried under the so call[illegible] *Bando Scrbelloni"* composed by the Cardinal of th[illegible]—a system execrably sanguinary. By this law, rob[illegible] to the amount of a scudo (four shillings and eightpence), publicly insulting a priest, placing dirt before a church, are capital offences. The governor has, however, power to change the sentence at pleasure; and, as he cannot render it more severe, he interferes only to mitigate it. The governor has the power of inflicting certain correctional punishments by his own arbitrary authority, such as whipping and the *cavaletto,* imprisonment, and hard labour, for as long as a year, and this without even the shadow of a process. He has likewise the power of arresting, without the assignment of any reason for the act.

Under the dominion of the French, the greater part of these abuses had found a remedy; but with the old government the old evils have returned. By the *motu proprio,* however, some favourable changes have been made in the arrangement of tribunals, and, amongst others, the appointment of a public defender of the accused. Persons on trial are not bound to accept of this *ex-officio* advocate, but may choose any individual amongst the licensed pleaders, to defend their cause. Together with the other modes of torture, Cardinal Gonsalvi has abolished the cord, a horrible mode of dislocating the arms, by forcing them to sustain the whole weight of the body in a suddenly checked descent. He has likewise improved the police system, by disbanding the sgherri, and establishing a corps of carabineers: these, however, possess the power exercised by their predecessors of arresting whomever they please.

With respect to the Inquis[illegible]n, that tribunal is very generally asserted to have l[illegible]st its terrors; exerting its jurisdiction almost exclu[illegible] over refractory priests, or such as, having broac[illegible] heretical or suspicious doctrine, require patern[illegible]dmonition to re-establish the purity of their faith [illegible] and it is further asserted, that the discipline of its prisons is so mild and relaxed, that the food and lodging are better than a parish priest can usually purchase in his own home. Indeed it may be remarked of the Roman state, generally, that in proportion as the forms are detestable, the administration of them is mild: for first, the Church has a certain character of *douceur* to maintain, not necessary to temporal governments; and, secondly, there is an indolence in its movements which repels great and decisive measures; while the scourge of public opinion instils a more than usual portion of hypocrisy and falsehood in the movements of the state, and nothing is so much dreaded as a scandal. It should be stated also, that the quiet and half-animated dispositions of the Roman citizens, and their habitual submission to their government, render the necessity for political severity more rare than in other despotisms.

With respect to the payment of law-officers, by the late *motu proprio* the judges are to receive a fixed salary; but the fees formerly paid are directed to go to the public treasury, and are not suppressed. The amount of salaries is not easily known. At Bologna the judges are paid about one thousand crowns per annum.

In all cases affecting the revenue, smuggling, &c. the criminal tribunals of the Cardinal Camerlingo, and the Treasurer, decide; where, of course, they are at once parties and judges. The restrictions on commerce are numerous and oppressive, more especially on that of

books; for the same fiscal jealousies prevail in Rome, which isolate the other states of Italy, and confine the industry of the inhabitants closely within the sphere of their own territories.

APPENDIX, No. III.

(See Page 62.)

DIARIO DI ROMA.

Roma, *Sabato* 12 *Febbrajo.*

La Santità di Nostro Signore si è degnata di annoverare fra i Ponenti della Sacra Congregazione del Buon Governo, e fra i Protonotarj Apostolici soprannumerarj Monsignor Benedetto Barberini de' Principi di Palestrina.

Le Signore Carolina Paolini, e Maria de Cesaris furono vestite dall' Emo Sig. Card. Galleffi nel mattino della scorsa Domenica delle sagre lane del Patriarca S. Domenico presso il Ven. Monistero della SSma Annunziata a Tor del Grillo, cangiandosi i nomi la prima in quei di Maria-Matilde, e l'altra di Maria-Raffaella; e ad entrambe assistette in qualità di Madrina, la Signora Principessa Ruspoli.

Nei passati tre giorni di lunedì, martedì, e mercoledì della Sessagesima, pel giro delle 40 ore, stette esposto il SSmo Sagramento nel Ven. Oratorio della Comunione Generale, ossia del P. Caravita. Nella stessa occasione vi si è rappresentato in macchina il mistero del Divinissimo Infante Gesù ricevuto nel Tempio fra le braccia del S. Vecchio Simeone Profeta.

La Santità di N.S. PIO PAPA VII non solo si trasferì martedì mattina al detto Oratorio a venerare Gesù Sagramentato; ma ben'anche nel mattino consecutivo alla Basilica di S. Maria sopra Minerva, ove parimente stava esposto per lo stesso turno delle 40 ore. Dopo avere il S. Padre soddisfatto alla sua singolare pietà, traversando a piedi quella piazza, volle degnare colla sua Sovrana presenza la prossima Accademia Ecclesiastica. Fu ivi ricevuto da Sua Emza Rma il Signor Cardinal Litta Protettore, e dal corpo di que'nobili Giovini, che vi dimorano, e che dal Sommo Pontefice furono animati vieppiù a farsi onore nelle scienze. Passo quindi in una Sala a ciò destinata; e salito in trono, ammise benignamente al bacio de' SSmi Piedi Monsig. Presidente, i Signori Vice-Presidente, Accademici, Professori, e Ministri della prelodata Accademia. Finalmente in partendo lasciò a ciascuno i più convincenti segni di sua clemenza, per essere un luogo molto da lui protetto a vantaggio della Chiesa, e dello Stato.

Ricorrendo giovedì il festivo giorno dell' inclita Santa Scolastica, il quale celebrossi con ispecial culto dalle Monache Benedettine di S. Maria in Campo Marzio, vi si recò in quel mattino la Santità di Nostro Signore. Avendo adempito alla sua particolare devozione verso la detta S. Eroina, Sorella di S. Benedetto, nel di cui sagro Instituto volle già annoverarsi la prelodata Sua Beatitudine, furono poscia quelle Reverende Religiose ammesse dalla innata benignità al bacio de' sagri Piedi.

Sin dai 9 del corrente dall' Emo e Rmo Sig. Card. Lorenzo Litta Vicario Generale di Sua Santità si fece pubblicare colle stampe Camerali l' Editto della prossima Quaresima con Indulto Apostolico, il quale ci facciamo

un preciso dovere di qui rapportare a pubblica intelligenza e norma, come appresso, cioè:

" Se tutta la vita Cristiana deve essere una continua non mai interrotta Penitenza, come sulla scorta delle Divine Scritture a ciascuno rammenta il Sagro Concilio di Trento *tota vita Christiana perpetua debet esse Pœnitentia*, (Sess. 14. cap. 9.), molto più tale dev'essere il tempo della Santa Quaresima, sì perchè in esso l'amorosissima nostra Madre la Chiesa con più impegno l'allontanamento inculca dalle iniquità, e il ritorno al Seno affettuoso del Padre Celeste ripetendo col Profeta Isaia *derelinquat impius viam suam......et revertatur ad Dominum* (c. 55. 7.) sì perchè nel tempo Quaresimale con maggior fervore i Ministri del Santuario implorano gementi sopra del Popolo il perdono dei peccati *inter vestibulum et Altare plorabunt Sacerdotes Ministri Domini, et dicent parce Domine, parce Populo tuo* (Joel c. 2. 17.) Quindi è, che nell' enunciato tempo di Espiazione gli antichi Fedeli in modo particolare si occupavano nell' esercizio della Penitenza, fino a moltiplicare le loro astinenze, fino a privarsi del vino (S. Aug. contr. Faus. lib. 30. cap. 4.) fino a passare tutta, o buona parte della Quaresima non prendendo nella unica comestione, che pochi, e vilissimi cibi, come riferisce S. Basilio, o nutrendosi soltanto di cose secche *totam Quadragesimam jejunare aridis vescentes*, siccome leggesi nel Canone cinquantesimo del Concilio di Laodicea.

Il nostro comune Padre, e Signore PIO PAPA VII fisso avendo nella sua mente quanto si è esposto, e pieno di zelo nel mantenere, e ravvivare quello spirito di mortificazione, ch'è il carattere de' seguaci di GESU' CRISTO *qui sunt Christi carnem suam crucifixerunt* (ad Galat. c. 5. 24.) ha sempre ardentemente bramato di ripristinare

in tutte le sue parti l'osservanza Quaresimale. Sperava di effettuare questo si pio, e giusto desiderio nell'anno corrente; ma le circostanze l'hanno costretto a fare uso dell' Apostolica sua Autorità, ed a concedere benignamente l' Indulto, che ora per di Lui ordine notifichiamo.

Nella imminente Quaresima agli abitanti di Roma, delle vigne, e dei Casali adjacenti è permesso nell' unica comestione l'uso delle vova e de' latticinj, eccettuati il Mercoledì delle Ceneri *in Capite Jejunii*, tutt'i Venerdì, e Sabati, il Mercordì delle Tempora, e il Giovedì Santo, ne' quali ferma rimane la rigorosa osservanza de' Cibi Quaresimali.

Sarà poi lecito l' usare per condimento l' Unto, e lo Strutto nel tempo di questa Quaresima, eccettuati il dì delle Ceneri, e gli ultimi tre giorni della Settimana Santa. Similmente l' Unto, e lo Strutto potrà servire per condimento ne' Venerdj, e Sabati dopo la futura Pasqua fino alla vigilia di Pentecoste esclusivamente.

Sappiano però le persone Religiose dell' uno, e dell' altro sesso astretto per Voto a maggiore astinenza, che non sono comprese nel presente Indulto.

Quanto alle persone infermiccie, che possono osservare il digiuno, ma che si credono in necessità di mangiar carne, Sua Santità ordina, che in tutto il tempo della Quaresima non facciano uso che di carni salubri col permesso di cibarsi ancora di quella qualità di pesce, che dalla facoltà Medica viene riputata salubre; che osservino la legge del Digiuno; e che siano munite dell'attestato del proprio Medico, il quale debba stenderlo in lingua volgare, e non percepirne emolumento alcuno sotto pena di dieci scudi d'oro. Questi attestati dovranno inoltre sottoscriversi dal proprio Parroco, e in ultimo firmarsi da uno degli infrascritti Deputati, e non da

altri in nome loro; a carico de' quali sarà l'osservare se li detti attestati siano fatti nella consueta prescritta forma.

Si proibisce sotto le solite pene pecuniarie, e corporali nelli giorni di digiuno il vendere per la città vova cotte, ed anche alli caffettieri, pasticcieri, e simili di dare in detti giorni di digiuno agli avventori pozioni, gelati, paste, e tutt' altro, che sia composto di vova, o di latte; giacchè l' Indulto non giova, che per il solo pranzo, eccettuate le Domeniche. Sotto le medesime pene si rinuova ai Macellaj, Pollaroli, ed altri venditori di carni, polli, e cacciagione l' ordine altrevolte emanato dal nostro Tribunale di tenere dentro le loro botteghe, o coperti i loro rispettivi generi. Sia poi noto a tutti, che contro gl' infrattori si procederà anche per inquisizione.

Finalmente a tenore degli Editti più volte pubblicati dal Nostro Tribunale si vieta sotto le note pene d' andare vagando per la città di giorno di notte con suoni, e canti, e di far serenate in luogo fermo; e sono pure interdette le conversazioni, e adunanze clamorose con suoni, e balli, e l'assistere alle medesime, siccome cose troppo disdicevoli alla penitenza del sacro tempo Quaresimale.

Sua Beatitudine col salutare avviso del Profeta Gioele *sanctificate jejunium* (c. 1. 14.) premurosamente esorta li amati suoi figli, e sudditi a santificare il Quaresimale Digiuno visitando più spesso le Chiese, specialmente quelle, nelle quali si lucrano le antichissime Stazionali Indulgenze, e ove si venera il SSm̃o Sagramento esposto pel giro delle Quaranta Ore; frequentando le Prediche, le istruzioni, i Catechismi, e facendovi col proprio esempio intervenire i figli, i domestici, i dipendenti; porgendo copiosi sovvenimenti ai poveri; e impiegandosi in altre opere di pietà, e di mortificazione; le quali nel tempo stesso e offrano

alla divina Giustizia il compenso dovuto per il concesso Indulto, e formino di ciascuno *hostiam viventem, sanctam, Deo placentem* (Rom. c. 12. 1.)

Deputati per concedere le Licenze.

Il Rm̃o P. Pro-Vicario Generale dell' Ordine de' Predicatori in S. Maria sopra Minerva.

Il Rm̃o P. Vicario Generale de' Minori Osservanti in Ara-Coeli.

Il Rm̃o P. Generale de' Minori Conventuali in SS. XII. Apostoli.

Il Rm̃o P. Generale de' Carmelitani in S. Maria in Traspontina.

Il Rm̃o P. Vicario Generale degli Agostiniani in S. Agostino.

Il Rm̃o P. Vicario Generale dei Servi di Maria in S. Marcello.

Il Segretario del Tribunale del Vicariato.

Le lettere di Lisbona in data degli 8 di gennajo ci recano la notizia essere colà giunto fin dai 3 dello stesso mese Monsig. Niccola dei Marchesi Clarelli Cameriere segreto di N. S., Ablegato Apostolico, recando la Beretta Cardinalizia a quell' Em̃o Patriarca Sig. Card. de Cunha. Il detto Prelato era partito da questa Dominante fin dai 10 del p. p. ottobre. Giunto ai confini del Portogallo trovò che il Ministro Segretario di Stato aveva fatto precedere gli ordini i più precisi, onde fosse ricevuto, e si rendessero gli onori dovuti alla sua rappresentanza. Di fatto ad Aldea-Gallega trovò stanziata una Galeotta spedita dal Governo per tragittarlo all' opposta riva del Tago. Non appena sbarcato fu complimentato da un Gentiluomo che l' Em̃o Patriarca aveva con tre mute spedito all' oggetto. Montato nella prima, accompagnato dalle mute suddette, si recó al Palazzo di abitazione del

Porporato, ove fu ricevuto da tutta la Corte, che lo condusse nel'appartamento destinatogli. Dopo breve riposo, accompagnato da tutta la Corte si recó negli appartamenti del Patriarca, il quale in abito le si fece incontro, e lo introdusse nel suo Gabinetto, ove si intrattennero alcun tempo. Il giorno 4 e 5 ebber luogo tutte le visite reciproche di formalità dei Signori di Governo, Segretaria di Stato, e del Corpo Diplomatico. La sera del 5 Sua Eñza Rña alla presenza di Monsignor Ablegato prestó il solito giuramento nelle mani di Monsignor Cherubini Internunzio della Santa Sede a quella Corte. La mattina del 6, giorno dell' Epifania, dopo celebrata la Messa da un Cappellano nella Cappella del Palazzo, l'Eño Patriarca salito in Trono, lettosi il Breve, ricevè dalle mani di Monsignor Ablegato la Berretta. Fu decorata la funzione dall' intervento di tutti i Signori di Governo, e Segretarj di Stato, e dai congiunti del Cardinale. La stessa mattina dette un Pranzo di cinquanta coperte a cui oltre i Parenti v'intervennero i Signori di Governo, i Segretarj di Stato, e tutto il Corpo Diplomatico. Sua Eñza Rña ebbe la degnazione di porgere in dono a Monsig. Ablegato una Tabacchiera d'oro, ed un Anello di brillanti.

The above extract, taken at random from the first Diario di Roma which presented itself, may serve as a specimen of a Roman Newspaper, and indeed of Italian Newspapers in general.

APPENDIX, No. IV.

(See Page 62.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE INDEX LIBRORUM PROHIBITORUM.

Abælardus, Petrus.

Alstedius, Joh. Henricus, Systema Mnemonicum duplex.

L'Avocat du Diable, ou Mémoires, &c. du Pape Gregoire VII.

Baconus, Franciscus, de Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum.

Barclay's Apology, (French Translation).

Bauclair, P. L. Citoyen du Monde, Anti-contrat social contre J. J. Rousseau.

Bayle, Dictionnaire Historique.

Belisaire de Marmontel.

Beza, Theodorus.

Bibliothèque Britannique, ou l'Histoire des Ouvrages des Savans de la Grande Bretagne.

The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment and Empire of Women.

Burnet, Gilbert, History of the Reformation, (French Translation).

Burnetius, Thomas, several Theological Works, and Telluris Theoria Sacra.

Camden, Wm. Anglica, Hibernica, Normanica, Cambrica, à Veteribus scripta, ex Bibliotheca.

Castiglione, Balthassar; nisi fuerit ex correctis juxta Edit. Venet. anno 1584.

Catechesis Rel. Christ. quæ traditur in Scholiis Palatinatûs; et cæteræ omnes Hæreticorum Catecheses.

Chambers, Ciclopædia, (Italian Translation).

Cudworth, Systema Intellectuale.

Dei Delitti e delle Pene (not Beccaria).

Discorso piacevole che le Donne non siano della Specie degli Uomini.

Seasonable Discourse, shewing how that the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy contain nothing which any good Christian ought to boggle at.—W. B.

Dolce, Lodovico, Libri III. nei quali si tratta delle diverse sorti delle Gemme che produce la Natura.

Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes.

Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.

Erasmi Opera varia, Colloquia, Moriæ Encomium, Adagia, &c.

De l'Esprit des Loix.

Evangile du Jour, contenant plusieurs Ouvrages gaies de Voltaire, &c. Omnia impii Scurræ commenta.

Galileo, Dialogo sopra i due massimi Sistemi del Mondo, Tolemaico e Copernicano.

Guicciardini, La Istoria d'Italia.

Hakewill, G. Scutum Regium adversus omnes Regicidas.

Helvetius de l'Homme.

Henricus VIII. Anglus. Permittitur tamen Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Lutherum.

Histoire de l'Inquisition.

Histoire Critique de J. C. ou Analyse raisonnée des Evangiles.

Robertson's Charles V.

Raynal's History of the Indies.

Hobbes's Leviathan.

Hume's Essays.

Thomas à Kempis, (Castalio's Translation).

Lettera al Marescallo Keith sopra il vano Timore della Morte e lo Spavento d'un' altra Vita del Filosofo di Sans Souci.

Lettres d'une Peruvienne.

——— Privés.

——— Persanes.

Liturgia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.

Lives of the Saints.

Locke's Essay, (French Translation).

Macchiavellius, Nicholaus.

Malbranche de inquirenda Veritate, and others.

Mare liberum, sive de Jure quod Batavis competit ad Indicana commercia.

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